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THE

BEAUTIES OF STERNE;

INCLUDING MANY OF HIS

LETTERS AND SERMONS,

ALL HIS

PATHETIC TALES,

HUMOROUS DESCRIPTIONS,

AND

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY 1871

MOST DISTINGUISHED OBSERVATIONS ON LIFE.

Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw—and 'tis thou who liftest him up to HEAVEN!——Eternal fountain of our feelings! 'tis here I trace thee. *S. Journey, p. 226.*

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PREFACE.

THE very many editions that have already passed the press, of the "Beauties of Sterne," sufficiently evince the sentiments of the public at large upon the propriety of such a work, and remove those objections which at first might have been supposed to exist—it therefore only remains to point out the amendments the world has a right to look for in the present edition.

It has been a matter of much general complaint, that the selections hitherto made were of rather too confined a cast, and that, contrary to the original, the *utile* and the *dulce* were not sufficiently blended, or in equal quantities. That as the work was intended both for the recreation of our riper years, and the improvement of the more juvenile mind, it dragged on rather too serious a system of grave morality, unmixed with

those sprightlier sallies of fancy, which the great Original knew so judiciously and equally to scatter in our way.

It has been likewise observed, that the dread of offending the ear of Chastity, so laudable in itself, has, in the present case, been carried to an excess, thereby depriving us of many most laughable scenes, though in themselves totally free from any objections on the score of indelicacy—and that, upon the whole, the past compilers of Sterne, keeping their eye rather upon his *morality* than his *humour*—upon his *judgment* than his *wit*, had likened the work to his *Cane Chair, deprived of the one of its knobs*—incomplete and ununiform. —Giving us rather those plants which may be found in all climates and in every soil, than those which are more estimable, because more rare, and which have been brought to perfection in but a very few indeed such skilful hands as his.

To obviate in some measure those founded objections, has been the object of the present edition, in which the

reader, whether of a grave or gay complexion, will find an equal attention paid him—the sprightly reader will find, now for the first time, several scenes of such exquisite fancy—such true Shandean colouring, that he will be astonished they could be overlooked by any who professed to enumerate the "Beauties of Sterne."—Such are, Mr. Shandy's Beds of Justice—Dr. Slop and Susannah—Parson Yorick's Horse—and many other pictures of the same tint.—The heart of Sensibility will receive a melancholy pleasure in the contemplation of Yorick's untimely fate;—and the mind, in search of those duties we owe to God and Man, will receive fresh incentives to persevere in well-doing, from that most excellent discourse upon Charity—"The Case of Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath considered."—— A few of his most admired Letters are also now added.

Thus will the reader perceive, that as the mine whence this gem is extracted is by far the richest this country has ever produced, no pains have been spared to

render it proportionably superior in brilliancy and sterling value.

To promote the interests of Virtue by exhibiting her in her most pleasing attitudes—to induce, if possible, mankind to pursue that road which alone leads to true happiness, is the warmest wish of the Editor's heart; and he firmly believes, there is no mode so effectual, as strewing such flowers as these in their way—for impenetrable must that heart be which cannot be softened by so much good sense, enlivened with so much good humour.

.....

☞ *It is necessary to acquaint the reader, that the references in this volume are marked from the last elegant London edition of Mr. Sterne's works in ten volumes.*

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND FAMILY

OF THE LATE

REV. MR. LAURENCE STERNE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

.....

ROGER STERNE (grandson to Archbishop Sterne), Lieutenant in Handaside's regiment, was married to Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of a good family: her family-name was (I believe) Nuttle—though, upon recollection, that was the name of her father-in-law, who was a noted sutler in Flanders, in Queen Ann's wars, where my father married his wife's daughter (N. B. he was in debt to him), which was in September 25, 1711, Old Style.——This Nuttle had a son by my grandmother—a fine person of a man, but a graceless whelp—what became of him I know not—The family (if any left), live now at Clonmel, in the South of Ireland, at which town I was born November 24, 1713, a few days after my mother arrived from Dunkirk.—My birth-day was ominous to my poor father, who was, the day after our arrival, with many other brave officers, broke, and

sent adrift into the wide world with a wife and two children—the elder of which was Mary; she was born at Lisle in French Flanders, July the tenth, one thousand seven hundred and twelve, Old Style. —This child was most unfortunate—she married one Weemans, in Dublin—who used her most unmercifully—spent his substance, became a bankrupt, and left my poor sister to shift for herself,—which she was able to do but for a few months, for she went to a friend's house in the country, and died of a broken heart. She was a most beautiful woman—of a fine figure, and deserved a better fate.—The regiment in which my father served, being broke, he left Ireland as soon as I was able to be carried, with the rest of his family, and came to the family seat at Elvington, near York, where his mother lived. She was daughter to Sir George Jaques, and an heiress. There we sojourned for above ten months, when the regiment was established, and our household decamped with bag and baggage for Dublin—within a month of our arrival, my father left us, being ordered to Exeter, where, in a sad winter, my mother and her two children followed him, travelling from Liverpool by land to Plymouth. (Melancholy description of this journey not necessary to be transmitted here.) In twelve months we were all sent back to Dublin.—My mother, with three of us (for she laid in at Plymouth of a boy, Joram), took ship at Bristol, for Ireland, and had a narrow escape from being cast away, by a leak springing up in the vessel. At length, after many perils and struggles, we got to Dublin. There my father

took a large house, furnished it, and in a year and a half's time spent a great deal of money.—In the year one thousand seven hundred and nineteen, all unhing'd again; the regiment was ordered, with many others, to the Isle of Wight, in order to embark for Spain, in the Vigo expedition. We accompanied the regiment, and were driven into Milford Haven, but landed at Bristol, from thence by land to Plymouth again, and to the Isle of Wight—where I remember we stayed encamped some time before the embarkation of the troops—(in this expedition from Bristol to Hampshire we lost poor Joram—a pretty boy, four years old, of the small-pox)—my mother, sister, and myself, remained at the Isle of Wight during the Vigo expedition, and until the regiment had got back to Wicklow in Ireland, from whence my father sent for us. We had poor Joram's loss supplied during our stay in the Isle of Wight, by the birth of a girl, Anne, born September the twenty-third, one thousand seven hundred and nineteen.—This pretty blossom fell at the age of three years, in the barracks of Dublin—she was, as I well remember, of a fine delicate frame, not made to last long, as were most of my father's babes. We embarked for Dublin, and had all been cast away by a most violent storm, but, through the intercessions of my mother, the captain was prevailed upon to turn back into Wales, where we stayed a month, and at length got into Dublin, and travelled by land to Wicklow, where my father had for some weeks given us over for lost.—We lived in the barracks at Wicklow one year (one thousand seven hundred

and twenty), when Devijeher (so called after Colonel Devijeher) was born; from thence we decamped to stay half a year with Mr. Featherston, a clergyman, about seven miles from Wicklow, who being a relation of my mother's, invited us to his parsonage, at Animo.—It was in this parish, during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt—the story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland—where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me.—From hence we followed the regiment to Dublin, where we lay in the barracks a year. In this year, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one, I learned to write, &c. The regiment was ordered in twenty-two to Carrickfergus, in the north of Ireland; we all decamped, but got no further than Drogheda, thence ordered to Mullengar, forty miles west, where by Providence we stumbled upon a kind relation, a collateral descendant from Archbishop Sterne, who took us all to his castle, and kindly entertained us for a year—and sent us to the regiment at Carrickfergus, loaded with kindnesses, &c.—a most rueful and tedious journey had we all, in March, to Carrickfergus, where we arrived in six or seven days—little Devijeher here died; he was three years old—he had been left behind at nurse at a farm-house near Wicklow, but was fetch'd to us by my father. The summer after—another child was sent to fill his place, Susan; this babe too left us behind in this weary journey—The autumn of that year, or the spring afterward (I forget which) my father

got leave of his colonel to fix me at school—which he did near Halifax, with an able master; with whom I staid some time, till by God's care of me, my cousin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to me, and sent me to the university, &c. &c. To pursue the thread of our story, my father's regiment was the year after ordered to Londonderry, where another sister was brought forth, Catherine, still living, but most unhappily estranged from me by my uncle's wickedness, and her own folly—from this station the regiment was sent to defend Gibraltar, at the siege, where my father was run through the body by Captain Phillips, in a duel (the quarrel began about a goose), with much difficulty he survived—though with a partial constitution, which was not able to withstand the hardships it was put to—for he was sent to Jamaica, where he soon fell by the country fever, which took away his senses first, and made a child of him, and then, in a month or two, walking about continually without complaining, till the moment he sat down in an arm chair, and breathed his last—which was at Port Antonio, on the north of the island.—My father was a little smart man,—active to the last degree, in all exercises—most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure—he was in his temper somewhat rapid and hasty—but of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design; and so innocent in his own intentions, that he suspected no one: so that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose—my poor father died March, 1731

—I remained at Halifax till about the latter end of the year, and cannot omit mentioning this anecdote of myself, and schoolmaster—He had the ceiling of the schoolroom new white-washed—the ladder remained there—I one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a brush, in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said, before me, that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should come to preferment—this expression made me forget the stripes I had received. In the year thirty-two* my cousin sent me to the university, where I staid some time. 'Twas there that I commenced a friendship with Mr. H . . . which has been most lasting on both sides—I then came to York, and my uncle got me the living of Sutton—and at York I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years—she owned she liked me, but thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together—she went to her sister's in S——, and I wrote to her often—I believe then she was partly determined to have me, but would not say so—at her return she fell into a consumption—and one evening that I was sitting by her with an almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said,

* He was admitted of Jesus College, in the university of Cambridge, 6th July, 1733, under the tuition of Mr. Cannon.

Matriculated 29th March, 1735.

Admitted to the degree of B. A. in January, 1736.

————M. A. at the Commencement, 1740.

"My dear Laurey, I can never be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live—but I have left you every shilling of my fortune;"—upon that she shewed me her will—this generosity overpowered me. It pleased GOD that she recovered, and I married her in the year 1741. *My uncle and myself were then upon very good terms, for he soon got me the Prebendary of York—but he quarrelled with me afterwards, because I would not write paragraphs in the news-papers—though he was a party-man, I was not, and detested such dirty work: thinking it beneath me—from that period, †he became my bitterest enemy. By my wife's means I got the living of Stillington——a friend of her's in the South had promised her, that if she married a clergyman in Yorkshire, when the living became vacant, he would make her a compliment of it. I remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places—I had then very good health. Books, ‡painting, fiddling, and shooting, were my amusements; as to the Squire of the parish, I cannot say we were upon a very friendly footing—

* Jaques Sterne, L.L. D. He was Prebendary of Durham, Canon, Residentiary, Precentor and Prebendary of York, Rector of Rise, and Rector of Hornsea cum Riston, both in the East Riding of the county of York. He died June 9, 1759.

† It hath however been insinuated, that he for some time wrote a periodical electioneering paper at York, in defence of the Whig interest. *Monthly Review*, vol. 53, p. 344.

‡ A specimen of Mr. Sterne's abilities in the art of designing, may be seen in Mr. Wodhul's poems, 8vo. 1772.

but at Stillington, the family of the C——s shewed us every kindness—'twas most truly agreeable to be within a mile and a half of an amiable family, who were ever cordial friends. In the year 1760, I took a house at York for your mother and yourself, and went up to London to publish* my two first volumes of Shandy.† In that year Lord Falconbridge presented me with the curacy of Coxwould—a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton. In sixty-two I went to France, before the peace was concluded, and you both followed me. I left you both in France, and in two years after, I went to Italy for the recovery of my health—and when I called upon

* The first edition was in the preceding year at York.

† The following is the order in which Mr. Sterne's publications appeared :

1747. The case of Elijah and the widow of Zarephath considered : A charity-sermon preached on Good-Friday, April 17, 1747, for the support of two charity-schools in York.

1750. The Abuses of Conscience : Set forth in a sermon preached in the cathedral church of St. Peter's, York, at the summer assizes, before the Hon. Mr. Baron Clive, and the Hon. Mr. Baron Smythe, on Sunday, July 29, 1750.

1759. Vol. 1 and 2 of Tristram Shandy.

1760. Vol. 1 and 2 of Sermons.

1761. Vol. 3 and 4 of Tristram Shandy.

1762. Vol. 5 and 6 of Tristram Shandy.

1765. Vol. 7 and 8 of Tristram Shandy.

1766. Vol. 3 and 4 of Sermons.

1767. Vol. 9 of Tristram Shandy.

1768. The Sentimental Journey.

The remainder of his works were published after his death.

you, I tried to engage your mother to return to England with me,—she* and yourself are at length come—and I have the inexpressible joy of seeing my girl every thing I wished her.

I have set down these particulars relating to my family, and self, for my Lydia, in case hereafter she might have a curiosity, or kinder motive to know them.

.....

AS Mr. Sterne, in the foregoing narrative, hath brought down the account of himself until within a few months of his death, it remains only to mention that he left York about the end of the year 1767, and came to London in order to publish *The Sentimental Journey*, which he had written during the preceding summer at his favourite living at Coxwould. His health had been for some time declining, but he continued to visit his friends, and retained his usual flow of spirits. In February, 1768, he began to perceive the approaches of death, and with the concern of a good man, and the solicitude of an affectionate parent, devoted his attention to the future welfare of his daughter. His letters at this period reflect so much credit to his character, that it is to be lamented some others in the collection are not permitted to see the light. After a short struggle with his disorder, his debilitated and worn out frame submitted to fate on the 18th day of March, 1768, at his lodgings in Bond-street. He was buried at the new

* From this passage it appears that the present account of Mr. Sterne's Life and Family was written about six months only before his death.

burying-ground, belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover square, on the 22d of the same month, in the most private manner; and hath since been indebted to strangers for a monument very unworthy of his memory; on which the following lines are inscribed:

"Near to this Place
Lies the Body of
The Reverend Laurence Sterne, A. M.
Died September 13th, 1768,*
Aged 53 Years.
'*Ah! molliter ossa quiescant.*'

If a sound Head, warm Heart, and Breast humane,
Unsullied Worth, and Soul without a Stain;
If mental Powers could ever justly claim
The well-won Tribute of immortal Fame,
Sterne was *the Man*, who, with gigantic Stride,
Mowed down luxuriant Follies far and wide.
Yet what, though keenest Knowledge of Mankind
Unseal'd to him the Springs that move the Mind;
What did it cost him? ridicul'd, abus'd,
By Fools insulted, and by Prudes accus'd.
In his, mild Reader, view thy future Fate,
Like him despise, what 'twere a Sin to hate.

This monumental stone was erected by two brother masons; for although he did not live to be a member of their society, yet as his all incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square, they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages. W. & S."

* It is scarcely necessary to observe that this date is erroneous.

THE BEAUTIES OF STERNE.

ON WRITING.

WRITING, when properly managed (as you may be sure I think mine is,) is but a different name for conversation. As no one, who knows what he is about in good company, would venture to talk all;—so no author, who understands the just boundaries of decorum and good-breeding, would presume to think all: The truest respect which you can pay to the reader's understanding, is to halve this matter amicably, and leave him something to imagine, in his turn, as well as yourself.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his imagination as busy as my own.

.....

SPECIMENS OF STERNE's EPISTOLARY WRITING, OR, FAMILIAR LETTERS.

TO MY WITTY WIDOW, MRS. F——.

MADAM, *Coxwould*, Aug. 3, 1760.

WHEN a man's brains are as dry as a squeez'd Orange—and he feels he has no more conceit in him than a mallet, 'tis in vain to think

of sitting down, and writing a letter to a lady of your wit, unless in the honest John-Trot-Stile of, *yours of the fifteenth instant came safe to hand, &c.* which, by the bye, looks like a letter of business; and you know very well, from the first letter I had the honour to write to you, I am a man of no business at all. This vile plight I found my genius in was the reason I have told Mr. —— I would not write to you till the next post—hoping by that time to get some recruit, at least of vivacity, if not wit, to set out with;—but upon second thoughts, thinking a bad letter in season—to be better than a good one out of it—this scrawl is the consequence, which, if you will burn the moment you get it—I promise to send you a fine set essay in the style of your female epistolizers, cut and trimm'd at all points.—God defend me from such, who never yet knew what it was to say or write one premeditated word in my whole life—for this reason I send you with pleasure, because wrote with the careless irregularity of an easy heart.——Who told you, Garrick wrote the medley for Beard?—'Twas wrote in his house, however, and before I left town.—I deny it—I was not lost two days before I left town.—I was lost all the time I was there, and never found till I got to this Shandy-castle of mine.—Next winter I intend to sojourn amongst you with more decorum, and will neither be lost nor found any where.

Now, I wish to God I was at your elbow—I have just finished one volume of Shandy, and I want to read it to some one who I know can taste

and relish humour—this, by the way, is a little impudent in me—for I take the thing for granted, which their high mightinesses the world have yet to determine—but I mean no such thing—I could wish only to have your opinion—shall I, in truth, give you mine ?—I dare not—but I will ; provided you keep it to yourself—know then, that I think there is more laughable humour,—with equal degree of Cervantic satire—if not more than in the last—but we are bad judges of the merit of our children.

I return you a thousand thanks for your friendly congratulations upon my habitation—and I will take care you shall never wish me but well, for I am, Madam,

With great esteem and truth,
Your most obliged,
L. STERNE.

P. S. I have wrote this so vilely and so precipitately, I fear you must carry it to a decypherer—I beg you'll do me the honour to write—otherwise you draw *me* in, instead of Mr. —— drawing *you* into a scrape—for I should sorrow to have a *taste* of so agreeable a correspondent—and *no more*.

Adieu.

.....

TO MR. GARRICK.

Bath, April 6, 1765.

I SCALP you !—my dear Garrick ! my dear friend !—foul befal the man who hurts a

hair of your head !—and so full was I of that very sentiment, that my letter had not been put into the post-office ten minutes, before my heart smote me ; and I sent to recal it—but failed—You are sadly to blame, Shandy ! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I re-criminated upon my false delicacy in the affair. Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately spun as thy own—his sentiments as honest and friendly—thou knowest, Shandy, that he loves thee—why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain ? Puppy ! fool, coxcomb, jack-ass, &c. &c.—and so I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it drawn up in *your way*—I say *your way*—for it is not stated so much to your honour and credit, as I had passed the account before—for it was a most lamentable truth, that I never received one of the letters your friendship meant me, except whilst in Paris——Oh ! how I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has, and continues to be under, for your return.—Return, return to the few who love you, and the thousands who admire you.—The moment you set your foot upon your stage—mark ! I tell it you—by some magic, irresisted power, every fibre about your heart shall vibrate afresh, and as strongly and feelingly as ever—Nature, with glory at her back, will light up the torch within you—and there is enough of it left, to heat and enlighten the world these many, many, many years.

Heaven be praised ! (I utter it from my soul) that your lady, and my Minerva, is in a condition

to walk to Windsor—full rapturously will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will sacrifice with the purest incense to her—but you may worship with me or not—'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion—still (after all I have seen) I still maintain her peerless.

Powel! good Heaven!—give me some one with less smoke and more fire—There are who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall be heard for *much* speaking—Come—come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another lesson.

Adieu!—I love you dearly—and your lady better—not hobbihorsically—but most sentimentally and affectionately—for I am yours (that is, if you never say another word about ——) with all the sentiments of love and friendship you deserve from me.

L. STERNE.

.....

TO MR. W.

Coxwould, May 23, 1765.

AT this moment I am sitting in my summer-house with my head and heart full, not of my uncle Toby's amours with the widow Wadman, but my sermons—and your letter has drawn me out of a pensive mood—the spirit of it *pleaseth me* —but in this solitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myself—I am glad you are in love —'twill cure you at least of the spleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman——I myself

must ever have some Dulcinea in my head—It harmonizes the soul—and in those cases I first endeavour to make the lady believe so, or rather I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love—but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way—"*l'amour* (say they) *n'est rien sans sentiment.*"—Now, notwithstanding they make such a pother about the *word*, they have no precise idea annexed to it—And so much for that same subject called love.——I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking to my daughter—— Without any ceremony (having got a letter from my wife's banker) he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and desired to know what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my *death*—by the bye, I think there was very little *sentiment* on *his side*—My answer was, "Sir, I shall give her ten thousand pounds the day of marriage——my calculation is as follows——she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two—there goes five thousand pounds—then, Sir, you at least think her not ugly——she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guitar, and as I fear you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms ; so here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds."——I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean, that is—a flat refusal.——I have had a parsonage house burnt down by the carelsessness of my curate's wife—as soon as I can I must rebuild it, I trow—but I lack the means at present—yet I am never hap-

pier than when I have not a shilling in my pocket —for when I have I can never call it my own.— Adieu, my dear friend—may you enjoy better health than me, tho' not better spirits, for that is impossible. Yours, sincerely,

My compliments to the Col. L. STERNE.

.....

FROM IGNATIUS SANCHO* TO MR. STERNE.

REVERND SIR, [1766.]

IT would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologize for the liberty I am taking—I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes.—The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience.—A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application. The latter part of my life has been, through GOD's blessing, truly fortunate—having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom—my chief pleasure has been books—Philanthropy I adore—How very much, good Sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to

* IGNATIUS SANCHO was a black, and born in 1729, on board a ship in the slave trade, a few days after she had quitted the coast of Guinea for the Spanish West-Indies. He was a very sensible man, and was many years in the service of the late Duke of MANCHESTER, who left him an annuity.

you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby !—I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days to shake hands with the honest Corporal.—Your sermons have touch'd me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point—In your tenth discourse, is this passage—" Consider how great a part of our species in all ages, down to this—have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their distresses.—Consider slavery—what it is—how bitter a draught—and how many millions are made to drink of it."—Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren—excepting yourself, and the humane author of Sir Geo. Ellison,—I think you will forgive me ; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half hour's attention to slavery, as it is this day practised in our West-Indies.——That subject handled in your striking manner would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many—but if only of one—gracious God ! what a feast for a benevolent heart ! and sure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity.—You who are universally read, and as universally admired—you could not fail.——Dear Sir, think in *me* you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent : figure to yourself their attitudes ; hear their supplicating addresses !——alas ! you cannot refuse.—Humanity must comply—in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself, Reverend Sir, &c.

I. S.

FROM MR. STERNE TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Coxwould, July 26, 1766.

THERE is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world: for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro-girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters, came to me—but why *her brethren?* or yours, *Sancho?* any more than mine? It is by the finest tints and most insensible gradations, that nature descends from the fairest face about St. James's to the sootiest complexion in Africa:—at which tint of these is it, that the ties of blood are to cease?—and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good *Sancho*, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em so.—For my own part I never look *westward* (when I am in a pensive mood at least) but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are there carrying, and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes—which, by the bye, *Sancho*, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form.—However, if you meant my Uncle Toby, more he is your debtor.——If I

can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about—'tis at the service of the afflicted—and a much greater matter ; for, in serious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are, and have been so long, bound in chains of darkness, and in chains of misery ; and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one—and that by falling into the hands of so great and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

And so, good-hearted *Sancho*, adieu ! and believe me, I will not forget your letter.

Yours,
L. STERNE.

.....

TO ELIZA.

MY DEAR ELIZA !*

I BEGAN a new journal this morning ; you shall see it ; for if I live not till you return to England, I will leave it you as a legacy. 'Tis a sorrowful page ; but I will write cheerful ones ; and could I write letters to thee, they should be cheerful ones too ; but few, I fear, will reach thee ! However, depend upon receiving something of the kind by every post ; till when thou wavest thy hand, and bid'st me write no more.

Tell me how you are ; and what sort of fortitude Heaven inspires you with. How are you

* This lady's name was Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Esq. of Bombay.

accommodated, my dear? Is all right? Scribble away any thing, and every thing to me. Depend upon seeing me, at Deal, with the James's, should you be detained there by contrary winds. Indeed, Eliza, I should with pleasure fly to you, could I be the means of rendering you any service, or doing you any kindness. Gracious and merciful GOD! consider the anguish of a poor girl!—Strengthen and preserve her in all the shocks her frame must be exposed to. She is now without a protector, but thee! Save her from all accidents of a dangerous element, and give her comfort at the last.

My prayer, Eliza, I hope, is heard; for the sky seems to smile upon me as I look up to it. I am just returned from our dear Mrs. James's, where I have been talking of thee for three hours.——She has got your picture, and likes it: but Marriot, and some other judges, agree that mine is the better, and expressive of a sweeter character, but what is that to the original? yet I acknowledge that hers is a picture for the world, and mine is calculated only to please a very sincere friend, or sentimental philosopher.——In the one, you are dressed in smiles, and with all the advantages of silks, pearls and ermine;—in the other, simple as a vestal, appearing the good girl nature made you!—which, to me, conveys an idea of more unaffected sweetness, than Mrs. Draper, habited for conquest, in a birth-day suit, with her countenance animated, and her dimples visible.—If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavoured to collect every charm of your person into your face,

with more than *common* care, the day you sat for Mrs. James—Your colour, too, brightened ; and your eyes shone with more than usual brilliancy. I then requested you to come simply and unadorned when you sat for me—knowing (as I see with *unprejudiced* eyes) that you could receive no addition from the silk-worm's aid, or jeweller's polish. Let me now tell you a truth, which, I believe, I have uttered before.—— When I first saw you, I beheld you as an object of compassion, and as a very plain woman. The mode of your dress, (though fashionable) disfigured you.——But nothing now could render you such, but the being solicitous to make yourself admired as a handsome one.——You are not handsome, Eliza, nor is yours a face that will please the tenth part of your beholders—but are something more ; for I scruple not to tell you, I never saw so intelligent, so animated, so good a countenance ; nor was there (nor ever will be) that man of sense, tenderness, and feeling, in your company three hours, that was not (or will not be) your admirer, or friend, in consequence of it ; that is, if you assume, or assumed, no character foreign to your own, but appeared the artless being nature designed you for. A something in your eyes and voice, you possess in a degree more persuasive than any woman I ever saw, read, or heard of. But it is that bewitching sort of nameless excellence, that men of nice sensibility alone can be touched with.

Were your husband in England, I would freely give five hundred pounds (if money could purchase the acquisition) to let you only sit by me two hours

in a day, while I wrote my Sentimental Journey. I am sure the work would sell so much the better for it, that I should be reimbursed the sum more than seven times told.——I would not give nine-pence for the picture of you the Newnhams have got executed—It is the resemblance of a conceited made-up coquet. Your eyes, and the shape of your face (the latter the most perfect oval I ever saw) which are perfections that must strike the most indifferent judge, because they are equal to any of God's works in a similar way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels, are manifestly injured by the affected leer of the one, and strange appearance of the other ; owing to the attitude of the head, which is a proof of the artist's, or your friend's false taste. The ***'s who verify the character I once gave of teazing, or sticking like pitch, or birdlime, sent a card that they would wait on Mrs. **** on Friday.—She sent back, she was engaged—Then to meet at Ranelagh to-night. She answered, she did not go.——She says, if she allows the least footing, she never shall get rid of the acquaintance ; which she is resolved to drop at once. She knows they are not her friends, nor yours ; and the first use they would make of being with her would be to sacrifice you to her (if they could) a second time. Let her not then (let her not, my dear) be a greater friend to thee, than thou art to thyself. She begs I will reiterate my request to you, that you will not write to them. It will give her, and thy Bramin, inexpressible pain. Be assured, all this is not without reason on her side.

I have my reasons too ; the first of which is, that I should grieve to excess, if Eliza wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built so high upon. I said I never more would mention the name to thee ; and had I not received it, as a kind of charge from a dear woman that loves you, I should not have broke my word. I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou best and most endearing of girls ! A peaceful night to thee. My spirit will be with thee through every watch of it.

Adieu.

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TO THE SAME.

MY DEAREST ELIZA !

OH ! I grieve for your cabin.——And the fresh painting will be enough to destroy every nerve about thee. Nothing so pernicious as white lead. Take care of yourself, dear girl ; and sleep not in it too soon. It will be enough to give you a stroke of an epilepsy. I hope you will have left the ship : and that my letters may meet, and greet you, as you get out of your post-chaise, at Deal.—When you have got them all, put them, my dear, into some order.—The first eight or nine are numbered : but I wrote the rest without that direction to thee ; but, that wilt find them out, by the day or hour, which, I hope, I have generally prefixed to them. When they are got together in chronological order, sew them together in a cover. I trust they will be a perpetual refuge to thee from time to time ; and that thou

wilt (when weary of fools, and uninteresting discourse) retire, and converse an hour with them and me.

I have not had power, or the heart, to aim at enlivening any one of them with a single stroke of wit or humour: but they contain something better; and what you will feel more suited to your situation—a long detail of much advice, truth, and knowledge. I hope, too, you will perceive loose touches of an honest heart, to every one of them; which speak more than the most studied periods; and will give thee more ground of trust and confidence upon Yorick, than all that laboured eloquence could supply. Lean then thy whole weight, Eliza, upon them and upon me. "May poverty, distress, anguish, and shame, be my portion, if ever I give thee reason to repent the knowledge of me!"——With this asseveration, made in the presence of a just God, I pray to him, that so it may speed me, as I deal candidly and honourably with thee! I would not mislead thee, Eliza; I would not injure thee, in the opinion of a single individual, for the richest crown the proudest monarch wears.

Remember, that while I have life and power, whatever is mine, you may style and think yours—Though sorry should I be, if ever my friendship was put to the test thus, for your own delicacy's sake.—Money and counters are of equal use in my opinion; they both serve to set up with.

I hope you will answer me this letter; but if thou art debarred by the elements which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee; and know-

ing it is such a one as thou would'st have written, I will regard it as my Eliza's.

Honour, and happiness, and health, and comforts of every kind, sail along with thee, thou most worthy of girls! I will live for thee, and my Lydia—be rich for the children of my heart—gain wisdom, gain fame, and happiness, to share with them—with thee—and her in my old age.—Once for all, adieu. Preserve thy life; steadily pursue the ends we proposed; and let nothing rob thee of those powers Heaven has given thee for thy well-being.

What can I add more, in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of the last post-man's bell, but recommend thee to Heaven, and recommend myself to Heaven with thee, in the same fervent ejaculation, "that we may be happy, and meet again: if not in this world, in the next."—Adieu.—I am thine, Eliza, affectionately, and everlastingly,

YORICK.

.....

THE PRECEPTOR.

YOU see 'tis high time, said my father, addressing himself equally to my uncle *Toby* and *Yorick*, to take this young creature out of these women's hands, and put him into those of a private governor.

Now as I consider the person who is to be about my son, as the mirror in which he is to view himself from morning to night, and by which he is to

adjust his looks, his carriage, and perhaps the inmost sentiments of his heart ;—I would have one, *Yorick*, if possible, polished at all points, fit for my child to look into.

There is, continued my father, a certain mien and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and speaking, which argues a man *well within*. There are a thousand unnoticed openings, continued my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's soul; and I maintain it, added he, that a man of sense does not lay down his hat in coming into a room,—or take it up in going out of it, but something escapes which discovers him.

I will have him, continued my father, cheerful, faceté, jovial ; at the same time, prudent, attentive to business, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in resolving doubts and speculative questions :—he shall be wise, and judicious, and learned :—And why not humble, and moderate, and gentle tempered, and good ? said *Yorick* :—And why not, cried my uncle *Toby*, free, and generous, and bountiful, and brave ?—He shall, my dear *Toby*, cried my father, getting up and shaking him by his hand.—Then, brother *Shandy*, answered my uncle *Toby*, raising himself off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's other hand—I humbly beg I may recommend poor *Le Fevre*'s son to you ;—a tear of joy of the first water sparkled in my uncle *Toby*'s eye,—and another, the fellow to it, in the Corporal's, as the proposition was made ;—you will see why, when you read *Le Fevre*'s story.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which *Dendermond* was taken by the Allies; when my uncle *Toby* was one evening getting his supper, with *Trim*, sitting behind him at a small sideboard, I say sitting—for in consideration of the Corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain)—when my uncle *Toby* dined or supped alone he would never suffer the Corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration was such, that with a proper artillery, my uncle *Toby* could have taken *Dendermond* itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle *Toby* supposed the Corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect: this bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes for five and twenty years together——But this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it?——Ask my pen,—it governs me, I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack; 'Tis for a poor gentlemen,—I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast:——"*I think*," says he, taking his hand from his forehead, "*it would comfort me*,"

—If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill——I hope in God he will still mend, continued he——we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle *Toby ;* and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle *Toby*, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—*Trim*,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too ; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host :—And of his whole family, added the Corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, said my uncle *Toby*, ——do, *Trim*, and ask if he knows his name.

—I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the Corporal,——but I can ask his son again.——He has a son with him then ? said my uncle *Toby*.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age ;——but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father ; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day :——He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle *Toby* laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the land-

lord gave him the account ; and *Trim*, without being ordered, took away, without saying one word ; and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

Trim ! said my uncle *Toby*, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.——Your honour's roquelaure, replied the Corporal, has not once been on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of *St. Nicholas :*———and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, it will be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle *Toby ;* but I am not at rest in my mind, *Trim*, since the account the landlord has given me.——I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle *Toby*,—or that I had known more of it :——— How shall we manage it ? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the Corporal ;—I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly ; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.—I shall get it all out of him, said the Corporal, shutting the door.

It was not till my uncle *Toby* had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal *Trim* returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired, at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any intelligence concerning the poor sick Lieutenant——Is he in the army, then ? said my uncle *Toby*—He is, said the Corporal—And in what regiment ? said my uncle *Toby*—I'll tell your honour, replied the Corporal, every thing straight forward, as I learnt it—Then, *Trim*, I will fill another pipe, said my uncle *Toby*, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done ; so sit down at thy ease, *Trim*, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The Corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—*Your honour is good :* And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle *Toby* over again, in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the Lieutenant and his son ; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him ;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose the regiment,) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But, alas ! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me—for I heard the death watch all night long ;—and when

he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him ; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the Corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of ;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.——Poor youth ! said my Uncle *Toby*,—he has been bred up an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, *Trim*, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend ;—I wish I had him here.

—I never in the longest march, said the Corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company :—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour ? Nothing in the world, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the Corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain *Shandy's* servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely sorry for his father ;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle *Toby*,)—he

was heartily welcome to it :—He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour, but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast ;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.—Mr. *Yorick*'s curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but said not a word good nor bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong, added the Corporal—I think so too, said my uncle *Toby*.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.———

I thought, said the curate, that you, gentlemen of the army, Mr. *Trim*, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it ? replied the curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson ;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his life, and for his honour too ; he has the most reason to pray to God, of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to

his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day: harassing others to-morrow:—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.——I believe, said I—(for I was piqued, quoth the Corporal, for the reputation of the army)—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray——he prays as heartily as a parson,——though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy. Thou should'st not have said that, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*,——for GOD only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be seen who have done their duties in this world,—and who have not; and we shall be advanced, *Trim*, accordingly.——I hope we shall, said *Trim*.—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle *Toby*; and I will show it thee to-morrow:——In the mean time we may depend upon it, *Trim*, for our comfort, said my uncle *Toby*, that GOD ALMIGHTY is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one: I hope not, said the Corporal.—But go on, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, with the story.

When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the

expiration of the ten minutes, he was laying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white handkerchief beside it :—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling ;——the book was laid upon the bed ;—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. Let it remain there, my dear, said the Lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side : If you are Captain *Shandy's* servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's along with them, for his courtesy to me ;—if he was of *Leven*'s—said the Lieutenant——I told him your honour was.—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in *Flanders*, and remember him,——but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.——You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one *Le Fevre*, a Lieutenant in *Angus*'s—but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing ;—possibly he may my story,—added he,——pray tell the Captain, I was the Ensign at *Breda*, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I very well.——Do you so ? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief ;——then well may I.——In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which

seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiss'd it twice—Here, *Billy*, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiss'd it too,—then kiss'd his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle *Toby*, with a deep sigh,—I wish, *Trim*, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the Corporal, is too much concerned ;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe ? Do, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.

I remember, said my uncle *Toby*, sighing again, the story of the Ensign and his wife,—and particularly well, that he, as well as she, upon some account or other (I forget what), was universally pitied by the whole regiment ; but finish the story thou art upon :——'Tis finished already, said the Corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night ; young *Le Fevre* rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs ; and as we went down together, told me they had come from *Ireland*, and were on their route to join their regiment in *Flanders*. But alas ! said the Corporal,—the Lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy ? cried my uncle *Toby*.

It was to my uncle *Toby*'s eternal honour, that he set aside every other concern, and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor Lieutenant and his son.

That kind BEING, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this !

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle *Toby* to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, *Trim*—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to *Le Fevre*,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor Lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse ; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, *Trim*, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—thou didst very right, *Trim*, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle *Toby*,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too :—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, *Trim ;* and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him :—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, *Trim ;* and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, his boy's and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs———

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle *Toby*, smiling,———he might march.———He will never march, an't please your honour, in this world, said the Corporal ;—He will march, said my uncle *Toby*, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off :—An't please your honour, said the Corporal, he will never march but to his grave : He shall march, cried my uncle *Toby*, marching the

foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch—he shall march to his regiment———He cannot stand it, said the Corporal :——He shall be supported, said my uncle *Toby* :—He'll drop at last, said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy ?—He shall not drop, said my uncle *Toby*, firmly. A-well-a'day—do what we can for him, said *Trim*, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die. He shall not die, by G—, cried by uncle *Toby*.

—The ACCUSING SPIRIT, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in, and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

———My uncle *Toby* went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright, the morning after, to every eye in the village but *Le Fevre*'s and his afflicted son's ; the hand of death press'd heavy on his eye-lids,———and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round it's circle,—when my uncle *Toby*, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could

do to help him ?——and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.——

——You shall go home directly, *Le Fevre*, said my uncle *Toby*, to my house,——and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—— and we'll have an apothecary,——and the Corporal shall be your nurse ;——and I'll be your servant, *Le Fevre*.

There was a frankness in my uncle *Toby*,—not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cause* of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature ; to this there was something in his looks and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and to take shelter under him ; so that before my uncle *Toby* had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of *Le Fevre*, which were waxing cold, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back—— : the film forsook his eyes for a moment ;——he looked up wishfully in my uncle *Toby*'s face, then cast a look upon his boy,—— and that *ligament*, fine as it was, was never broken.——

Nature instantly ebb'd again,——the film returned to its place------the pulse fluttered—stopp'd —went on—throbb'd—stopp'd again—moved—stopp'd—shall I go on !—No.

All that is necessary to be added, is as follows—That my uncle *Toby*, with young *Le Fevre* in his hand, attended the poor Lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

When my uncle *Toby* had turned every thing into money, and settled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and *Le Fevre*, and betwixt *Le Fevre* and all mankind,——there remained nothing more in my uncle *Toby's* hands, than an old regimental coat and a sword; so that my uncle *Toby* found little opposition from the world in taking administration. The coat my uncle *Toby* gave the Corporal:—Wear it, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, as long as it will hold together, for the sake of the poor Lieutenant—And this, said my uncle *Toby*, taking up the sword in his hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he spoke—and this, *Le Fevre*, I'll save for thee——'tis all the fortune, my dear *Le Fevre*, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world,—and thou doest it like a man of honour,——'tis enough for us.

As soon as my uncle *Toby* had laid a foundation, he sent him to a public school, where, except Whitsuntide and Christmas, at which time the Corporal was punctually dispatched for him,—he remained to the spring of the year, seventeen; when the stories of the Emperor's sending his army into Hungary against the Turks, kindling a spark of fire in his bosom, he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and throwing himself upon his knees before my uncle *Toby*, begged his father's sword, and my uncle *Toby's* leave along with it, to

go and try his fortune under *Eugene*———Twice did my uncle *Toby* forget his wound, and cry out, *Le Fevre!* I will go with thee, and thou shalt fight beside me—And twice he laid his hand upon his groin, hung down his head in sorrow and disconsolation.———

My uncle *Toby* took down the sword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever since the Lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the Corporal to brighten up;—and having detained *Le Fevre* a single fortnight to equip him, and contract for his passage to *Leghorn*, he put the sword into his hand:——If thou art brave, *Le Fevre*, said my uncle *Toby*, this will not fail thee;—but Fortune, said he, musing a little—— Fortune may—And if she does, added my uncle *Toby*, embracing him, come back again to me, *Le Fevre*, and we will shape thee another course.

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of *Le Fevre*, more than my uncle *Toby's* paternal kindness;—he parted from my uncle *Toby*, as the best of sons from the best of fathers—both dropped tears—and as my uncle *Toby* gave him his last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up in an old purse of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand, and bid God bless him.

Le Fevre got up to the Imperial army just time enough to try what metal his sword was made of at the defeat of the *Turks* before *Belgrade*; but a series of unmerited mischances had pursued him from that moment, and trod close upon his heels for four years together after: he had withstood these buffetings to the last, till sickness overtook

him at *Marseilles*; from whence he wrote my uncle *Toby* word, he had lost his time, his services, his health, and, in short, every thing but his sword;—and was waiting for the first ship to return back to him.

Le Fevre was hourly expected, and was uppermost in my uncle *Toby's* mind all the time my father was giving him and *Yorick* a description of what kind of a person he would choose for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle *Toby* thought my father at first somewhat fanciful in the accomplishments he required, he forbore mentioning *Le Fevre's* name,—till the character by *Yorick's* interposition, ending unexpectedly in one, who should be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impressed the image of *Le Fevre* and his interest upon my uncle *Toby*, so forcibly, he rose instantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands—I beg, brother *Shandy*, said my uncle *Toby*, I may recommend poor *Le Fevre's* son to you—I beseech you do, added *Yorick*—He has a good heart, said my uncle *Toby*—And a brave one too, an't pleaſe your honour, said the Corporal—The best hearts, *Trim*, are ever the bravest, replied my uncle *Toby*. T. SHANDY, VOL. III. CHAP. 49.

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THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it: like grace

and beauty which beget inclinations to love at first sight : 'tis ye who open this door, and let the stranger in.

—Pray, Madam, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the *Opera Comique*.—Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work——

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops, as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair on the far side of the shop, facing the door———

—*Très-volontiers*, most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement, and so cheerful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I should have said—"This woman is grateful."

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take—you must turn first to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns ; and be so good as to take the second—then go down a little way and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont neuf*, which you must cross—and there any body will do himself the pleasure to shew you——

She repeated her instructions three times over to me, with the same good-natured patience the

third time as the first ;—and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out—she seemed really interested, that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest Grisset, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy ; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes,—and that I repeated my thanks, as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said ;—so looking back, and seeing her still standing at the door of the shop, as if to look whether I went right or not—I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left —for that I had absolutely forgot.—Is it possible ? said she, half laughing.—'Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth—she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtsey.——*Attendez*, said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, while she called a lad out of the back shop to get ready a parcel of gloves—I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter ; and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place. ——So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand which

she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

———He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment——And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good-nature, but a continuation of them shews it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist), I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world—Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of the other to the artery.

——Would to Heaven, my dear *Eugenius*, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-sical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever——How wouldst thou have laughed and moralized upon my new profession!——And thou should'st have laughed and moralized on——Trust me, my dear *Eugenius*, I should have said, "There are worse occupations in this world, *than feeling a woman's pulse.*"—— But a Grisset's! thou wouldst have said——and in an open shop! *Yorick*——

——So much the better; for when my views are direct, *Eugenius*, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.

I had counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the shop, put me a little out of my reckoning.—'Twas nobody but her husband, she said,—so I began a fresh score—Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he passed by us, to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse——The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said I did him too much honour——and having said that, he put on his hat and walked out.

Good God ! said I to myself, as he went out—and can this man be the husband of this woman ?

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In *London*, a shop-keeper and a shop-keeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh : in the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, and sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do.

In *Paris*, there are scarce two orders of beings more different : for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there—in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits, commerceless, in his thrum night-cap ; the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *salique*, having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women—by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and

sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant——Monsieur *Le Mari* is little better than the stone under your foot.

—Surely——surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone,——thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings; and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to as my evidence.

—And how does it beat, Monsieur? said she.—With all the benignity, said I, looking quitely in her eyes, that I expected—She was going to say something civil in return—but the lad came into the shop with the gloves—*A propos*, said I, I want a couple of pair myself.

The beautiful Grisset rose up when I said this, and going behind the counter, reached down a parcel and untied it: I advanced to the side over-against her; they were all too large. The beautiful Grisset measured them one by one across my hand—It would not alter the dimensions—She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be least.—She held it open—my hand slipped into it at once——It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little—No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety——where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together could not

express them—they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarce say which party is the infector. I leave it your to men of words to swell pages about it—it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do; so folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lie between us.

The beautiful Grisset looked sometimes at the gloves, then sideways to the window, then at the gloves—and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence—I followed her example. So I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her,—and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack—she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration, that she looked into my very heart and reins—It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did—

It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful Grisset had not ask'd above a single livre above the price—I wish'd she had asked a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about——Do you think, my dear Sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a *sous* too much of a stranger—and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy ?—*M'en creyez capable ?*—Faith ! not I, said I ; and if you were,

you are welcome—So counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

SENT. JOURNEY, PAGE 95.

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THE PIE-MAN.

SEEING a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street, in *Versailles*, as if he had something to sell, I bid *La Fleur* go up to him and inquire for the Count de *B****'s hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale: and told me it was a *Chevalier de St. Louis* selling *pâtés*—It is impossible, *La Fleur!* said I.—*La Fleur* could no more account for the phenomenon than myself; but persisted in his story: he had seen the *croix*, set in gold, with its red ribband, he said tied to his button-hole ——and had looked into his basket, and seen the *pâtés* which the Chevalier was selling; so could not be mistaken in that.

Such a reverse in man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity: I could not help looking for some time at him as I sat in the *remise*—the more I looked at him, his *croix*, and his basket, the stronger they wove themselves into my brain—I got out of the *remise*, and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below his kness, and with a sort of bib which went half way up his breast; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his *croix*. His

basket of little *pâtés* was covered over with a white damask napkin; another of the same kind was spread at the bottom; and there was a look of *propreté* and neatness throughout; that one might have bought his *pâtés* of him, as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but stood still with them at the corner of an hotel, for those to buy who chose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a sedate look, something approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the basket than him, and having lifted up the napkin and taken one of his *pâtés* into my hand—I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the best part of his life had passed in the service, in which, after spending a small patrimony, he had obtained a company and the *croix* with it; but that, at the conclusion of the last peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, left without any provision,——he found himself in a wide world without friends, without a livre——and indeed, said he, without any thing but this—(pointing, as he said it, to his *croix*):—the poor Chevalier won my pity, and he finished the scene with winning my esteem too.

The king, he said, was the most generous of Princes; but his generosity could neither relieve nor reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did the *pâtisserie;* and added, he felt no dishonour in defend-

ing her and himself from want in this way—— unless Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happened to this poor Chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It seems, he usually took his stand towards the iron gates which lead up to the palace; and as his *croix* had caught the eyes of numbers, numbers had made the same inquiry which I had done—— He had told them the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it had reached at last the King's ears—who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity—he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred livres a year.

SENT. JOURNEY, PAGE 148.

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THE SWORD.

RENNIS.

WHEN states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is——I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house *d'E***** in *Brittany* into decay. The Marquis *d'E***** had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve, and still shew to the world some little fragment of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretions

had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obscurity*—But he had two boys who looked up to him for *light*—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword—it could not open the way—the *mounting* was too expensive—and simple economy was not a match for it—there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in *France*, save *Brittany*, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see re-blossom—But in *Brittany* there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it; and taking an occasion when the States were assembled at *Rennes*, the Marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, tho' seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side —Here, said he, take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The president accepted the Marquis's sword—he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for *Martinico*, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked-for bequests from distant branches of his house———returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a sentimental one, that I should be at *Rennes* at the very time

of this solemn requisition——I call it solemn—— it was so to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family : he supported his lady—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—He put his handkerchief to his face twice.——

——There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family—he reclaimed his sword.————His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almost out of the scabbard——'twas the shinning face of a friend he had once given up ——he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—— when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I saw a tear fall upon the place : I could not be deceived by what followed.

" I shall find," said he, " some *other way* to get it off."

When the Marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings !

SENT. JOURNEY, PAGE 153.

THE ASS.

I WAS stopped at the gate of *Lyons* by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turniptops, and cabbage-leaves ; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder-feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike——there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me ; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him : on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country, in cart or under panniers——whether in liberty or bondage——I have ever something civil to say to him on my part ; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)——I generally fall into conversation with him ; and surely never is my imagination so busy, as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance——and where those carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion.—In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this :—for parrots, jackdaws, &c. I never exchange a word with them——nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the same reason ; they act by rote, as the others

speak by it, and equally make me silent ; nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog, he would speak if he could)—yet somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talent for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them.

But with an ass I can commune for ever. Come, *Honesty !* said I—seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out ?

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street—

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

—He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way.

I understand thee perfectly, answered I—if thou takest a wrong step in the affair, he will cudgel thee to death—Well ! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent. He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and, in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unsavoriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and picked it up again—God help thee, Jack ! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all—all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others.

And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend

perhaps in all this world that will give thee a macaroon.——In saying this, I pulled out a paper of them, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit, of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I pressed him to come in——the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and as I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand——he looked up pensive in my face——"Don't thrash me with it, but if you will you may"—If I do, said I, I'll be d——d. The word was but one half of it pronounced, when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony. Out upon it! cried I.

TRISTRAM SHANDY, VOL. IV. CHAP. 13.

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THE ABUSES OF CONSCIENCE; A SERMON.

HEBREWS XIII. 18.

——*For we* TRUST *we have a good conscience.*——

"TRUST!—Trust we have a good conscience!" [Certainly *Trim*, quoth my father, interrupting him, you give that sentence a

very improper accent ; for you curl up your nose, man, and read it with such a sneering tone, as if the parson was going to abuse the Apostle.

He is, an't please your honour, replied *Trim*.

Pugh ! said my father, smiling.

Sir, quoth Doctor *Slop*, *Trim* is certainly in the right ; for the writer (who I perceive is a Protestant by the snappish manner in which he takes up the Apostle,) is certainly going to abuse him; —if this treatment of him has not done it already. But from whence, replied my father, have you concluded so soon, Doctor *Slop*, that the writer is of our church ?—for aught I can see yet,—he may be of any church.——Because, answered Doctor *Slop*, if he was of ours,—he durst no more take such a licence,——than a bear by his beard ;—If in our communion, Sir, a man was to insult an apostle,——a saint,——or even the paring of a saint's nail,—he would have his eye scratched out.—What, by the saint ? quoth my uncle *Toby*. No, replied Doctor *Slop*, he would have an old house over his head. Pray, is the Inquisition an ancient building, answered my uncle *Toby ;* or is it a modern one ?—I know nothing of architecture, replied Doctor *Slop*.—An't please your honours, quoth *Trim*, the inquisition is the vilest—Prithee spare thy description, *Trim*, I hate the very name of it, said my father. ——No matter for that, answered Doctor *Slop*,—it has its uses ; for though I'm no great advocate for it, yet, in such a case as this, he would soon be taught better manners ; and I can tell him, if he went on at that rate, would be flung into the in-

quisition for his pains. God help him then, quoth my uncle *Toby*. Amen, added *Trim ;* for Heaven above knows, I have a poor brother who has been fourteen years a captive in it.—I never heard one word of it before, said my uncle *Toby*, hastily : How came he there, *Trim ?*—O, Sir ! the story will make your heart bleed,—as it has made mine a thousand times ;—the short of the story is this ;—That my brother *Tom* went over a servant to *Lisbon*—and married a *Jew*'s widow, who kept a small shop, and sold sausages, which, some how or other, was the cause of his being taken in the middle of the night out of his bed, where he was lying with his wife and two small children, and carried directly to the inquisition, where, God help him, continued *Trim*, fetching a sigh from the bottom of his heart,—the poor honest lad lies confined at this hour ; he was as honest a soul, added *Trim*, (pulling out his handkerchief,) as ever blood warmed.——

—The tears trickled down *Trim*'s cheeks faster than he could well wipe them away.—A dead silence in the room ensued for some minutes.—Certain proof of pity ! Come, *Trim*, quoth my father, after he saw the poor fellow's grief had got a little vent,—read on,—and put this melancholy story out of thy head—I grieve that I interrupted thee : but prithee begin the Sermon again ;—for if the first sentence in it is matter of abuse, as thou sayest, I have a great desire to know what kind of provocation the Apostle has given.

Corporal *Trim*, wiped his face, and returned his handkerchief into his pocket, and, making a bow as he did it,——he began again.]

THE ABUSES OF CONSCIENCE ; A SERMON.

HEBREWS XIII. 18.

——*For we* TRUST *we have a good conscience.*——

" ——TRUST ! trust we have a good conscience ! Surely, if there is any thing in this life which a man may depend upon, and to the knowledge of which he is capable of arriving upon the most indisputable evidence, it must be this very thing,—whether he has a good conscience or no."

[I am positive I am right, quoth Dr. *Slop.*]

" If a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a stranger to the true state of this account ;—he must be privy to his own thoughts and desires—he must remember his past pursuits, and know certainly the true springs and motives, which in general have governed the actions of his life." [I defy him, without an assistant, quoth Dr. *Slop*]

" In other matters we may be deceived by false appearances ; and, as the wise man complains, *hardly do we guess aright at the things that are upon the earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us.* But here the mind has all the evidence and facts within herself ;—is conscious of the web she has wove ;—knows its texture and fineness, and the exact share which every passion has had in working upon the several designs which virtue or vice has planned before her."

[The language is good, and I declare *Trim* reads very well, quoth my father.]

" Now,—as conscience is nothing else but the knowledge which the mind has within herself of this ; and the judgment, either of approbation or censure, which it unavoidably makes upon the successive actions of our lives ; 'tis plain, you will say, from the very terms of the proposition,—whenever this inward testimony goes against a man, and he stands self-accused,—that he must necessarily be a guilty man.—And, on the contrary, when the report is favourable on his side, and his heart condemns him not ;—that it is not a matter of *trust*, as the Apostle intimates, but a matter of *certainty* and fact that the conscience is good, and that the man must be good also."

[Then the Apostle is altogether in the wrong, I suppose, quoth Dr. *Slop*, and the Protestant divine is in the right. Sir, have patience, replied my father ; for I think it will presently appear that Saint *Paul* and the Protestant divine are both of an opinion.——As nearly so, quoth Dr. *Slop*, as east is to west ;—but this, continued he, lifting both hands, comes from the liberty of the press.

It is no more, at the worst, replied my uncle *Toby*, than the liberty of the pulpit, for it does not appear that the sermon is printed, or ever likely to be.

Go on *Trim*, quoth my father.]

" At first sight this may seem to be a true state of the case ; and I make no doubt but the knowledge of right and wrong is so truly impressed

upon the mind of man,—that did no such thing ever happen, as that the conscience of a man, by long habits of sin, might (as the scriptures assure it may) insensibly become hard ;—and like some tender parts of his body, by much stress and continual hard usage, lose, by degrees, that nice sense and perception with which GOD and nature endowed it :—Did this never happen :—or was it certain that self-love could never hang the least bias upon the judgment ;—or that the little interests below could rise up and perplex the faculties of our upper regions, and encompass them about the clouds and thick darkness :—could no such thing as favour and affection enter this sacred COURT :—did Wit disdain to take a bribe in it :—or was ashamed to show its face as an advocate for an unwarrantable enjoyment :—or, lastly, were we assured that INTEREST stood always unconcerned whilst the cause was hearing,—and that passion never got into the judgment-seat, and pronounced sentence in the stead of reason, which is always supposed to preside and determine upon the case ;—was this truly so, as the objection must suppose ;—no doubt then the religious and moral estate of a man would be exactly what he himself esteemed it :—and the guilt or innocence of every man's life could be known, in general, by no better measure, than the degrees of his own approbation and censure.

" I own, in one case, whenever a man's conscience does accuse him (as it seldom errs on that side) that he is guilty ; and unless, in melancholy and hypochondriac cases, we may safely pronounce

upon it, that there is always sufficient grounds for the accusation.

" But the converse of the proposition will not hold true ;—namely, that whenever there is guilt, the conscience must accuse : and if it does not, that a man is therefore innocent.—This is not fact—So that the common consolation which some good christian or other is hourly administering to himself,—that he thanks God his mind does not misgive him ; and that, consequently, he has a good conscience, because he has a quiet one, —is fallacious ;—and as current as the inference is, and as infallible as the rule appears at first sight ; yet when you look nearer to it, and try the truth of this rule upon plain facts,—you see it liable to so much error from a false application ;—the principle upon which it goes so often prevented ;—the whole force of it lost, and sometimes so vilely cast away, that it is painful to produce the common examples from human life, which confirm the account.

" A man shall be vicious and utterly debauched in his principles ;—exceptionable in his conduct to the world ; shall live shameless in the open commission of a sin, which no reason or pretence can justify,—a sin by which, contrary to all the workings of humanity, he shall ruin forever the deluded partner of his guilt ;—rob her of her best dowry ; and not only cover her own head with dishonour,—but involve a whole virtuous family in shame and sorrow for her sake. Surely, you will think conscience must lead such a man a troublesome life :—he can have no rest night or day from its reproaches.

" Alas! CONSCIENCE had something else to do all this time, than break in upon him; as *Elijah* reproached the god *Baal*,—this domestic god *was either talking, or pursuing, or was in a journey, or peradventure he slept and could not be awoke.* Perhaps HE was going out in company with HONOUR to fight a duel; to pay off some debt at play;—or dirty annuity, the bargain of his lust: perhaps CONSCIENCE all this time was engaged at home, talking aloud against petty larceny, and executing vengeance upon some such puny crimes as his fortune and rank of life secured him against all temptation of committing; so that he lives as a merrily,"—— [If he was of our church, though, quoth Dr. *Slop*, he could not]——" sleeps as soundly in his bed; and at last meets death as unconcernedly,——perhaps much more so than a much better man."

[All this is impossible with us, quoth Dr. *Slop*, turning to my father,—the case could not happen in our church.——It happens in ours, however, replied my father, but too often.——I own, quoth Dr. *Slop*, (struck a little with my father's frank acknowledgment) that a man in the *Romish* church may live as badly;——but then he cannot easily die so.——'Tis little matter, replied my father, with an air of indifference,—how a rascal dies.——I mean, answered Dr. *Slop*, he would be denied the benefits of the last sacraments.——Pray, how many have you in all? said my uncle *Toby*,—for I always forget.——Seven, answered Dr. *Slop*.——Humph! said uncle *Toby*; though not accented as a note of acquiescence,—but as an interjection

of that particular species of surprize, when a man in looking into a drawer finds more of a thing than he expected.———Humph! replied my uncle *Toby*. Dr. *Slop*, who had an ear, understood my uncle *Toby* as well as if he had wrote a whole volume against the seven sacraments.——Humph! replied Dr. *Slop* (stating my uncle *Toby*'s argument over again to him)———Why, Sir, are there not seven cardinal virtues?——Seven mortal sins?——Seven golden candlesticks?——Seven heavens?———'Tis more than I know, replied my uncle *Toby*.——Are there not seven wonders of the world?——Seven days of the creation?——Seven planets?——Seven plagues?——That there are, quoth my father with a most affected gravity. But prithee, continued he, go on with the rest of thy characters, *Trim*.]

"Another is sordid, unmerciful," (here *Trim* waved his right hand) "a strait hearted, selfish wretch, incapable either of private friendship, or public spirit. Take notice how he passes by the widow and orphan in their distress, and sees all the miseries incident to human life without a sigh or a prayer." [An't please your honours, cried *Trim*, I think this a viler man than the other.]

"Shall not conscience rise up and sting him on such occasions?——No; thank God, there is no occasion. *I pay every man his own;—I have no fornication to answer to my conscience;——no faithless vows or promises to make up;——I have debauched no man's wife or child; thank God, I am not as other men, adulterers, unjust, or even as this libertine who stands before me.* A third is crafty and

designing in his nature. View his whole life,——'tis nothing but a cunning contexture of dark arts and unequitable subterfuges, basely to defeat the true intent of all laws,——plain dealing, and the safe enjoyment of our several properties.——You will see such a one working out a frame of little designs upon the ignorance and perplexities of the poor and needy man:——shall raise a fortune upon the inexperience of a youth, or the unsuspecting temper of his friend, who would have trusted him with his life. When old age comes on and repentance calls him to look back upon this black account, and state it over again with his conscience—CONSCIENCE looks into the STATUTES at LARGE;——finds no express law broken by what he has done;——perceives no penalty or forfeiture of goods and chattels incurred;——sees no scourge waving over his head, or prison opening his gates upon him:——What is there to affright his conscience!——Conscience has got safely entrenched behind the Letter of the Law, sits there invulnerable, fortified with *Cases* and *Reports* so strongly on all sides;—that it is not preaching can dispossess it of its hold."

[The character of this last man, said Dr. *Slop*, interrupting *Trim*, is more detestable than all the rest;——and seems to have been taken from some pettifogging lawyer amongst you:—amongst us, a man's conscience could not possibly continue so long *blinded*, ——three times in a year, at least, he must go to confession. Will that restore it to sight? quoth my uncle *Toby*———Go on, *Trim*, quoth my father. 'Tis very short, replied *Trim*.

——I wish it was longer, quoth my uncle *Toby*, for I like it hugely.——*Trim* went on.]

"A fourth man shall want even this refuge; shall break through all the ceremony of slow chicane; —— scorns the doubtful workings of secret plots and cautious trains to bring about his purpose:—— See the bare-faced villain, how he cheats, lies, perjures, robs, murders! Horrid!——but indeed much better was not to be expected, in the present case——the poor man was in the dark! ——his Priest had got the keeping of his conscience;——and all he would let him know of it, was, that he must believe in the Pope;——go to Mass;——cross himself; tell his beads;——be a good Catholic; and that this, in all conscience, was enough to carry him to heaven. What;—if he perjures!—Why;—he had a mental reservation in it.——But if he is so wicked and abandoned a wretch as you represent him;——if he robs,—— if he stabs, will not conscience, on every such act, receive a wound itself?—Aye, but the man has carried it to a confession; the wound digests there, and will do well enough, and in a short time be quite healed up by absolution. O Popery! what hast thou to answer for!——When, not content with the too many natural and fatal ways, through which the heart of man is every day thus treacherous to itself above all things;—thou hast wilfully set open the wide gate of deceit before the face of this unwary traveller, too apt, God knows, to go astray of himself; and confidently speak peace to himself, when there is no peace.

"Of this the common instances which I have drawn out of life are too notorious to require much

evidence. If any one doubts the reality of them, or thinks it impossible for a man to be such a bubble to himself,——I must refer him a moment to his own reflections, and will then venture to trust my appeal with his own heart.

"Let him consider, in how different a degree of detestation numbers of wicked actions stand *there*, though equally bad and vicious in their own natures;—he will soon find, that such of them as strong inclination and custom have prompted him to commit, are generally dressed out and painted with all the false beauties which a soft and flattering hand can give them;—and that the others, to which he feels no propensity, appear, at once, naked and deformed, surrounded with all the true circumstances of folly and dishonour.

"When *David* surprised *Saul* sleeping in the cave, and cut off the skirt of his robe——we read his heart smote him for what he had done.—— But in the matter of *Uriah*, where a faithful and gallant servant, whom he ought to have loved and honoured, fell to make way for his lust,—where conscience had so much greater reason to take the alarm, his heart smote him not. A whole year had almost passed, from the first commission of that crime, to the time *Nathan* was sent to reprove him; and we read not once of the least sorrow or compunction of heart which he testified during all that time, for what he had done.

"Thus Conscience, this once able monitor,—placed on high as a judge within us, and intended by our Maker as a just and equitable one too,—by an unhappy train of causes and impediments,

takes often such imperfect cognizance of what passes,——does its office so negligently, sometimes so corruptly,——that it is not to be trusted alone ; and therefore we find there is a necessity, an absolute necessity, of joining another principle with it, to aid, if not govern, its determinations.

" So that if you would form a just judgment of what is of infinite importance to you not to be misled in——namely, in what degree of real merit you stand either as an honest man, an useful citizen, a faithful subject to your king, or a good servant to your GOD,—call in religion and morality.——Look, what is written in the law of GOD? —How readest thou ?—Consult calm reason, and the unchangeable obligations of justice and truth ; ——what say they ?

" Let CONSCIENCE determine the matter upon these reports ;—and then if thy heart condemns thee not, which is the case the Apostle supposes,—the rule will be infallible,"—[Here Dr. *Slop* fell asleep]—" *thou wilt have confidence towards* GOD ; that is, have just grounds to believe the judgment thou hast passed upon thyself, is the judgment of God ;—and nothing else but an anticipation of that righteous sentence, which will be pronounced upon thee hereafter by that Being, to whom thou art finally to give an account of thy actions.

" *Blessed is the man*, indeed, then, as the author of the book of *Ecclesiasticus* expresses it, *who is not pricked with the multitude of his sins : Blessed is the man whose heart hath not condemned him ; whether he be rich, or whether he be poor, if he have a*

good heart (a heart thus guided and informed) *he shall at all times rejoice in a cheerful countenance; his mind shall tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above upon a tower on high.*"—[A tower has no strength, quoth my uncle *Toby*, unless 'tis flank'd.]

"——In the darkest doubts it shall conduct him safer than a thousand casuists, and give the state he lives in a better security for his behaviour than all the clauses and restrictions put together, which law-makers are forced to multiply:—— *Forced*, I say, as things stand; human laws not being a matter of original choice, but of pure necessity, brought in to fence against the mischievous effects of those consciences which are no law unto themselves; well intending by the many provisions made, that in all such corrupt and misguided cases, where principles and the checks of conscience will not make us upright,—to supply their force, and, by the terrors of gaols and halters, oblige us to it."

[I see plainly, said my father, that this sermon has been composed to be preached at the Temple,—or at some Assize.—I like the reasoning, and am sorry that Dr. *Slop* has fallen asleep before the time of his conviction:—for it is now clear that the Parson, as I thought at first, never insulted St. *Paul* in the least;—nor has there been, brother, the least difference between them. A great matter, if they had differed, replied my uncle *Toby*,—the best friends in the world may differ sometimes.—True,—brother *Toby*, quoth my father, shaking hands with him—we'll fill our pipes, brother, and then *Trim* shall go on——

He read on as follows.]

" To have the fear of God before our eyes, and, in our mutual dealings with each other, to govern our actions by the eternal measures of right and wrong :—The first of these will comprehend the duties of religion ;—the second those of morality, which are so inseparably connected together, that you cannot divide these two *tables*, even in imagination, (though the attempt is often made in practice) without breaking and mutually destroying them both.

" I said the attempt is often made ;—and so it is ;—there being nothing more common than to see a man who has no sense at all of religion, and indeed has so much honesty as to pretend to none, who would take it as the bitterest affront, should you but hint at a suspicion on his moral character, or—imagine he was not conscientiously just and scrupulous to the uttermost mite.

" When there is some appearance that it is so,—though one is unwilling even to suspect the appearance of so amiable a virtue as moral honesty, yet were we to look into the grounds of it, in the present case, I am persuaded we should find little reason to envy such a one the honour of his motive.

" Let him declaim as pompously as he chooses upon the subject, it will be found to rest upon no better foundation than either his interest, his pride, his ease, or some such little and changeable passion as will give us but small dependance upon his actions in matters of great distress.

" I will illustrate this by an example.

" I know the banker I deal with, or the physician I usually call in"——

[There is no need, cried Dr. *Slop*, (waking) to call in any physician in this case.]

" ————To be neither of them men of much religion ; I hear them make a jest of it every day, and treat all its sanctions with so much scorn as to put the matter past doubt. Well ;—notwithstanding this, I put my fortune into the hands of the one ;——and, what is dearer still to me, I trust my life to the honest skill of the other.

" Now let me examine what is my reason for this great confidence. Why, in the first place, I believe there is no probability that either of them will employ the power I put into their hands to my disadvantage.—I consider that honesty serves the purposes of this life :—I know their success in the world depends upon the fairness of their characters. In a word, I am persuaded that they cannot hurt me, without hurting themselves more.

" But put it otherwise ; namely, that interest lay, for once, on the other side : that a case should happen wherein the one, without stain to his reputation, could secrete my fortune, and leave me naked in the world ;—or that the other could send me out of it, and enjoy an estate by my death, without dishonour to himself or his art :—— In this case, what hold have I of either of them ? ——Religion, the strongest of all motives, is out of the question ;—Interest, the next most powerful motive in the world, is strongly against me :— What have I left to cast into the opposite scale to balance this temptation ?——Alas ! I have noth-

ing,—but what is lighter than a bubble—I must lie at the mercy of HONOUR, or some such capricious principle—Strait security for two of the most valuable blessings!—my property, and myself.

" As therefore we can have no dependance upon morality without religion :—so, on the other hand, there is nothing better to be expected from religion without morality ; nevertheless, 'tis no prodigy to see a man whose real moral character stands very low, who yet entertains the highest notion of himself, in the light of a religious man.

" He shall not only be covetous, revengeful, implacable,—but even wanting in points of common honesty ; yet in as much as he talks aloud against the infidelity of the age,—is zealous for some points of religion,—goes to church twice a-day,—attends the sacraments,—and amuses himself with a few instrumental parts of religion,—shall cheat his conscience into a judgment, that for this he is a religious man, and has discharged truly his duty to God : and you will find that such a man, through force of this delusion, generally looks down with spiritual pride upon every other man who has less affectation of piety,——though, perhaps, ten times more real honesty than himself.

" *This likewise is a sore evil under the sun :* and, I believe, there is no one mistaken principle, which, for its time, has wrought more serious mischiefs.

" ———For a general proof of this, examine the history of the *Romish* church :"

[Well, what can you make of that ? cried Dr. *Slop.*]—" see what scenes of cruelty, murder, rapine, bloodshed,"——[They may thank their

own obstinacy, cried Dr. *Slop*]——" have all been sanctified by religion not strictly governed by morality.

" In how many kingdoms of the world has the crusading sword of this misguided Saint-errant, spared neither age, or merit, or sex, or condition! —and, as he fought under the banners of a religion which set him loose from justice and humanity, he shewed none; mercilessly trampled upon both,—heard neither the cries of the unfortunate, nor pitied their distresses."

[I have been in many a battle, an't please your honour, quoth *Trim*, sighing, but never in so melancholy a one as this.—I would not have drawn a trigger in it against these poor souls,—to have been made a general officer.—Why? what do you understand of the affair, said Dr. *Slop*, (looking towards *Trim*, with something more of contempt than the Corporal's honest heart deserved)—What do you know, friend, about this battle you talk of?—I know, replied *Trim*, that I never refused quarter in my life to any man who cried out for it:—but to a woman, or a child, continued *Trim*, before I would level my musket at them, I would lose my life a thousand times.——Here's a crown for thee, *Trim*, to drink with *Obadiah* to-night, quoth my uncle *Toby*.——God bless your honour, replied *Trim*,—I had rather these poor women and children had it.—Thou art an honest fellow, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—My father nodded his head, as much as to say,—and so he is.

But prithee, *Trim*, said my father, make an end; for I see thou hast but a leaf or two left.

Corporal *Trim* read on.]

" If the testimony of past centuries in this matter is not sufficient,—consider, at this instant, how the votaries of that religion are every day thinking to do service and honour to God, by actions which are a dishonour and scandal to themselves.

" To be convinced of this, go with me for a moment into the prisons of the Inquisition."—[God help my poor brother *Tom!*]—" Behold *Religion*, with *Mercy* and *Justice* chained down under her feet,—there sitting ghastly upon a black tribunal, propped up with racks and instruments of torment. Hark!—hark!—what a piteous groan!"—[Here *Trim*'s face turned as pale as ashes]—" See the melancholy wretch who uttered it!"—[Here the tears began to trickle down]—" just brought forth to undergo the anguish of a mock-trial, and endure the utmost pains that a studied system of cruelty has been able to invent!"—[D—n them all, quoth *Trim*, his colour returning into his face as red as blood.]——" Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors,—his body so wasted with sorrow and confinement."—[Oh! 'tis my brother, cried poor *Trim* in a most passionate exclamation, dropping the sermon upon the ground, and clapping his hands together—I fear 'tis poor *Tom*. My father's and my uncle *Toby*'s hearts yearned with sympathy for the poor fellow's distress; even *Slop* himself acknowledged pity for him.———Why, *Trim*, said my father, this is not a history,——'tis a sermon thou art reading; prithee, begin the sentence again.]—" Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors,—his body so wasted with

sorrow and confinement, you will see every nerve and muscle as it suffers.

" Observe the last movement of that horrid engine !"—[I would rather face a cannon, quoth *Trim*, stamping.]—" See what convulsions it has thrown him into !—Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched,—what exquisite tortures he endures by it !—'Tis all nature can bear ! Good God ! see how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips !"—[I would not read another line of it, quoth *Trim*, for all this *world ;*——I fear, an't please your honours, all this is in *Portugal*, where my poor brother *Tom* is. I tell thee, *Trim*, again quoth my father, 'tis not an historical account—'tis a description.—'Tis only a description, honest man, quoth *Slop*, there's not a word of truth in it.—That's another story, replied my father,—However, as *Trim* reads it with so much concern,—'tis cruelty to force him to go on with it.—Give me hold of the sermon, *Trim*,—I'll finish it for thee and thou may'st go.—I must stay and hear it too, replied *Trim*, if your honour will allow me ;—though I would not read it myself for a colonel's pay.——Poor *Trim !* quoth my uncle *Toby*.—My father went on.]—

" Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched,—what exquisite torture he endures by it !—'Tis all nature can bear ! Good God ! See how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips—willing to take its leave,—but not suffered to depart !——Behold the unhappy wretch led back to his cell !"

——[Then thank God, however, quoth *Trim*, they have not killed him.]

"See him dragged out of it again to meet the flames and the insults in his last agonies, which this principle,—this principle, that there can be religion without mercy, has prepared for him. The surest way to try the merit of any disputed notion is, to trace down the consequences such a notion has produced, and compare them with the spirit of christianity;—'tis the short and decisive rule which our Saviour hath left us, for these and such like cases, and it is worth a thousand arguments—— *By their fruits ye shall know them.*

"I will add no farther to the length of this sermon, than by two or three short and independent rules deducible from it.

"*First*, Whenever a man talks loudly against religion, always suspect that it is not his reason, but his passions, which have got the better of his CREED. A bad life and a good belief are disagreeable and troublesome neighbours, and where they separate, depend upon it, 'tis for no other cause but quietness sake.

"*Secondly*, When a man, thus represented, tells you in any particular instance,—That such a thing goes against his conscience,—always believe he means exactly the same thing, as when he tells you such a thing goes *against* his stomach;——a present want of appetite being generally the true cause of both.

"In a word,—trust that man in nothing, who has not a CONSCIENCE in every thing.

"And, in your own case, remember this plain distinction, a mistake in which has ruined thousands, that your conscience is not a law :—No, God and reason made the law, and have placed conscience within you to determine,—not like an *Asiatic* Cadi, according to the ebbs and flows of his own passions——but like a *British* Judge, in this land of liberty and good sense, who makes no new law, but faithfully declares that law which he knows already written."

END OF THE SERMON.

T. SHANDY, V. I. C. 140.

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REMAINDER OF THE STORY OF TRIM'S BROTHER.

AS *Tom*'s place, an't please your honour, was easy———and the weather warm——it put him upon thinking seriously of settling himself in the world ; and as it fell out about that time, that a *Jew*, who kept a sausage-shop in the same street, had the ill luck to die of a stranguary, and leave his widow in possession of a rousing trade ——*Tom* thought (as every body in *Lisbon* was doing the best he could devise for himself) there could be no harm in offering her his service to carry it on : so without any introduction to the widow except that of buying a pound of sausages at her shop——*Tom* set out——counting the matter thus within himself, as he walked along, that let the worst come of it that could, he should

at least get a pound of sausages for their worth—but, if things went well, he should be set up: inasmuch as he should get not only a pound of sausages—but a wife—and sausage-shop, an't please your honour, into the bargain.

Every servant in the family, from high to low, wished *Tom* success: and I can fancy, an't please your honour, I see him this moment, with his white dimity waistcoat and breeches, and hat a little o'one side, passing jollily along the street, swinging his stick, with a smile and a cheerful word for every body he met.

But, alas! *Tom!* thou smilest no more, cried the Corporal, looking on one side of him upon the ground as if he apostrophised him in his dungeon.

Poor fellow! said my uncle *Toby* feelingly.

He was an honest, light-hearted lad, an't please your honour, as ever blood warm'd———

Then he resembled thee, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, rapidly.

The Corporal blushed down to his finger's ends—A tear of sentimental bashfulness—another of gratitude to my uncle *Toby*—and a tear of sorrow for his brother's misfortunes, started into his eye, and ran sweetly down his cheek together: my uncle *Toby*'s kindled as one lamp does at another; and taking hold of the breast of *Trim*'s coat (which had been that of *Le Fevre*'s,) as if to ease his lame leg, but, in reality, to gratify a finer feeling——he stood silent for a minute and a half; at the end of which he took his hand away; and the Corporal making a bow, went on with his story of his brother and the *Jew*'s widow.

When *Tom*, an't please your honour, got to the shop, there was nobody in it but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers slightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies, not killing them.

'Tis a pretty picture, said my uncle *Toby*—she had suffered persecution, *Trim*, and had learnt mercy—

—She was good, an't please your honour, from nature as well as from hardships ; and there are circumstances in the story of that poor friendless slut, that would melt a heart of stone, said *Trim ;* and some dismal winter's evening, when your honour is in the humour, they shall be told you with the rest of *Tom*'s story, for it makes a part of it.

Then do not forget, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.

A negro has a soul ? an't please your honour, said the Corporal, (doubtingly.)

I am not much versed, Corporal, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in things of that kind ; but I suppose God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me.

It would be putting one sadly over the head of another, quoth the Corporal.

It would be so, said my uncle *Toby*.

Why then, an't please your honour, is a black wench to be used worse than a white one ?

I can give no reason, said my uncle *Toby*——

——Only, cried the Corporal, shaking his head, because she has no one to stand up for her—

'Tis that very thing, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—which recommends her to protection, and her brethren with her ; 'tis the fortune of war

which has put the whip into our hands *now*—— where it may be hereafter, Heaven knows !—— but be it where it will, the brave, *Trim*, will not use it unkindly.

——God forbid, said the Corporal.

Amen, responded my uncle *Toby*, laying his hand upon his heart.

The Corporal returned to his story, and went on—but with an embarrassment in doing it, which here and there a reader in this world will not be able to comprehend ; for by the many sudden transitions all along from one kind and cordial passion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had lost the sportable key of his voice, which gave sense and spirit to his tale ; he attempted twice to resume it, but could not please himself ; so giving a stout hem ! to rally back the retreating spirits, and aiding nature at the same time with his left arm a kimbo on one side, and with his right a little extended, supported her on the other—the Corporal got as near the note as he could ; and in that attitude continued his story.

As *Tom*, an't please your honour, had no business at that time with the *Moorish* girl, he passed on into the room beyond, to talk to the *Jew*'s widow about love—and being, as I have told your honour, an open, cheary-hearted lad, with his character wrote in his looks and carriage, he took a chair, and without much apology, but with great civility at the same time, placed it close to her at the table, and sat down.

Now a widow, an't please your honour, always chooses a second husband as unlike the first as she

can: so the affair was settled in her mind before *Tom* mentioned it.

She signed the capitulation—and *Tom* sealed it; and there was an end of the matter.

T. SHANDY, VOL. IV. C. 64.

.....

THE BEGUINE.

I MUST here inform you, that this servant of my uncle *Toby*'s, who went by the name of *Trim*, had been a Corporal in my uncle's own company,—his real name was *James Butler*,—but having got the nick-name of *Trim* in the regiment, my uncle *Toby*, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service, by a wound on his left knee by a musket bullet at the battle of *Landen*, which was two years before the affair of *Namur*;—and as the fellow was well-beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle *Toby* took him for his servant; and of an excellent use was he, attending my uncle *Toby* in the camp and in his quarters, as a valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse; and indeed, from first to last, waited upon him and served him with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle *Toby* loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge——For Corporal *Trim*

(for so, for the future, I shall call him,) by four years occasional attention to his master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his master's plans, &c. exclusive and besides what he gained HOBBY-HORSICALLY, as a body servant, *Non Hobby-Horsical per se ;*——had become no mean proficient in the science ; and was thought, by the cook and chamber-maid, to know as much of the nature of strong-holds as my uncle *Toby* himself.

I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal *Trim*'s character,——and it is the only dark line in it.—The fellow loved to advise,—or rather to hear himself talk ; his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so ; but set his tongue a-going,—you had no hold of him—he was voluble ;—the eternal interlardings of *your Honour*, with the respectfulness of Corporal *Trim*'s manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution,—that though you might have been incommoded,——you could not well be angry. My uncle *Toby* was seldom either the one or the other with him,—or, at least, this fault, in *Trim*, broke no squares with them. My uncle *Toby*, as I said, loved the man ;——and besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant—but as an humble friend,—he could not bear to stop his mouth.——Such was the Corporal *Trim*.

So, thou wast once in love, *Trim !* said my uncle *Toby*, smiling ——

Souse, replied the Corporal—over head and ears ; an't please your honour. Prithee when ?

where ?—and how came it to pass ?—I never heard one word of it before, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—I dare say, answered *Trim*, that every drummer and serjeant's son in the regiment knew of it.—It's high time I should—said my uncle *Toby*.

Your honour remembers with concern, said the Corporal, the total route and confusion of our camp, and the army, at the affair of *Landen ;* every one was left to shift for himself ; and if it had not been for the regiments of *Wyndham*, *Lumley* and *Galway*, which covered the retreat over the bridge of *Neerspeaken*, the King* himself could scarce have gained it—he was pressed hard, as your honour knows, on every side of him ——

Gallant mortal ! cried my uncle *Toby*, caught up with enthusiasm—this moment, now that all is lost, I see him galloping across me, Corporal, to the left, to bring up the remains of the English horse along with him to support the right, and tear the laurel from *Luxembourg*'s brows, if yet 'tis possible—I see him with the knot of his scarf, just shot off, infusing fresh spirits into poor *Galway*'s regiment—riding along the line—then wheeling about, and charging *Conti* at the head of it—Brave ! brave, by Heaven ! cried my uncle *Toby*, he deserves a crown—As richly as a thief a halter, shouted *Trim*.

My uncle *Toby* knew the Corporal's loyalty !—otherwise the comparison was not at all to his mind—it did not altogether strike the Corporal's

* *King William.*

fancy when he had made it—but it could not be recalled—so he had nothing to do but proceed.

As the number of wounded was prodigious, and no one had time to think of any thing but his own safety—Though *Talmash*, said my uncle *Toby*, brought off the foot with great prudence—But I was left upon the field, said the Corporal.—Thou wast so, poor fellow! replied my uncle *Toby*—So that it was noon the next day, continued the Corporal, before I was exchanged, and put into a cart with thirteen or fourteen more, in order to be conveyed to our hospital.——The anguish of my knee, continued the Corporal, was excessive in itself; and the uneasiness of the cart, with the roughness of the roads, which were terribly cut up—making bad still worse—every step was death to me: so that with the loss of blood, and the want of care-taking of me, and a fever I felt coming on besides—(Poor soul! said my uncle *Toby*) all together, an't please your honour, was more than I could sustain.

I was telling my sufferings to a young woman at a peasant's house where our cart, which was the last of the line, had halted; they had helped me in, and the young woman had taken a cordial out of her pocket and dropp'd it upon some sugar, and seeing it had cheered me, she had given it me a second and a third time.——So I was telling her, an't please your honour, the anguish I was in, and was saying it was so intolerable to me, that I had much rather lie down upon the bed, turning my face towards one which was in the corner of the room—and die, than go on—when,

upon her attempting to lead me to it, I fainted away in her arms. She was a good soul ! as your honour, said the Corporal, wiping his eyes, will hear.

I thought *love* had been a joyous thing, quoth my uncle *Toby*.

'Tis the most serious thing, an't please your honour, (sometimes,) that is in the world.

By the persuasion of the young woman, continued the Corporal, the cart with the wounded men set off without me : she had assured them I should expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So, when I came to myself—I found myself in a still, quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peasant and his wife. I was laid across the bed in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon the chair, and the young woman beside me, holding the corner of her handkerchief, dipp'd in vinegar, to my nose with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.

I took her at first for the daughter of the peasant ; (for it was no inn)—so had offered her a little purse with eighteen florins, which my poor brother *Tom* (here *Trim* wip'd his eyes) had sent me as a token, by a recruit, just before he set out for *Lisbon*.

The young woman called the old man and his wife into the room, to show them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed, and what little necessaries I should want, till I should be in a condition to be got to the hospital——Come, then ! said she, tying up the little purse,—I'll

be your banker—but as that office alone will not keep me employed, I'll be your nurse too.

I thought by her manner of speaking this, as well as by her dress, which I then began to consider more attentively—that the young woman could not be the daughter of the peasant. She was in black down to her toes, with her hair concealed under a cambric border, laid close to her forehead : she was one of those kind of Nuns, an't please your honour, of which your honour knows there are a great many in *Flanders*, which they let loose.—By the description, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, I dare say she was a young *Beguine*, of which there are none to be found any where but in the *Spanish Netherlands*—except at *Amsterdam*—they differ from Nuns in this, that they can quit their cloister if they choose to marry : they visit and take care of the sick by profession—I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good-nature.

The young *Beguine*, continued the Corporal, had scarce given herself time to tell me "she would be my nurse," when she hastily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare something for me—and in a short time—though I thought it a long one—she came back with flannels, &c. &c. and having fomented my knee soundly for a couple of hours, and made me a thin bason of gruel for my supper———she wished me rest, and promised to be with me early in the morning———She wished me, an't please your honour, what was not to be had. My fever ran very high that night—her figure made sad dis-

turbance within me—I was every moment cutting the world in two—to give her half of it—and every moment was I crying, that I had nothing but a knap-sack and eighteen florins to share with her—The whole night long was the fair *Beguine*, like an angel, close by my bed-side, holding back my curtain, and offering me cordials—and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promised, and giving them in reality. In truth, she was scarce ever from me; and so accustomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart sickened, and I lost colour when she left the room.—Love, an't please your honour, is exactly like war in this; that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks complete o'Saturday night—may nevertheless be shot through his heart on Sunday morning——It happened so here, an't please your honour, with this difference only—that it was on Sunday, in the afternoon, when I fell in love all at once with a sisserara—it burst upon me, an't please your honour, like a bomb—scarce giving me time to say "God bless me!"

I thought, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, a man never fell in love so very suddenly.

Yes, an't please your honour, if he is in the way of it,—replied *Trim*.

I prithee, quoth my uncle *Toby*, inform me how this matter happened.

—With all pleasure, said the Corporal, making a bow. I had escaped, continued the Corporal, all that time, from falling in love, and had gone on to the end of the chapter, had it not been pre-

destined otherwise——there is no resisting our fate. It was on a Sunday, in the afternoon, as I told your honour. The old man and his wife had walked out—Every thing was still and hush as midnight about the house.

There was not so much as a duck or a duckling about the yard; when the fair *Beguine* came to see me.

My wound was then in a fair way of doing well—the inflammation had been gone off for some time; but it was succeeded with an itching both above and below my knee, so insufferable, that I had not shut my eyes the whole night for it. Let me see it, said she, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it,—it only wants rubbing a little, said the *Beguine;* so covering it with the bed-clothes, she began with the fore-finger of her right hand to rub under my knee, guiding her fore-finger backwards and forwards by the edge of the flannel which kept on the dressing.

In five or six minutes I felt slightly the end of her second finger—and presently it was laid flat with the other; and she continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good while: it then came into my head that I should fall in love—— I blushed when I saw how white a hand she had —— I shall never, an't please your honour, behold another hand so white whilst I live.

The young *Beguine*, continued the Corporal, perceiving it was of great service to me—from rubbing, for some time, with two fingers—proceeded to rub at length with three—till, by little

and little, she brought down the fourth, and then rubbed with her whole hand : I will never say another word, an't please your honour, upon hands again—but it was softer than satin.

Prithee, *Trim*, commend it as much as thou wilt, said my uncle *Toby ;* I shall hear thy story with the more delight—The Corporal thanked his master most unfeignedly ; but having nothing to say upon the *Beguine's* hand but the same thing over again—he proceeded to the effects of it.

The fair *Beguine*, said the Corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee—till I feared her zeal would weary her.—"I would do a thousand times more," said she, "for the love of Christ." As she continued rubbing —I felt it spread from under her hand, an't please your honour, to every part of my frame.——

The more she rubbed, and the longer strokes she took—the more the fire kindled in my veins—till at length, by two or three strokes longer than the rest—my passion rose to the highest pitch—I seized her hand——And then thou clapped'st it to thy lips, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*—and madest a speech.

Whether the Corporal's amour terminated precisely in the way my uncle *Toby* described it, is not material ; it is enough that it contained in it the essence of all the love romances which ever have been wrote since the beginning of the world.

THE HOBBY-HORSE.

NAY, if you come to that, Sir, have not the wisest of men in all ages, not excepting *Solomon* himself,—have they not had their HOBBY-HORSES ;—their running-horses,—their coins and their cockle-shells, their drums and their trumpets, their fiddles, their pallets,——their maggots and their butterflies ? and so long as a man rides his HOBBY-HORSE peaceably and quietly along the king's high-way, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him,—pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it !

De gustibus non est disputandum ;——that is, there is no disputing against HOBBY-HORSES ; and for my part, I seldom do ; nor could I with any sort of grace, had I been an enemy to them at the bottom : for happening at certain intervals and changes of the moon, to be both fiddler and painter, according as the fly stings :——be it known to you, that I keep a couple of pads myself, upon which, in their turns, (nor do I care who knows it) I frequently ride out and take the air ;—though sometimes, to my shame be it spoken, I take somewhat longer journies than what a wise man would think altogether right.—But the truth is,—I am not a wise man ;—and besides, am a mortal of so little consequence in the world, it is not much matter what I do : so I seldom fret or fume at all about it : nor does it much disturb my rest, when I see such great Lords and tall personages as hereafter follow ;—such, for instance, as my Lord A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, and so on, all of a row, mounted

upon their several horses; some with large stirrups, getting on in a more grave and sober pace; —others, on the contrary, tucked up to their very chins, with whips across their mouths, scouring and scampering it away like so many little party-coloured devils astride a mortgage,—and as if some of them were resolved to break their necks. ——So much the better—say I to myself; for in case the worst should happen, the world may make a shift to do excellently well without them; and for the rest,——why——God speed them ——e'en let them ride on without opposition from me; for were their Lordships unhorsed this very night—'tis ten to one but that many of them would be worse mounted by one half before to-morrow morning.

Not one of these instances therefore can be said to break in upon my rest. But there is an instance, which I own puts me off my guard, and that is, when I see one born for great actions, and, what is still more for his honour, whose nature ever inclines him to good ones; when I behold such a one, my Lord, like yourself, whose principles and conduct are as generous and noble as his blood, and whom, for that reason, a corrupt world cannot spare one moment;—when I see such a one, my Lord, mounted, though it is but for a minute beyond the time which my love to my country has prescribed to him, and my zeal for his glory wishes,—then, my Lord, I cease to be a philosopher, and in the first transport of an honest impatience, I wish the Hobby-Horse, with all his fraternity, at the Devil.

MARIA.

——THEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard ; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly—'Tis *Maria*, said the postillion, observing I was listening—— Poor *Maria*, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us,) is sitting upon a bank, playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece, when I got to *Moulines*.

And who is poor *Maria ?* said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, said the postillion—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid ; and better fate did *Maria* deserve, than to have her banns forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the parish, who published them———

He was going on, when *Maria*, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again—they were the same notes ;—yet were ten times sweeter ; it is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it——or how she came by her pipe, no one knows ; we think that Heaven has assisted her in both ; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation——she has never once had the pipe out

of her hand, but plays that *service* upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor *Maria*'s taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where *Maria* was sitting; she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ach, it was the moment I saw her.

————God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around for her;—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin will at last restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, *Maria* made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprang out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately————

—Well, *Maria*, said I softly—what resemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a *beast* man is,—that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever *Rabelais* scattered—and yet I own my heart smote me, and that I so smarted at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for Wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days——and never —never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

As for writing nonsense to them—I believe, there was a reserve—but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, *Maria!*—adieu, poor hapless damsel! some time, but not *now*, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps, walk'd softly to my chaise.

T. SHANDY, VOL. IV. CHAP. 83.

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MARIA.

MOULINES.

I NEVER felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now——to travel it through the *Bourbonnois*, the sweetest part of *France*——in the heyday of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up——a journey, through each step of which Music beats time to

Labour, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters———to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me——and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Just Heaven !———it would fill up twenty volumes———and alas ! I have but a few small pages of this to croud it into———and half these must be taken up with the poor *Maria* my friend Mr. *Shandy* met with near *Moulines*.

The story he had told of that disordered maid affected me not a little in the reading ; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to inquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures——but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door ; her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth—She had lost her husband ; he had died, she said, of anguish for the loss of *Maria*'s senses, about a month before—She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest—her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road—

—Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this ; and what made *La Fleur*, whose heart seemed only to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it ? I beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the road.—

When we had got within half a league of *Moulines*, at a little opening of the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor *Maria* sitting under a poplar——she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand ;—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to *Moulines*, and *La Fleur* to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted in a silk net.—She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale-green ribband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist ; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover ; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle : as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string—" Thou shalt not leave me *Sylvio*," said she. I looked in *Maria*'s eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat, for as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her ; and *Maria* let me wipe them away, as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then steep'd it in my own—and then in

her's—and then in mine—and then I wip'd her's again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me to the contrary.

When *Maria* had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale, thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—— on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as *Rome*, and walk'd round St. *Peter's* once—and return'd back—that she found her way alone across the *Appennines*—had travelled over all *Lombardy* without money—and through the flinty roads of *Savoy* without shoes—how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but *God tempers the wind*, said *Maria*, TO THE SHORN LAMB.

Shorn, indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee: thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy *Sylvio*—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back—when the sun went down, I would say my prayers; and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe, nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering Heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and *Maria* observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steep'd too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream—and where will you dry it, *Maria?* said I—I will dry it in my bosom, said she,—'twill do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, *Maria?* said I.

I touch'd upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she look'd with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe and play'd her service to the Virgin—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two *Maria* returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, *Maria?* said I.—She said, to *Moulines*.—Let us go, said I, together.—*Maria* put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered *Moulines*.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of

this, I stopp'd to take my last look and last farewell of *Maria*.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of *Eliza's* out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but *Maria* should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden !——imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds.——The Being who has twice bruised thee, can only bind them up for ever.

SENT. JOURNEY, PAGE 217.

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THE PARSON'S HORSE.

BE it known then, that, for about five years before the date of the midwife's licence, of which you have had so circumstantial an account,—the parson we have to do with had made himself a country-talk by a breach of all decorum, which he had committed against himself, his station, and his office; and that was in never appearing better, or otherwise mounted, than upon a lean, sorry, jackass of a horse, value about one pound fifteen shillings; who, to shorten all description of

him, was full brother to *Rosinante*, as far as similitude congenial could make him; for he answered his description to a hair-breadth in every thing,—except that I do not remember 'tis any where said, that *Rosinante* was broken-winded; and that moreover, *Rosinante*, as is the happiness of most *Spanish* Horses, fat or lean,—was undoubtedly a horse at all points.

I know very well that the HERO's horse was a horse of chaste deportment, which may have given grounds for the contrary opinion: But it is as certain at the same time, that *Rosinante*'s continency (as may be demonstrated from the adventure of the *Yanguesian* carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect or cause whatsoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood.—And let me tell you, Madam, there is a great deal of very good chastity in the world, in behalf of which you could not say more for your life.

Let that be as it may, as my purpose is to do exact justice to every creature brought upon the stage of this dramatic work,—I could not stifle this distinction in favour of Don *Quixote*'s horse;—in all other points, the parson's horse, I say, was just such another—for he was as lean, and as lank, and as sorry a jade, as HUMILITY herself could have bestrode.

In the estimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parson's power to have helped the figure of this horse of his,—for he was master of a very handsome demi-peak'd saddle, quilted on the seat with green plush, garnished with a double row of silver-head-

ed studs, and noble pair of shining brass stirrups, with a housing altogether suitable, of grey superfine cloth, with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep, black, silk fringe, *poudré d'or*,—all which he had purchased in the pride and prime of his life ; together with a grand embossed bridle, ornamented at all points as it should be.—But not caring to banter his beast, he had hung all these up behind his study door :—and, in lieu of them, had seriously befitted him with just such a bridle and such a saddle, as the figure and value of such a steed might well and truly deserve.

In the several sallies about his parish, and in the neighbouring visits to the gentry, who lived around him,—you will easily comprehend, that the parson, so appointed, would both hear and see enough to keep his philosophy from rusting. To speak the truth, he never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young. ——Labour stood still as he passed,——the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well ——the spinning-wheel forgot its round,——even chuck-farthing and shuffle-cap themselves stood gaping till he had got out of sight ; and as his movement was not of the quickest, he had generally time enough upon his hands to make his observations,—to hear the groans of the serious,—and the laughter of the light-hearted ;—all which he bore with excellent tranquillity.—His character was,—he loved a jest in his heart—and as he saw himself in the true point of ridicule, he would say, he could not be angry with others for seeing him in a light, in which he so strongly saw him-

self. So that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the less scruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour, instead of giving the true cause,—he chose rather to join in the laugh against himself; and as he never carried one single ounce of flesh upon his own bones, being altogether as spare a figure as his beast,—he would sometimes insist upon it, that the horse was as good as the rider deserved;—that they were, centaur-like,—both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his spirits were above the temptation of false wit,—he would say, he found himself going off fast in a consumption; and, with great gravity, would pretend, he could not bear the sight of a fat horse, without dejection of heart, and a sensible alteration in his pulse; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himself in countenance, but in spirits.

At different times he would give fifty humorous and apposite reasons for riding a meek-spirited jade of a broken-winded horse, preferably to one of mettle;—for on such a one he could sit mechanically, and meditate as delightfully *de vanitate mundi et fugâ sæculi*, as with the advantage of a death's head before him;—that, in all other exercitations, he could spend his time, as he rode slowly along,—to as much account as in his study;—that he could draw up an argument in his sermon, or a hole in his breeches, as steadily on the one as in the other;—that brisk trotting and slow argumentation, like wit and judgment, were

two incompatible movements.—But that upon his steed he could unite and reconcile every thing,—he could compose his sermon—he could compose his cough,——and, in case nature gave a call that way, he could likewise compose himself to sleep.—In short, the parson, upon such encounters, would assign any cause but the true cause—and he withheld the true one, only out of a nicety of temper, because he thought it did honour to him.

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SENSIBILITY.

———DEAR Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon the bed of straw—and 'tis thou who liftest him up to HEAVEN———eternal fountain of our feelings!—'tis here I trace thee—and this is thy "*divinity which stirs within me*"—not, that in some sad and sickening moments, "*my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction*"—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself——all comes from thee, great—great SENSORIUM of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but fall upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation.—Touched with thee, *Eugenius* draws my curtain when I languish——hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou giv'st a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses

the bleakest mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock—this moment I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it !—Oh ! had I come one moment sooner !—it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it——

Peace to thee, generous swain ! I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the sharer of it—and happy are the lambs which sport about you.

SENT. JOUR. P. 226.

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THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of mount *Taurira*, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket : as the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependance, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again, as well as we could ; but the postillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaisebox being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of the chaise in good earnest ; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left-hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed up-

on the postillion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster. It was a little farm-house, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn—and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and an half full of every thing which could make plenty in a *French* peasant's house—and on the other side was a little wood which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house—so I left the postillion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast—'twas a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table: my heart was set down the moment I entered the room; so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mix'd with thanks that I had not seem'd to doubt it.

Was it this : or tell me, Nature, what else it was that made this morsel so sweet—and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour ?

If the supper was to my taste—the grace which followed was much more so.

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THE GRACE.

WHEN supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance : the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into the back apartment to tie up their hair—and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their *sabots :* and in three minutes every soul was ready upon a little *esplanade* before the house to begin—The old man and his wife came out last, and placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sopha of turf by the door.

The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the *vielle*—and, at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now and then a little to the tune—then intermitted—and joined her old man again, as their children and grand-children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement wherein

they all seem'd to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity.—In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance—but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have look'd upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said, that this was their constant way : and that all his life long, he made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice ! believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay.

—Or a learned prelate either, said I.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 227.

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ILLUSION.

SWEET pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments !—Long—long since had ye numbered out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground ; when my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scattered over with rosebuds of delight ; and having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthen'd and refresh'd—When evils press sore

upon me, and there is no retreat from them in the world, then I take a new course——I leave it——and as I have a clearer idea of the *Elysian* fields than I have of heaven, I force myself, like *Æneas*, into them—I see him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken *Dido*—and wish to recognize it—I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonours—I lose the feelings of myself in her's—and those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow—nor does man disquiet himself in vain *by it*—he oftener does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason only—I can safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation to fight it upon its own ground.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 165.

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LE DIMANCHE.

IT was Sunday; and when *Le Fleur* came in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himself so gallantly arrayed, I scarce knew him.

I had covenanted at *Montreiul* to give him a new hat with a silver button and loop, and four Louis-d'ors *pour s'adoniser*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same—They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing —I wish'd him hang'd for telling me.——They look'd so fresh, that I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy, with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *Rue de Fripperie.*

This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at *Paris.*

He had purchased moreover a handsome blue satin waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered—this was indeed something the worse for the service it had done, but 'twas clean scour'd—the gold had been touch'd up, and upon the whole was rather showy than otherwise—and as the blue was not violent, it suited with the coat and breeches very well: he had squeez'd out of the money, moreover, a new bag and solitaire; and had insisted with the *Frippier* upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees—He had purchased muslin ruffles, *bien bordeés*, with four livres of his own money,—and a pair of white silk stockings, for five more—and, to top all, nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sous.

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair drest in the first style, and with a handsome *bouquet* in his breast—in a word, there was that look of festivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday—and, by combating both together, it instantly struck me, that the favour he wish'd to ask me the night before,

was to spend the day as every one in *Paris* spent it besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when *La Fleur*, with infinite humility, but with a look of trust, as if I should not refuse him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis-à-vis de sa Maîtresse.*

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myself *vis-à-vis* Madame de R***—I had retained the *remise* on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a servant so well dress'd as *La Fleur* was, to have got up behind it : I never could have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not argue in these embarrassments——the sons and daughters of service part with Liberty, but not with nature, in their contracts ; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task-masters—no doubt they have set their self-denials at a price—and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

Behold,—Behold, I am thy servant—disarms me at once of the powers of a master.—

——Thou shalt go, *La Fleur !* said I.

——And what mistress, *La Fleur !* said I, canst thou have picked up in so little a time at *Paris ? La Fleur* laid his hand upon his breast, and said 'twas a *petite demoiselle* at *Monsieur le Compte de B*****'s—*La Fleur* had a heart made for society ; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master—so that, some how or other,—but how—Heaven knows—

he had connected himself with the *demoiselle* upon the landing of the stair-case, during the time I was taken up with my passport; and as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my interest, *La Fleur* had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his.—The family, it seems, was to be at *Paris* that day; and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's household upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people! that once a week at least are sure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth. SENT. JOURNEY, P. 190.

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THE MONK.

CALAIS.

A POOR Monk of the order of St. *Francis* came into the room to beg something for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies—or one man may be generous as another man is puissant—*sed non quoad hanc*—or be it as it may—for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themselves—'twould oft be no discredit to us, to suppose it was so: I'm sure, at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied to have it said by the world, "I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor

shame," than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

—But be this as it may: the moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sous, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—button'd it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him; there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy---but from his eyes, and that sort of fire that was in them, which seemed more temper'd by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty——Truth might lie between——He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which *Guido* has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating,—free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a Monk's shoulders, best knows: but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of *Indostan*, I had reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure—but it was the attitude of intreaty; and as it now stands present to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order——and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it.

A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and Heaven be their source who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic——I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I,—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with

meagre diet—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. *Francis*, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate—The Monk made me a bow—but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore—The Monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, no doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal——we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor *Franciscan* made no reply; a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry——Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door——Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had uttered, crouded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor *Franciscan*, but to deny him: and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his grey hairs——his courteous figure seem'd to re-enter and gently ask me, what injury he had done me?—and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along. SENT. JOURNEY, P. 5.

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THE MONK.

THE good old Monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him cross'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no.—He stopp'd, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness; and having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me—You shall taste mine—said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one)—putting it into his hand—'Tis most excellent, said the Monk: Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of

the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor Monk blush'd as red as scarlet. *Mon Dieu!* said he, pressing his hands together—you never used me unkindly.——I should think, said the lady, he is not likely. I blush'd in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the few who feel to analyse.—Excuse me, Madam, replied I,—I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocation. 'Tis impossible, said the lady.—My God! cried the Monk with a warmth of asseveration which seem'd not to belong to him—the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal—the lady opposed it, and I joined with her in maintaining, it was impossible that a spirit so regulated as his could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it.—We remained silent, without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when in such a circle you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the Monk rubbed his horn-box upon the sleeve of his tunic; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction—he made a low bow, and said 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest—but be it as it would—he begg'd we might exchange boxes—in saying this he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me with

the other : and having kiss'd it—with a stream of good-nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom—and took his leave.

I guard this box as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better : in truth, I seldom go abroad without it : and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own in the justlings of the world ; they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandoned the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits as I am going to add, that in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father *Lorenzo*, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off : I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him—when upon pulling out his little horn-box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears—but I am as weak as a woman ; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 34.

FELLOW-FEELING.

THERE is something in our nature which engages us to take part in every accident to which man is subject, from what cause soever it may have happened; but in such calamities as a man has fallen into through mere misfortune, to be charged upon no fault or indiscretion of himself, there is something then so truly interesting, that at the first sight we generally make them our own, not altogether from a reflection that they might have been or may be so, but oftener from a certain generosity and tenderness of nature which disposes us for compassion, abstracted from all considerations of self: so that without any observable act of the will, we suffer with the unfortunate, and feel a weight upon our spirits we know not why, on seeing the most common instances of their distress. But where the spectacle is uncommonly tragical, and complicated with many circumstances of misery, the mind is then taken captive at once, and *were* it inclined to it, has no power to make resistance, but surrenders itself to all the tender emotions of pity and deep concern. So that when one considers this friendly part of nature, without looking farther, one would think it impossible for man to look upon misery without finding himself in some measure attached to the interest of him who suffers it—I say one would think it impossible—for there are some tempers—how shall I describe them?—formed either of such impenetrable matter, or wrought up by habitual selfishness to such an utter insensibili-

ty of what becomes of the fortunes of their fellow-creatures, as if they were not partakers of the same nature, or had no lot or connection with the species. SERMON III. P. 43.

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THE MERCIFUL MAN.

LOOK into the world——how often do you behold a sordid wretch,——whose strait heart is open to no man's affliction, taking shelter behind an appearance of piety, and putting on the garb of religion, which none but the merciful and compassionate have a title to wear! Take notice with what sanctity he goes to the end of his days, in the same selfish track in which he at first set out—turning neither to the right hand nor the left—but plods on—pores all his life long upon the ground as if afraid to look up, lest peradventure he should see aught which might turn him one moment out of that straight line where interest is carrying him; or if, by chance, he stumbles upon a hapless object of distress, which threatens such a disaster to him—*devoutly* passing by on the other side, as if unwilling to trust himself to the impressions of nature, or hazard the inconveniencies which pity might lead him into upon the occasion. SERMON III. P. 46.

PITY.

IN benevolent natures, the impulse to pity is so sudden, that, like instruments of music, which obey the touch—the objects which are fitted to excite such impressions, work so instantaneous an effect, that you would think the will was scarce concerned, and that the mind was altogether passive in the sympathy which her own goodness has excited. The truth is—the soul is generally in such cases so busily taken up and wholly engrossed by the object of pity, that she does not attend to her own operations, or take leisure to examine the principles upon which she acts.

SERMON III. P. 51.

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SLANDER.

OF the many revengeful, covetous, false, and ill-natured persons which we complain of in the world, though we all join in the cry against them, what man amongst us singles out himself as a criminal, or ever once takes it into his head that he adds to the number?—or where is there a man so bad, who would not think it the hardest and most unfair imputation, to have any of those particular vices laid to his charge?

If he has the symptoms ever so strong upon him, which he would pronounce infallible in another, they are indications of no such malady in himself—he sees what no one else sees, some se-

cret and flattering circumstances in his favour, which no doubt make a wide difference betwixt his case, and the parties which he condemns.

What other man speaks so often and so vehemently against the vice of pride, sets the weakness of it in a more odious light, or is more hurt with it in another, than the proud man himself? It is the same with the passionate, the designing, the ambitious, and some other common characters in life; and being a consequence of the nature of such vices, and almost inseparable from them, the effect of it are generally so gross and absurd, that where pity does not forbid, it is pleasant to observe and trace the cheat through the several turnings and windings of the heart, and detect it through all the shapes and appearances which it puts on. SERMON IV. P. 72.

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HOUSE OF MOURNING.

LET us go into the house of mourning, made so by such afflictions as have been brought on, merely by the common cross accidents and disasters to which our condition is exposed,—where, perhaps, the aged parents sit broken-hearted, pierced to their souls with the folly and indiscretion of a thankless child——the child of their prayers, in whom all their hopes and expectations centred:——perhaps a more affecting scene——a virtuous family lying pinched with want, where the unfortunate support of it, hav-

ing long struggled with a train of misfortunes, and bravely fought up against them,—— is now piteously borne down at the last—overwhelmed with a cruel blow which no forecast or frugality could have prevented.—O God! look upon his afflictions—Behold him distracted with many sorrows, surrounded with the tender pledges of his love, and the partner of his cares—without bread to give them, unable, from the remembrance of better days, to dig;—to beg, ashamed.

When we enter into the house of mourning such as this—it is impossible to insult the unfortunate even with an improper look—Under whatever levity and dissipation of heart, such objects catch our eyes,—they catch likewise our attentions, collect and call home our scattered thoughts, and exercise them with wisdom. A transient scene of distress, such as is here sketched, how soon does it furnish materials to set the mind at work! how necessarily does it engage it to the consideration of the miseries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities to which the life of man is subject! By holding up such a glass before it, it forces the mind to see and reflect upon the vanity—the perishing condition, and uncertain tenure of every thing in this world. From reflections of this serious cast, how insensibly do the thoughts carry us farther!—and from considering what we are—what kind of world we live in, and what evils befal us in it, how naturally do they set us to look forwards at what possibly we shall be,——for what kind of world we are intended——what evils may befal us there——

and what provisions we should make against them here, whilst we have time and opportunity! If these lessons are so inseparable from the house of mourning here supposed—we shall find it a still more instructive school of wisdom when we take a view of the place in that more affecting light in which the wise man seems to confine it in the text; in which, by the house of mourning, I believe he means that particular scene of sorrow, where there is lamentation and mourning for the dead. Turn hither, I beseech you, for a moment. Behold a dead man ready to be carried out, the only son of his mother, and she a widow! Perhaps a more affecting spectacle, a kind and indulgent father of a numerous family, lies breathless—snatched away in the strength of his age—torn in an evil hour from his children and the bosom of a disconsolate wife! Behold much people of the city gathered together to mix their tears, with settled sorrow in their looks, going heavily along to the house of mourning, to perform the last melancholy office, which, when the debt of nature is paid, we are called upon to pay each other! If this sad occasion which leads him there, has not done it already, take notice to what a serious and devout frame of mind every man is reduced, the moment he enters this gate of affliction. The busy and fluttering spirits which in the house of mirth were wont to transport him from one diverting object to another—see how they are fallen! how peaceably they are laid! In this gloomy mansion full of shades and uncomfortable damps to seize the soul,—see, the

light and easy heart, which never knew what it was to think before, how pensive it is now, how soft, how susceptible, how full of religious impressions, how deeply it is smitten with a sense and with a love of virtue! Could we, in this crisis, whilst the empire of reason and religion lasts, and the heart is thus exercised with wisdom, and busied with heavenly contemplations—could we see it naked as it is—stripped of its passions, unspotted by the world, and regardless of its pleasures—we might then safely rest our cause upon this single evidence, and appeal to the most sensual, whether *Solomon* has not made a just determination here in favour of the house of mourning? not for its own sake, but as it is fruitful in virtue, and becomes the occasion of so much good. Without this end, sorrow, I own, has no use but to shorten a man's days—nor can gravity, with all its studied solemnity of look and carriage, serve any end but to make one half of the world merry, and impose upon the other.

SERM. II. P. 33.

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FRAILTY.

THE best of men appear sometimes to be strange compounds of contradictory qualities: and, were the accidental oversights and folly of the wisest man,—the failings and imperfections of a religious man,—the hasty acts and passionate words of a meek man; were they to rise up in

judgment against them,—and an ill-natured judge be suffered to mark in this manner, what has been done amiss—what character so unexceptionable as to be able to stand before him ?

SERM. XXXI. P. 33.

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INSENSIBILITY.

IT is the fate of mankind, too often, to seem insensible of what they may enjoy at the easiest rate. SERM. XLII. P. 126.

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UNCERTAINTY.

THERE is no condition in life so fixed and permanent as to be out of danger, or the reach of change : and we all may depend upon it, that we shall take our turns of wanting and desiring. By how many unforeseen causes may riches take wing !—The crowns of princes may be shaken, and the greatest that ever awed the world have experienced what the turn of the wheel can do.—That which hath happened to one man, may befal another ; and, therefore, that excellent rule of our Saviour's ought to govern us in all our actions,—Whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you also to them likewise.—Time and chance happen to all ; and the most affluent may be stript of all, and find his worldly comforts like so many withered leaves dropping from him. SERM. XLI. P. 209.

THE DEAD ASS.

AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead on the road, which had occasioned *La Fleur*'s misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind *Sancho*'s lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting on a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—look'd at them—and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—look'd wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and *La Fleur* among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

—He said he had come last from *Spain*, where he had been from the furthest borders of *Franconia;* and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all *Germany ;* but having in one week lost two of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all ; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take *him* from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. *Jago*, in *Spain*.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopp'd to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage, with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern—*La Fleur* offered him money —the mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him.—The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him—and upon this, told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the *Pyrenean* mountains, which had separated them from each other three days : during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and they had neither scarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least in the loss of the poor beast ; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.—Alas ! said the mourner, I thought so when he was alive—but now he is dead, I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have

been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world ! said I to myself—Did we love each other as this poor soul but lov'd his ass—'twould be something.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 74.

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HUMOURING IMMORAL APPETITES.

THE humouring of certain appetites, where morality is not concerned, seems to be the means by which the Author of nature intended to sweeten this journey of life,—and bear us up under the many shocks and hard jostlings, which we are sure to meet with in our way. And a man might, with as much reason, muffle up himself against sunshine and fair weather,—and at other times expose himself naked to the inclemencies of cold and rain, as debar himself of the innocent delights of his nature, for affected reserve and melancholy.

It is true, on the other hand, our passions are apt to grow upon us by indulgence, and become exorbitant, if they are not kept under exact discipline, that by way of caution and prevention, 'twere better, at certain times, to affect some degree of needless reserve, than hazard any ill consequences from the other extreme.

SERM. XXXVII. P. 13.

UNITY.

LOOK into private life—behold how good and pleasant a thing it is to live together in unity ;—it is like the precious ointment poured upon the head of *Aaron*, that run down to his skirts ; importing that this balm of life is felt and enjoyed, not only by governors of kingdoms, but is derived down to the lowest rank of life, and tasted in the most private recesses ;—all, from the king to the peasant, are refreshed with its blessings, without which we can find no comfort in any thing this world can give.—It is this blessing gives every one to sit quietly under his vine, and reap the fruits of his labour and industry :—in one word, which bespeaks who is the bestower of it—it is that only which keeps up the harmony and order of the world, and preserves every thing in it from ruin and confusion.

SERM. XLI. P. 203.

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OPPOSITION.

THERE are secret workings in human affairs, which over-rule all human contrivance, and counterplot the wisest of our counsels, in so strange and unexpected a manner, as to cast a damp upon our best schemes and warmest endeavours.

SERM. XXXIX. P. 170.

CAPTAIN SHANDY'S JUSTIFICATION OF HIS OWN PRINCIPLES AND CONDUCT IN WISHING TO CONTINUE THE WAR.

WRITTEN TO HIS BROTHER.

I AM not insensible, brother *Shandy*, that when a man, whose profession is arms, wishes, as I have done, for war,—it has an ill aspect to the world ;—and that, how just and right soever his motives and intentions may be,—he stands in an uneasy posture in vindicating himself from private views in doing it.

For this cause, if a soldier is a prudent man, which he may be, without being a jot the less brave, he will be sure not to utter his wish in the hearing of an enemy ; for, say what he will, an enemy will not believe him.—He will be cautious of doing it even to a friend,—lest he may suffer in his esteem :—But if his heart is overcharged, and a secret sigh for arms must have its vent, he will reserve it for the ear of a brother, who knows his true character to the bottom, and what his true notions, dispositions, and principles of honour are : What, I *hope*, I have been in all these, brother *Shandy*, would be unbecoming in me to say ;—much worse, I know, have I been than I ought,—and something worse, perhaps, than I think : but such as I am, you, my dear brother *Shandy*, who have suck'd the same breasts with me,—and with whom I have been brought up from my cradle,—and from whose knowledge,

from the first hours of our boyish pastimes, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and scarce a thought in it—such as I am, brother, you must by this time know me, with all my vices, and with all my weaknesses too, whether my age, my temper, my passions, or my understanding.

Tell me then, my dear brother *Shandy*, upon which of them it is, that when I condemned the peace of *Utrecht*, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigour a little longer, you should think your brother did it upon unworthy views; or that in wishing for war, he should be bad enough to wish more of his fellow creatures slain,—more slaves made, and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleasure:—Tell me, brother *Shandy*, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it?

If, when I was a school-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with it—was it my fault? Did I plant the propensity there? Did I sound the alarm within, or Nature?

When *Guy*, Earl of *Warwick*, and *Parismus* and *Parismenus*, and *Valentine* and *Orson*, and the *Seven Champions* of *England* were handed around the school,—were they not all purchased with my own pocket-money!—Was that selfish, brother *Shandy?* When we read over the siege of *Troy*, which lasted ten years and eight months,—though with such a train of artillery as we had at *Namur*, the town might have been carried in a week—was I not as much concerned for the *Greeks* and *Trojans* as any boy of the whole school? Had I not

three strokes of a ferula given me, two on my right hand, and one on my left, for calling *Helena* a bitch for it? Did any one of you shed more tears for *Hector?* And when king *Priam* came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to *Troy* without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner.

—Did that bespeak me cruel? Or, because, brother *Shandy*, my blood flew out into the camp, and my heart panted for war,—was it a proof it could not ach for the distresses of war too?

O brother! 'tis one thing for a soldier to gather laurels,—and 'tis another to scatter cypress.

—'Tis one thing, brother *Shandy*, for a soldier to hazard his own life—to leap first down into the trench, where he is sure to be cut in pieces:—'Tis one thing, from public spirit and a thirst of glory, to enter the breach the first man,—to stand in the foremost rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets, and colours flying about his ears:—'tis one thing, I say, brother *Shandy*, to do this;—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miseries of war,—to view the desolations of whole countries, and consider the intolerable fatigues and hardships which the soldier himself, the instrument who works them, is forced (for six-pence a-day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear *Yorick*, as I was by you, in *Le Fevre*'s funeral sermon, *That so soft and gentle a creature, born to love mercy and kindness, as man is, was not shaped for this?* But why did you not add, *Yorick*,—if not by NATURE,—that he is so by NECESSITY?—For what is war? what

is it, *Yorick*, when fought as ours has been, upon principles of *Liberty*, and upon principles of *Honour*—what is it, but the getting together of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds! And Heaven is my witness, brother *Shandy*, that the pleasure I have taken in these things,—and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my sieges in my *bowling-green*, has rose within me, and I hope in the Corporal too, from the consciousness we both had, that in carrying them on, we were answering the great end of our creation.

TRISTRAM SHANDY, VOL. III. CHAP. 75.

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MERCY.

MY uncle *Toby* was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—where just occasions presented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter;—nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts:—he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up so kindly with him; my uncle *Toby* had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:—Go,—says he one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last—as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee,

says my uncle *Toby*, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head :—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape :—go, poor devil,—get thee gone ; why should I hurt thee ?—This world surely is wide enough to hold thee and me.

*** This is to serve for parents and governors, instead of a whole volume upon the subject.

T. SHANDY, VOL. I. CHAP. 37.

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INDOLENCE.

INCONSISTENT soul that man is !—languishing under wounds which he has the power to heal !—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge !—his reason, that precious gift of God to him—instead of pouring in oil) serving but to sharpen his sensibilities,—to muitiply his pains, and render him more melancholy and uneasy under them !—Poor unhappy creature, that he should do so !—are not the necessary causes of misery in this life enow, but he must add voluntary ones to his stock of sorrow ; struggle against evils which cannot be avoided, and submit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him, would remove from his heart for ever ?

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 14.

CONSOLATION.

BEFORE an affliction is digested, consolation ever comes too soon;—and after it is digested—it comes too late: there is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 22.

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THE STARLING.

——BESHREW the *sombre* pencil! said I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the *Bastille* is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up the *fossé*—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not a man which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice, which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."——I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without farther attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get out," said the starling—God help thee, said I; but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open, without pulling it to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty—"No," said the starling—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened: nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature where they chaunted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the *Bastille;* and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I—still thou art a bitter draught! and though

thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess! addressing myself to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till NATURE herself shall change —no *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron——with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.——Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent——Grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion——and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 134.

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THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that

the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me———

——I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I heheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferr'd. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish : in thirty years the western breeze had not once fann'd his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice :—his children——

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed : a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notch'd all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of those little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn. SENT. JOURNEY, P. 138.

THE DWARF.

I WAS walking down that lane which leads from the *Carousel* to the *Palais Royal*, and observing a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty—Never mind, said I; some good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards the poor blighted part of my species, who have neither size or strength to get on in the world.—I cannot bear to see one of them trod upon; and had scarce got seated beside an old *French* officer at the *Opera Comique*, ere the disgust was exercised, by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small *esplanade* left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the *parterre*, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor defenceless being of this order had got thrust, somehow or other, into this luckless place——the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on both sides: but the thing which incommoded him most was a tall corpulent *German*, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor

dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the *German's* arm and his body, trying first one side, then the other ; but the *German* stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined———the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in *Paris ;* so he civilly reached up his hand to the *German's* sleeve, and told him his distress———The *German* turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as *Goliah* did upon *David*—and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my Monk's little horn-box—And how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear Monk ! so temper'd to *bear and forbear !*—how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint !

The old *French* officer seeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter ? —I told him the story in three words ; and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, which are generally unreasonable, had told the *German* he would cut off his long queue with his knife—The *German* look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury sharpened by an insult, be it to who it will, makes every man of sentiment a party ; I could have leaped out of the box to have redressed it—The old *French* officer did it with much less confusion ; for leaning a little over, and nod-

ding to a sentinel, and pointing at the same time with his finger to the distress—the sentinel made his way to it.—There was no occasion to tell the grievance—the thing told itself; so thrusting back the *German* instantly with his musket—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him—This is noble! said I, clapping my hands together—and yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in *England*.

In *England*, dear Sir, said I, *we all sit at our ease*.

The old *French* officer would have set me at unity with myself, in case I had been at variance,—by saying it was a *bon-mot*—and as a *bon-mot* is always worth something at *Paris*, he offered me a pinch of snuff. SENT. JOURNEY, P. 113.

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CHARITY.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little sour'd by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise, and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty, who surround you. Let no man say, "Let them go to the devil;"—'tis a cruel journey to send a few miserables, and they have had sufferings enow without it: I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise; he need not be so exact in setting down

his motives for giving them—they will be registered elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do; for few that I know have so little to give: but as this was the first public act of my charity in *France*, I took the more notice of it.

A-well-a-day! said I, I have but eight sous in the world, shewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd soul without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle, and making a disqualifying bow, on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out *Place aux dames!* with one voice, it would not have conveyed the sentiment of a deference for the sex with half the effect.

Just Heaven! for what wise reason hast thou ordered it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?

I insisted upon presenting him with a single sous, merely for his *politesse*.

A poor little dwarfish, brisk fellow, who stood over-against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offered a pinch on both sides of him; it was a gift of consequence, and modestly declined—The poor little fellow press'd it upon them with a nod of welcomeness—*Prenez en—prenez*, said he, looking another way; so they each took a pinch,—Pity thy box should ever want one, said I to myself; so I put a couple of sous into it—taking a

small pinch out of his box, to exchange the value, as I did it— He felt the weight of the second obligation more than that of the first—'twas doing him an honour—the other was only doing him a charity—and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

—Here! said I to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the service—here's a couple of sous for thee. *Vive le Roi!* said the other soldier.

I had then but three sous left; so I gave one, simply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begg'd—The poor woman had a dislocated hip; so I could not well be upon any other motive.

Mon cher & très charitable Monsieur—There's no opposing this, said I.

My lord Anglois—the very sound was worth the money—so I gave *my last sous for it.* But in the eagerness of giving, I overlook'd a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believed, would have perished ere he could have asked one for himself; he stood by the chaise, a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which, I thought, had seen better days—Good God! said I—and I have not one single sous left to give him——But you have a thousand! cried all the powers of nature, stirring within me—so I gave him—no matter what—I am ashamed to say *how much*, now—and was ashamed to think how little, then; so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed

points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but *Dieu vous bénisse—Et le bon Dieu vous bénisse encore*—said the old soldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre honteux* could say nothing—he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away—and I thought he thanked me more than them all. SENT. JOURNEY, P. 66.

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REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

THE Corporal——

Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius,—for he was your kinsman :

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness,—for he was your brother.—Oh Corporal ! had I thee but now,—now, that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cherish thee ! thou shouldst wear thy Montero-cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week,—and when it was worn out, I would purchase thee a couple like it ;—but alas ! alas ! alas ! now that I can do this in spite of their reverences—the occasion is lost—for thou art gone ;—thy genius fled up to the stars from whence it came ;—and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open vessels, compressed into a *clod of the valley !*

But what is this—what is this, to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military ensigns of thy

master—the first—the foremost of created beings; where I shall see thee, faithful servant, laying his sword and scabbard with a trembling hand across his coffin, and then turning, pale as ashes, to the door, to take his mourning horse by the bridle, to follow his hearse, as he directed thee;—where—all my father's systems shall be baffled by his sorrows; and, in spite of his philosophy, I shall behold him, as he inspects the lackered plate, twice taking his spectacles from off his nose, to wipe away the dew which nature had shed upon them—when I see him cast the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ears,—O *Toby!* in what corner of the world shall I seek thy fellow.

—Gracious powers! which erst have opened the lips of the dumb in his distress, and made the tongue of the stammerer speak plain—when I shall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a stinted hand.

T. SHANDY, VOL. III. CHAP. 68.

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PLEASURES OF OBSERVATION AND STUDY.

——WHAT a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on!

—If this won't turn out something—another will——no matter—'tis an essay upon human nature—I get my labour for my pains—'tis enough—the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses, and the best part of my blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, and cry, 'Tis all barren—And so it is; and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that were I in a desart, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections—If I could do no better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to—I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection—I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desart: if their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

SENT. JOUR. P. 51.

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FEELING AND BENEFICENCE.

WAS it *Mackay*'s regiment, quoth my uncle *Toby*, where the poor grenadier was so unmercifully whipp'd at *Bruges* about the ducats? ——O Christ! he was innocent! cried *Trim*, with a deep sigh.—And he was whipp'd, may it please your honour, almost to death's door.—

They had better have shot him outright, as he begged, and he had gone directly to heaven, for he was as innocent as your honour.—I thank thee, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*. I never think of his, continued *Trim*, and my poor brother *Tom*'s misfortunes, for we were all three school-fellows, but I cry like a coward.—Tears are no proof of cowardice, *Trim ;* I drop them oftentimes myself, cried my uncle *Toby*—I know your honour does, replied *Trim*, and so am not ashamed of it myself. —But to think, may it please your honour, continued *Trim*,—a tear stealing into the corner of his eye as he spoke——to think of two virtuous lads, with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honest as God could make them—the children of honest people, going forth with gallant spirits to seek their fortunes in the world—and fall into such evils ! poor *Tom !* to be tortured upon a rack for nothing—but marrying a *Jew*'s widow who sold sausages—honest *Dick Johnson*'s soul to be scourged out of his body, for the ducats another man put in his knapsack !—O !—these are misfortunes, cried *Trim*, pulling out his handkerchief,—these are misfortunes,—may it please your honour, worth laying down and crying over.

—'Twould be a pity, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, thou shouldst ever feel sorrow of thy own, ——thou feelest it so tenderly for others. Alack-a-day, replied the Corporal, brightening up his face—your honour knows I have neither wife or child—I can have no sorrows in this world. As few as any man, replied my uncle *Toby ;* nor can I see how a fellow of thy light heart can suffer,

but from the distress of poverty in thy old age—when thou art past all services, *Trim*,—and hast outlived thy friends. An't please your honour, never fear, replied *Trim*, cheerily.—But I would have thee never fear, *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby;* and therefore, continued my uncle *Toby*, throwing down his crutch, and getting upon his legs as he uttered the word *therefore*—in recompense, *Trim*, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy heart I have had such proofs of——whilst thy master is worth a shilling——thou shalt never ask elsewhere, *Trim*, for a penny. *Trim* attempted to thank my uncle *Toby*, but had not power—tears trickled down his cheeks faster than he could wipe them off—he laid his hands upon his breast —made a bow to the ground, and shut the door.

—I have left *Trim* my bowling-green, cried my uncle *Toby*—My father smiled—I have left him moreover, a pension, continued my uncle *Toby*—My father looked grave.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 39.

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SLAVERY.

CONSIDER slavery,—what it is,—how bitter a draught, and how many millions have been made to drink it;——which, if it can poison all earthly happiness when exercised barely upon our bodies, what must it be, when it comprehends both the slavery of body and mind? To conceive this, look into the history of the *Romish*

church and her tyrants (or rather executioners), who seem to have taken pleasure in the pangs and convulsions of their fellow-creatures.——Examine the Inquisition, hear the melancholy notes sounded in every cell.—Consider the anguish of mock-trials, and the exquisite tortures consequent thereupon, mercilessly inflicted upon the unfortunate, where the racked and weary soul has so often wished to take its leave,—but cruelly not suffered to depart——Consider how many of these helpless wretches have been hauled from thence, in all periods of this tyrannic usurpation, to undergo the massacres and flames to which a false and bloody religion has condemned them.

—Let us behold him in another light——

If we consider man as a creature full of wants and necessities (whether real or imaginary), which he is not able to supply of himself, what a train of disappointments, vexations, and dependances are to be seen issuing from thence to perplex and make his way uneasy!——How many jostlings and hard struggles do we undergo in making our way in the world!—How barbarously held back! —How often and basely overthrown, in aiming only at getting bread!—How many of us never attain it—at least not comfortably,—but from various unknown causes—eat it all our lives long in bitterness!

OPPRESSION VANQUISHED.

I HAVE not been a furlong from *Shandy Hall* since I wrote to you last—but why is my pen so perverse ? I have been to *****, and my errand was of so peculiar a nature, that I must give you an account of it. You will scarce believe me, when I tell you it was to out-juggle a juggling attorney ; to put craft and all its powers to defiance ; and to obtain justice from one—who has a heart fell enough to take advantage of the mistakes of honest simplicity, and who has raised a considerable fortune by artifice and injustice. However, I gained my point !—it was a star and garter to me ; the matter was as follows :

"A poor man, the father of my Vestal, having by the sweat of his brow, during a course of many laborious years, saved a small sum of money, applied to this scribe to put it out to use for him : this was done, and a bond given for the money. ——The honest man, having no place in his cottage which he thought sufficiently secure, put it in a hole in the thatch, which had served instead of a strong box to keep his money. In this situation the bond remained till the time of receiving his interest drew nigh. But, alas ! the rain which had done no mischief to his gold, had found out his paper security, and had rotted it to pieces !" It would be a difficult matter to paint the distress of the old countryman upon this discovery ;—he came to me weeping, and begged my advice and assistance !—it cut me to the heart !

Frame to yourself the picture of a man upwards

of sixty years of age—who having with much penury and more toil, with the addition of a small legacy, scraped together about fourscore pounds to support him in the infirmities of old age, and to be a little portion for his child when he should be dead and gone—lost his little hoard at once—and, to aggravate his misfortune—by his own neglect and incaution.—"If I was young, Sir (said he), my affliction would have been light——and I might have obtained it again;——but I have lost my comfort when I most wanted it; my staff is taken from me when I cannot go alone; and I have nothing to expect in future life, but the unwilling charity of a parish officer." Never in my whole life did I wish to be rich, with so good a grace, as at this time! What a luxury would it have been to have said to this afflicted fellow-creature, "There is thy money—go thy ways—and be at peace."

But, alas! the *Shandy* family were never much encumbered with money; and I (the poorest of them all) could only assist him with good counsel;—but I did not stop here.

I went myself with him to *****, where, by persuasion, threats, and some art, which (by the bye) in such a cause, and with such an opponent, was very justifiable—I sent my poor client back to his home, with his comfort and his bond restored to him. Bravo! Bravo!

If a man has a right to be proud of any thing,—it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

IT is the mild and quiet half of the world, who are generally outraged and borne down by the other half of it ; but in this they have the advantage, whatever be the sense of their wrongs, that pride stands not so watchful a sentinel over their forgiveness, as it does in the breasts of the fierce and froward ; we should all of us, I believe, be more forgiving than we are, would the world but give us leave ; but it is apt to interpose its ill offices in remissions, especially of this kind ; the truth is, it has its laws, to which the heart is not always a party ; and acts so like an unfeeling engine in all cases without distinction, that it requires all the firmness of the most settled humanity to bear up against it. SERM. XVIII. P. 61.

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HAPPINESS.

THE great pursuit of man is after happiness : it is the first and strongest desire of his nature ;—in every stage of his life, he searches for it as for hidden treasure ; courts it under a thousand different shapes,—and though perpetually disappointed,—still persists,—runs after and enquires for it afresh—asks every passenger who comes in his way, *Who will shew him any good?* who will assist him in the attainment of it, or direct him to the discovery of this great end of all his wishes ?

He is told by one, to search for it among the more gay and youthful pleasures of life, in scenes of mirth and sprightliness, where happiness ever presides, and is ever to be known by the joy and laughter which he will see at once painted in her looks. A second, with a graver aspect, points out to the costly dwellings which pride and extravagance have erected :—tells the inquirer, that the object he is in search of inhabits there—that happiness lives only in company with the great, in the midst of much pomp and outward state, that he will easily find her out by the coat of many colours she has on, and the great luxury and expense of equipage and furniture with which she always sits surrounded.

The Miser blesses God !—wonders how any one would mislead and wilfully put him upon so wrong a scent —convinces him that happiness and extravagance never inhabited under the same roof ; that if he would not be disappointed in his search, he must look into the plain and thrifty dwellings of the prudent man, who knows and understands the worth of money, and cautiously lays it up against an evil hour : that it is not the prostitution of wealth upon the passions, or the parting with it at all, that constitutes happiness—but that it is the keeping it together, and the having and holding it fast to him and his heirs for ever, which are the chief attributes that form this great idol of human worship, to which so much incense is offered up every day.

The Epicure, though he easily rectifies so gross a mistake, yet at the same time he plunges him,

if possible, into a greater ; for hearing the object of his pursuit to be happiness, and knowing of no other happiness than what is seated immediately in his senses—he sends the inquirer there ; tells him 'tis vain to search elsewhere for it, than where Nature herself has placed it—in the indulgence and gratification of the appetites, which are given us for that end ; and, in a word—if he will not take his opinion in the matter—he may trust the word of a much wiser man, who has assured us—that there is nothing better in this world, than that a man should eat and drink, and rejoice in his works, and make his soul enjoy good in labour : for that is his portion.

To rescue him from this brutal experiment—Ambition takes him by the hand, and carries him into the world,—shews him all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them, points out the many ways of advancing his fortune, and raising himself to honour,—lays before his eyes all the charms and bewitching temptations of power, and asks, if there can be any happiness in this world like that of being caressed, courted, flattered, and followed ?

To close all, the Philosopher meets him bustling in the full career of his pursuit—stops him—tells him, if he is in search of happiness, he is far gone out of his way. That this deity has long been banished from noise and tumults, where there was no rest found for her, and was fled into solitude far from all commerce of the world ; and, in a word, if he would find her, he must leave this busy and intriguing scene, and go back to

that peaceful scene of retirement and books, from which he at first set out.

In this circle too often does a man run, tries all experiments, and generally sits down wearied and dissatisfied with them all at last—in utter despair of ever accomplishing what he wants—nor knowing what to trust to after so many disappointments ; or where to lay the fault, whether in the incapacity of his own nature, or in the insufficiency of the enjoyments themselves.

SERMON I. P. 1.

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TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

MY heart stops me to pay thee, my dear uncle *Toby*, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodness ; here let me thrust my chair aside, and kneel down upon the ground, whilst I am pouring forth the warmest sentiments of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's bosom.——Peace and comfort rest for ever more upon thy head !—Thou enviedst no man's comforts, insultedst no man's opinions.—Thou blackenedst no man's character,—devouredst no man's bread : gently, with faithful *Trim* behind thee, didst thou amble round the little circle of thy pleasures, jostling no creature in the way :—for each one's sorrows thou hadst a tear,—for each man's need thou hadst a shilling. Whilst I am worth one, to pay a weeder,—thy path from thy door to thy bowling-green shall never be

grown up—Whilst there is a rood and a half of land in the *Shandy* family, thy fortifications, my dear uncle *Toby*, shall never be demolish'd.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 27.

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YORICK'S DEATH A BROKEN HEART.

THE *Mortgager* and *Mortgagée* differ the one from the other, not more in length of purse, than the *Jester* and *Jestée* do, in that of memory. But in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholastics call it, upon all fours: (which, by the bye, is upon one or two legs more than some of the best of *Homer*'s can pretend to); —namely, That the one raises a sum, and the other a laugh at your expense, and thinks no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cases;—the periodical or accidental payments of it, just serving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till at length, in some evil hour,——— pop comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the spot, together with full interest to the very days, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not say more to satisfy him, that my HERO could not go on at this rate without some slight experience of these incidental mementos. To speak the truth, he had wantonly involved himself in a multitude of small book debts of this stamp,

which, notwithstanding *Eugenius*'s frequent advice, he too much disregarded ; thinking, that as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy,—but, on the contrary, from an honesty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be cross'd out in course.

Eugenius would never admit this ; and would often tell him, that one day or other he would certainly be reckoned with : and he would often add, in an accent of sorrowful apprehension,——to the uttermost mite. To which *Yorick*, with his usual carelessness of heart, would as often answer with a pshaw !—and if the subject was started in the fields,——with a hop, skip, and a jump at the end of it ; but if close pent up in the social chimney-corner, where the culprit was barricado'd in, with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not so readily fly off in a tangent,—*Eugenius* would then go on with his lecture upon discretion in words to this purpose, though somewhat better put together.

Trust me, dear *Yorick*, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of——In these sallies, too oft, I see, it happens that a person laughed at, considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him ; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckons up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies,——and musters up with them the many recruits that will list under him from a sense of common danger ;——'tis no extravagant arith-

metic to say, that for every ten jokes,——thou hast got an hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen, or malevolence of intent in these sallies—I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive:—But consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this,—and that knaves will not;—and thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other:—whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

Revenge, from some baneful corner, shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right.—— The fortunes of thy house shall totter,—thy character which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it,—thy faith questioned,—thy works belied—thy wit forgotten—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, CRUELTY and COWARDICE, twin ruffians, hired and set on by MALICE in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes:—— The best of us, my dear lad, lie open there,—and trust me,—trust me, *Yorick, when to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.*

Yorick scarce ever heard the sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him, but with a tear stealing from his eye, and a promissory look attending it, that he was resolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more sobriety.—But, alas, too late!—a grand confederacy, with ***** and ***** at the head of it, was formed before the first prediction of it.—The whole plan of the attack, just as *Eugenius* had foreboded, was put in execution all at once,—with so little mercy on the side of the allies,—and so little suspicion in *Yorick* of what was carrying on against him,—that when he thought, good easy man! full surely preferment was o' ripening,—they had smote his root, and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out with all imaginable gallantry for some time; till, overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war,—but more so, by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on,—he threw down the sword; and though he kept up his spirits in appearance to the last, he died, nevertheless, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

What inclined *Eugenius* to the same opinion, was as follows:

A few hours before *Yorick* breathed his last, *Eugenius* stept in with an intent to take his last sigh and farewell of him. Upon his drawing *Yorick's* curtain, and asking how he felt himself, *Yorick* looked up in his face, took hold of his hand,—and after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was

their fate to meet hereafter,—he would thank him again and again,—he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. I hope not, answered *Eugenius*, with tears trickling down his cheek, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—I hope not *Yorick*, said he.—— *Yorick* replied with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of *Eugenius's* hand, and that was all,—but it cut *Eugenius* to the heart.—Come,—come, *Yorick*, quoth *Eugenius*, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him, my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wants them ;—who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee ?—*Yorick* laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head ;—For my part, cried *Eugenius*, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare I know not, *Yorick*, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added *Eugenius*, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop, and that I may live to see it.—I beseech thee, *Eugenius*, quoth *Yorick*, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand, —his right hand being still grasped close in that of *Eugenius*,——I beseech thee to take a view of my head.—I see nothing that ails it, replied *Eugenius*. Then, alas! my friend, said *Yorick*, let me tell you, that 'tis so bruised and mis-shapened with the blows which ***** and *****, and some others have so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with *Sanco Panca*, that should I recover, and " Mitres thereupon be suffered to rain

down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it." — *Yorick's* last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this ;——yet still it was uttered with something of a *Cervantic* tone ;——and as he spoke it, *Eugenius* could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes ;——faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as *Shakspeare* said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar !

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke : he squeezed his hand,—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. *Yorick* followed *Eugenius* with his eyes to the door,——he then closed them,—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in the corner of his church-yard, in the parish of ———, under a plain marble slab, which his friend *Eugenius*, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy.

Alas, poor YORICK !

Ten times a day has *Yorick's* ghost the consolation to hear the monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him ;——a footway crossing the church-yard close by the side of his grave,——not a passenger goes by without stop-

ping to cast a look upon it,—and sighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

T. SHANDY, VOL. I. C. 12.

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POWER OF SLIGHT INCIDENTS.

IT is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind;—and what incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things—that trifles light as air, shall waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immoveable within it, that *Euclid*'s demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 62.

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CROSSES IN LIFE.

MANY, many are the ups and downs of life, fortune must be uncommonly gracious to that mortal who does not experience a great variety of them;—though perhaps to these may be owing as much of our pleasures as our pains; there are scenes of delight in the vale as well as in the mountain; and the inequalities of nature may not be less necessary to please the eye—than the varieties of life to improve the heart. At best, we are but a short-sighted race of beings, with just

light enough to discern our way.—To do that is our duty, and should be our care ; when a man has done this, he is safe ; the rest is of little consequence———

Cover his head with a turf or a stone,
It is all one, it is all one !

LETTER IV. TO HIS FRIENDS.

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THE CONTRAST.

THINGS are carried on in this world, sometimes so contrary to all our reasonings, and the seeming probability of success,—that even the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong ;—nay, what is stranger still, nor yet bread to the wise, who should least stand in want of it,—nor yet riches to the men of understanding, whom you would think best qualified to acquire them,—nor yet favour to men of skill, whose merit and pretences bid the fairest for it,—but that there are some secret and unseen workings in human affairs, which baffle all our endeavours, and turn aside the course of things in such a manner,—that the most likely causes disappoint and fail of producing for us the effect which we wish, and naturally expected from them.

You will see a man, of whom were you to form a conjecture from the appearance of things in his favour,—you would say, was setting out in the world with the fairest prospect of making his fortune in it ;—with all the advantages of birth to

recommend him, of personal merit to speak for him,—and of friends to push him forwards : you will behold him, notwithstanding this, disappointed in every effect you might naturally have looked for, from them ; every step he takes towards his advancement, something invisible shall pull him back, some unforeseen obstacle shall rise up perpetually in his way, and keep there.—In every application he makes—some untoward circumstance shall blast it.—He shall rise early,—late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness,—yet some happier man shall rise up, and ever step in before him, and leave him struggling to the end of his life, in the very same place in which he first began.

The history of a second shall in all respects be the contrast to this. He shall come into the world with the most unpromising appearance,—shall set forward without fortune, without friends —without talents to procure him either the one or the other. Nevertheless you will see this clouded prospect brighten up insensibly, unaccountably before him ; every thing presented in his way shall turn out beyond his expectations, in spite of that chain of unsurmountable difficulties which first threatened him,—time and chance shall open him a way,—a series of successful occurrences shall lead him by the hand to the summit of honour and fortune ; and, in a word, without giving him the pains of thinking, or the credit of projecting, it shall place him in a safe possession of all that ambition could wish for.

SERMON VIII. P. 152.

DR. SLOP AND OBADIAH, MEETING.

IMAGINE to yourself, a little, squat, uncourtly figure of a Dr. *Slop*, of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a susquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a serjeant in the horse-guards.

Such were the outlines of Dr. *Slop*'s figure, which—if you have read *Hogarth*'s analysis of beauty, (and if you have not, I wish you would;) —you must know, may as certainly be caricatured, and conveyed to the mind by three strokes as three hundred.

Imagine such a one,—for such, I say, were the outlines of Dr. *Slop*'s figure, coming slowly along, foot by foot, waddling through the dirt upon the vertebræ of a little diminutive pony, of a pretty colour—but of strength—alack! scarce able to have made an amble of it, under such a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition.—They were not.——Imagine to yourself, *Obadiah* mounted upon a strong monster of a coach-horse, pricked into a full gallop, and making all practicable speed the adverse way.

Pray, Sir, let me interest you a moment in this description.

Had Dr. *Slop* beheld *Obadiah* a mile off, posting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monstrous rate,—splashing and plunging like a devil through thick and thin as he approached, would not such a phænomenon, with such a vortex of mud and water moving along with it, round its axis,—have been a subject of juster apprehension

to Dr. *Slop* in his situation, than the *worst* of *Whiston*'s comets ?—To say nothing of the Nucleus ; that is, of *Obadiah* and the coach-horse.—In my idea, the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involved and carried, if not the doctor, at least the doctor's pony, quite away with it.

What then do you think must the terror and hydrophobia of Dr. *Slop* have been when you read (which you are just going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards *Shandy Hall*, and had approached to within sixty yards of it, and within five yards of a sudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden wall,—and in the dirtiest part of a dirty lane,—when *Obadiah* and his coach-horse turned the corner, rapid, furious,—pop,—full upon him !—Nothing, I think, in nature can be supposed more terrible than such a rencounter,—so impromptu ! so ill prepared to stand the shock of it as Dr. *Slop* was !

What could Dr. *Slop* do ?——he crossed himself——Pugh !—but the doctor, Sir, was a Papist.——No matter ; he had better have kept hold of the pummel.—He had so ; nay, as it happened, he had better have done nothing at all ; for in crossing himself he let go his whip,—and in attempting to save his whip between his knee and his saddle's skirt, as it slipped, he lost his stirrup,—in losing which he lost his seat ; and in the multitude of all these losses (which, by the bye, shew what little advantage there is in crossing) the unfortunate doctor lost his presence of mind. So that without waiting for *Obadiah*'s onset, he left his pony to its destiny, tumbling off

it diagonally, something in the style and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other consequence from the fall, save that of being left (as it would have been) with the broadest part of him sunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

Obadiah pull'd off his cap twice to Dr. *Slop*;—once as he was falling,—and then again when he saw him seated.———Ill-timed complaisance;—had not the fellow better have stopped his horse, and got off, and helped him?—Sir, he did all that his situation would allow;—but the MOMENTUM of the coach-horse was so great, that *Obadiah* could not do it all at once; he rode in a circle three times round Dr. *Slop*, before he could fully accomplish it any how; and at last, when he did stop the beast, 'twas done with such an explosion of mud, that *Obadiah* had better have been a league off. In short, never was a Dr. *Slop* so beluted, and so transubstantiated, since that affair came into fashion.

TRISTRAM SHANDY, C. XXXV. P. 187.

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SELFISHNESS AND MEANNESS.

THAT there is selfishness and meanness enough in the souls of one part of the world, to hurt the credit of the other part of it, is what I shall not dispute against; but to judge of the whole from this bad sample, and because one man is plotting, and artful in his nature;—or, a second openly makes his pleasure or his profit the

whole centre of all his designs ;—or, because a third strait-hearted wretch sits confined within himself,—feels no misfortunes, but those which touch himself : to involve the whole race without mercy under such detested characters, is a conclusion as false as it is pernicious ; and were it in general to gain credit, could serve no end, but the rooting out of our nature all that is generous, and planting in the stead of it such an aversion to each other, as must untie the bands of society, and rob us of one of the greatest pleasures of it, the mutual communications of kind offices ; and by poisoning the fountain, rendering every thing suspected that flows through it. SERM. VII. P. 137.

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VICE NOT WITHOUT USE.

THE lives of bad men are not without use,—and whenever such a one is drawn, not with a corrupt view to be admired,—but on purpose to be detested—it must excite such a horror against vice, as will strike indirectly the same good impression. And though it is painful to the last degree to paint a man in the shades which his vices have cast upon him, yet when it serves this end, it carries its own excuse with it.

SERM. IX. P. 173.

YORICK'S OPINION OF GRAVITY.

SOMETIMES, in his wild way of talking, he would say, that gravity was an arrant scoundrel; and he would add, of the most dangerous kind too,—because a sly one; and that he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say, there was no danger,—but to itself:—whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit;—'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions,—it was no better, but often worse, than what a *French* wit had long ago defined it, viz.—A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind.

T. SHANDY, VOL. I. C. 2.

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THE INTERRUPTION.

WHEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother *Bobby*'s death, he was busy calculating the expense of his riding post from *Calais* to *Paris*, and so on to *Lyons*.

'Twas a most inauspicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again,

and his calculation to begin afresh, when he had almost got to the end of it, by *Obadiah*'s opening the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeast—and to ask whether he might not take the great coach-horse early in the morning and ride in search of some.—With all my heart, *Obadiah*, said my father (pursuing his journey)—take the coach-horse, and welcome.—But he wants a shoe, poor creature! said *Obadiah*.—Poor creature! said my uncle *Toby*, vibrating the note back again, like a string in unison. Then ride the *Scotch* horse, quoth my father hastily.—He cannot bear a saddle upon his back, quoth *Obadiah*, for the whole world.—The devil's in that horse; then take PATRIOT, cried my father; and shut the door.——PATRIOT is sold, said *Obadiah*. Here's for you! cried my father, making a pause, and looking in my uncle *Toby*'s face, as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.—Your worship ordered me to sell him last *April*, said *Obadiah*.—Then go on foot for your pains, cried my father ——I had much rather walk than ride, said *Obadiah*, shutting the door.

What plagues! cried my father, going on with his calculation.—But the waters are out, said *Obadiah*, opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of *Sanson*'s, and a book of the post-roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compasses, with one foot of them fixed upon *Nevers*, the last stage he had paid for—purposing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as soon as *Obadiah* quitted the room: but

this second attack of *Obadiah*'s, in opening the door, and laying the whole country under water, was too much.—He let go his compasses—or rather, with a mixed motion between accident and anger, he threw them upon the table : and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to *Calais*, (like many others) as wise as he had set out. T. SHANDY, VOL. III. P. 13.

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REFLECTION UPON MAN.

WHEN I reflect upon man ; and take a view of that dark side of him which represents his life as open to so many causes of trouble—when I consider how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance—when one runs over the catalogue of all the cross reckonings and sorrowful items with which the heart of man is over-charged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden resources the mind is enabled to stand it out, and bear itself up as it does, against the impositions laid upon our nature.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 42.

.....

EJACULATION.

TIME wastes too fast ; every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen ; the days and hours of it, more precious, my

dear *Jenny !* than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more—every thing presses on—whilst thou art twisting that lock,—see ! it grows grey ; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make. T. SHANDY, VOL. IV. C. 67.

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LIFE OF MAN.

WHAT is the life of man ! is it not to shift from side to side ;—from sorrow to sorrow ?—to button up one cause of vexation,—and unbutton another ! T. SHANDY, VOL. II. C. 66.

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TRIM'S EXPLANATION OF THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

———PR'YTHEE, *Trim*, quoth my father,—What dost thou mean, by "*honouring thy father and thy mother ?*"

Allowing them, an't please your honour, three half-pence a day out of my pay when they grow old.—And didst thou do that, *Trim ?* said *Yorick*.—He did, indeed, replied my uncle *Toby*—Then, *Trim*, said *Yorick*, springing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the *Deca-*

logue ; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal *Trim*, than if thou hadst a hand in the *Talmud* itself.

T. SHANDY, V. III. C. 32.

.....

HEALTH.

O BLESSED health ! thou art above all gold and treasure ; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul,—and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue.—He that has thee has little more to wish for ! and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

T. SHANDY, V. III. C. 33.

.....

SOLITUDE.

CROWDED towns, and busy societies, may delight the unthinking, and the gay—but solitude is the best nurse of wisdom.

In solitude the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself : in the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one—the flattery of a second—the civilities of a third—the friendship of a fourth—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to retirement, reflection, and books.

LETTER LXXXII.

FLATTERY.

DELICIOUS essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart. SENT. JOURNEY, P. 210.

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FORGIVENESS.

THE brave only know how to forgive;—it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at.—Cowards have done good and kind actions*,—cowards have even fought, nay sometimes, even conquered; but a coward never forgave.—It is not in his nature;—the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness. SERM. XII. P. 244.

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FAVOURS.

IN returning favours, we act differently from what we do in conferring them: in the one case we simply consider what is best,—in the

* Christian Hero.

other, what is most acceptable. The reason is, that we have a right to act according to our own ideas of what will do the party most good, in the case where we bestow a favour ;—but where we return one, we lose this right, and act according to his conceptions who has obliged us, and endeavour to repay in such a manner as we think it most likely to be accepted in discharge of the obligation. SERM. XIII. P. 260.

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RUSTIC FELICITY.

MANY are the silent pleasures of the honest peasant ; who rises cheerfully to his labour :—look into his dwelling,—where the scene of every happiness chiefly lies :—he has the same domestic endearments,—as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well,—to enliven his hours and glad his heart, as you could conceive in the most affluent station. —And I make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and sufferings were to be balanced with those of his betters,—that the upshot would prove to be little more than this,—that the rich man had the more meat,—but the poor man the better stomach ; the one had more luxury,—more able physicians to attend and set him to rights ;—the other more health and soundness in his bones, and less occasion for their help ; that, after these two articles betwixt them were balanced,—in all other things they stood upon a

level :—that the sun shines as warm,—the air blows as fresh,—and the earth breathes as fragrant upon the one as the other : and that they have an equal share in all the beauties and real benefits of nature. SERM. XLIV. P. 160.

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DIFFERENCE IN MEN.

POVERTY, exile, loss of fame or friends, the death of children, the dearest of all pledges of a man's happiness, make not equal impressions upon every temper.——You will see one man undergo, with scarce the expense of a sigh,—what another, in the bitterness of his soul, would go mourning for all his life long :—nay, a hasty word, or an unkind look, to a soft and tender nature, will strike deeper than a sword to the hardened and senseless.—If those reflections hold true with regard to misfortunes,—they are the same with regard to enjoyments :—we are formed differently,—and have different tastes and perceptions of things ;—by the force of habit, education, or a particular cast of mind,—it happens that neither the use or possession of the same enjoyments and advantages, produce the same happiness and contentment ;—but that it differs in every man almost according to his temper and complexion : so that the self-same happy accidents in life, which give raptures to the choleric or sanguine man, shall be received with indifference by the cold and phlegmatic ;—and so oddly perplexed are the accounts

of both human happiness and misery in this world, —that trifles, light as air, shall be able to make the hearts of some men sing for joy ;—at the same time that others, with real blessings and advantages, without the power of using them, have their hearts heavy and discontented.

Alas ! if the principles of contentment are not within us——the height of station or worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness. SERM. XLIV. P. 258.

.....

AGAINST HASTY OPINION.

THERE are numbers of circumstances which attend every action of a man's life, which can never come to the knowledge of the world,—yet ought to be known, and well weighed, before sentence with any justice can be passed upon him. ——A man may have different views, and a different sense of things from what his judges have ; and what he understands and feels, and what passes within him, may be a secret treasured up deeply there for ever.——A man, through bodily infirmity, or some complexional defect, which perhaps is not in his power to correct, may be subject to inadvertences,—to starts,—and unhappy turns of temper; he may lie open to snares he is not always aware of ; or, through ignorance and want of information and proper helps, he may labour in the dark :—in all which cases he may do many things which are wrong in themselves, and yet be

innocent ;—at least an object rather to be pitied, than censured with severity and ill-will.——These are difficulties which stand in every one's way in the forming a judgment of the characters of others. SERM. XLIV. P. 255.

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VANITY.

VANITY bids all her sons be generous and brave, and her daughters to be chaste and courteous.—But why do we want her instructions ? Ask the comedian, who is taught a part he feels not. SERMON XVII. P. 45.

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AFFECTED HONESTY.

LOOK out of your door,—take notice of that man : see what disquieting, intriguing and shifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing—three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble—alas ! he has them not.—— SERM. XVII. P. 45.

.....

AFFECTED PIETY.

BEHOLD a second, under a show of piety, hiding the impurities of a debauched life ;

—he is just entering the house of God : would he were more pure—or less pious ;—but then he could not gain his point. SERM. XVII. P. 46.

.....

AFFECTED SANCTITY.

OBSERVE a third going on almost in the same track, with what an inflexible sanctitude of deportment he sustains himself as he advances —every line in his face writes abstinence ;—every stride looks like a check upon his desires : see, I beseech you, how he is cloak'd up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments ; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose ;—he has armour at least—Why does he put it on ? Is there no serving God without all this ? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of its rending ? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret —and what is that ?—That the saint has no religion at all. IBID. P. 46.

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OSTENTATIOUS GENEROSITY.

——BUT here comes GENEROSITY ;—giving—not to a decayed artist—but to the arts and sciences themselves,——See !—he *builds not a chamber the wall apart for the prophet ;*- but whole schools and colleges for those who come af-

ter. Lord ! how they will magnify his name ! 'tis in capitals already ; the first, the highest, in the gilded rent-roll of every hospital and asylum.

—One honest tear shed in private over the unfortunate is worth it all. SERM. XVII. P. 47.

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WIT AND JUDGMENT.

HOW comes it to pass, that your men of least *wit* are reported to be men of most *judgment ?* ——But mark,—I say, *reported to be*—for it is no more, my dear Sirs, than a report, and which, like twenty others taken up every day upon trust, I maintain to be a vile and a malicious report into the bargain.

I hate set dissertations——and above all things in the world, 'tis one of the silliest things in one of them, to darken your hypothesis by placing a number of tall, opake words, one before another in a right line, betwixt your own and your reader's conception—when, in all likelihood, if you had looked about, you might have seen something standing, or hanging up, which would have cleared the point at once——" for what hindrance, hurt, or harm doth the laudable desire of knowledge bring to any man, even from a sot, a pot, a fool, a stool, a winter mittain, a truckle for a pulley, the lid of a goldsmith's crucible, an oil bottle, an old slipper, or a cane chair ?"———I am this moment sitting upon one. Will you give me leave to illustrate this affair of wit and judgment by the two

knobs on the top of the back of it :——they are fastened on, you see, with two pegs stuck slightly into two gimblet-holes, and will place what I have to say in so clear a light, as to let you see through the drift and meaning of my whole preface, as plainly as if every point and particle of it was made up of sun-beams.

I enter now directly upon the point.

Here stands *wit*—and there stands *judgment*, close beside it, just like the two knobs I'm speaking of, upon the back of this self-same chair on which I am sitting.

—You see, they are the highest and most ornamental parts of its *frame*—as wit and judgment are of *ours*—and like them too, indubitably both made and fitted to go together, in order, as we say in all such cases of duplicated embellishments ——*to answer one another.*

Now, for the sake of an experiment, and for the clearer illustrating this matter—let us for a moment take off one of these two curious ornaments (I care not which) from the point or pinnacle of the chair it now stands on—nay, don't laugh at it, —but did you ever see, in the whole course of your lives, such a ridiculous business as this has made of it ?—Why, 'tis as miserable a sight as a sow with one ear ; and there is just as much sense and symmetry in the one as in the other :——do ——pray, get off your seats only to take a view of it !—Now would any man who valued his character a straw, have turned a piece of work out of his hand in such a condition ?—nay, lay your hands upon your hearts, and answer this plain

question, Whether this one single knob, which now stands here like a blockhead by itself, can serve any purpose upon earth, but to put one in mind of the want of the other ?—and let me farther ask, in case the chair was your own, If you would not in your consciences think, rather than be as it is, that it would be ten times better without any knob at all ?

Now these two knobs——or top ornaments of the mind of man, which crown the whole entablature—being, as I said, wit and judgment, which of all others, as I have proved it, are the most needful——the most priz'd—the most calamitous to be without, and consequently the hardest to come at—for all these reasons put together, there is not a mortal among us, so destitute of a love of good fame or feeling—or so ignorant of what will do him good therein—who does not wish and steadfastly resolve in his own mind, to be, or to be thought at least, master of the one or the other, and indeed of both of them, if the thing seems any way feasible, or likely to be brought to pass.

Now your graver gentry having little or no kind of chance in aiming at the one—unless they lay hold of the other,——pray, what do you think would become of them ?—Why, Sirs, in spite of all their *gravities*, they must e'en have been contented to have gone with their insides naked : ——this was not to be borne, but by an effort of philosophy not to be supposed in the case we are upon—so that no one could well have been angry with them, had they been satisfied with what little they could have snatched up and se-

creted under their cloaks and great periwigs, had they not raised a *hue* and *cry* at the same time against the lawful owners.

I need not tell your worships, that this was done with so much cunning and artifice—that the great *Locke*, who was seldom outwitted by false sounds—was nevertheless bubbled here. The cry, it seems, was so deep and solemn a one, and what with the help of great wigs, grave faces, and other implements of deceit, was rendered so general a one against the *poor wits* in this matter, that the philosopher himself was deceived by it—it was his glory to free the world from the lumber of a thousand vulgar errors; but this was not of the number; so that instead of sitting down coolly, as such a philosopher should have done, to have examined the matter of fact before he philosophised upon it—on the contrary, he took the fact for granted, and so joined in with the cry, and halloo'd it as boisterously as the rest.

This has been the *Magna Charta* of stupidity ever since——but your reverences plainly see, it has been obtained in such a manner, that the title to it is not worth a groat:—which, by the bye, is one of the many and vile impositions which gravity and grave folks have to answer for hereafter.

As for great wigs, upon which I may be thought to have spoken my mind too freely—I beg leave to qualify whatever has been unguardedly said to their dispraise or prejudice, by one general declaration—that I have no abhorrence whatever, nor do I detest and abjure either great wigs or long

beards, any farther than when I see they are bespoke and let grow on purpose to carry on this self-same imposture—for any purpose——peace be with them !——☞ mark only—

I write not for them.

T. SHANDY, VOL. II. CHAP. 13.

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OPINION.

WE are perpetually in such engagements and situations, that 'tis our duties to speak what our opinions are—but God forbid that this should ever be done but from its best motive—the sense of what is due to virtue, governed by discretion, and the utmost fellow-feeling : were we to go on otherwise, beginning with the great broad cloak of hypocrisy, and so down through all its little trimmings and facings, tearing away without mercy all that look'd seemly,—we should leave but a tatter'd world of it. SERM. XVII. P. 50.

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DEFAMATION.

DOES humanity clothe and educate the unknown orphan ?——Poverty, thou hast no genealogies :—See ! is he not the father of the child ? Thus do we rob heroes of the best part of their glory—their virtue. Take away the motive of the act, you take away all that is worth having in

it :—wrest it to ungenerous ends, you load the virtuous man who did it with infamy :—undo it all—I beseech you, give him back his honour,—restore the jewel you have taken from him—replace him in the eye of the world—

It is too late. IBID. P. 52.

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RELIGION.

THERE are no principles but those of religion to be depended on in cases of real distress ; and these are able to encounter the worst emergencies, and to bear us up, under all the changes and chances to which our life is subject.

SERM. XV. P. 12.

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ELOQUENCE.

GREAT is the power of eloquence ; but never is it so great as when it pleads along with nature, and the culprit is a child strayed from his duty, and returned to it again with tears.

SERM. XX. P. 101.

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GENEROSITY.

GENEROSITY sorrows as much for the over-matched, as Pity herself does. IBID.

CORPORAL TRIM'S DEFINITION OF RADICAL HEAT AND MOISTURE.

I INFER, an' please your worship, replied *Trim*, that the radical moisture is nothing in the world but ditch-water—and that the radical heat, of those who can go to the expense of it, is burnt brandy—the radical heat and moisture of a private man, an' please your honours, is nothing but ditch-water—and a dram of geneva——and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco, to give us spirits, and drive away the vapours—we know not what it is to fear death.

I am at a loss, Captain *Shandy*, quoth Doctor *Slop*, to determine in which branch of learning your servant shines most, whether in physiology or divinity.—*Slop* had not forgot *Trim*'s comment upon the sermon.

It is but an hour ago, replied *Yorick*, since the Corporal was examined in the latter, and pass'd muster with great honour.

The radical heat and moisture, quoth Doctor *Slop*, turning to my father, you must know is the basis and foundation of our being—as the root of a tree is the source and principle of its vegetation, it is inherent in the seeds of all animals, and may be preserved sundry ways, but principally, in my opinion, by *consubstantials*, *impriments*, and *occludents*.————Now this poor fellow, continued Doctor *Slop*, pointing to the Corporal, has had the misfortune to have heard some superficial empiric discourse upon this nice point.——That he

has,—said my father.———Very likely, said my uncle.———I'm sure of it, quoth *Yorick*.——

T. SHANDY, VOL. III. CHAP. 40.

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SOCIETY.

NOTWITHSTANDING all we meet with in books, in many of which, no doubt, there are a good many handsome things said upon the sweets of retirement, &c.—yet still "*it is not good for man to be alone :*" nor can all which the cold-hearted pedant stuns our ears with upon the subject, ever give one answer of satisfaction to the mind; in the midst of the loudest vauntings of philosophy, Nature will have her yearnings for society and friendship ;—a good heart wants some object to be kind to—and the best parts of our blood, and the purest of our spirits, suffer most under the destitution.

Let the torpid Monk seek heaven comfortless and alone——God speed him ! For my own part, I fear, I should never so find the way : let me be wise and religious—but let me be man : wherever thy Providence places me, or whatever be the road I take to get to thee—give me some companion in my journey, be it only to remark to, how our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down ; —to whom I may say, How fresh is the face of Nature ! How sweet the flowers of the field ! How delicious are these fruits !

SERM. XVIII. P. 60.

DISSATISFACTION.

I PITY the men whose natural pleasures are burdens, and who fly from joy (as these splenetic and morose souls do) as if it was really an evil in itself. SERMON XXII. P. 145.

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SORROW AND HEAVINESS OF HEART.

IF there is an evil in this world, 'tis sorrow and heaviness of heart—The loss of goods,—of health, of coronets and mitres, are only evils as they occasion sorrow ;—take that out—the rest is fancy, and dwelleth only in the head of man.

Poor unfortunate creature that he is ! as if the causes of anguish in the heart were not enow —but he must fill up the measure with those of caprice ; and not only walk in a vain shadow,—but disquiet himself in vain too.

We are a restless set of beings ; and as we are likely to continue so to the end of the world,—the best we can do in it, is to make the same use of this part of our character, which wise men do of other bad propensities—when they find they cannot conquer them,—they endeavour, at least, to divert them into good channels.

If therefore we must be a solicitous race of self-tormentors,—let us drop the common objects which make us so,——and for God's sake be solicitous only to live well.

SERMON XXIX. P. 145.

ROOTED OPINION NOT EASILY ERADICATED.

HOW difficult you will find it to convince a miserly heart, that any thing is good which is not profitable ! or a libertine one, that any thing is bad, which is pleasant !

SERMON XXIII. P. 163.

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DEATH.

THERE are many instances of men, who have received the news of death with the greatest ease of mind, and even entertained the thoughts of it with smiles upon their countenances ;——and this, either from strength of spirits and the natural cheerfulness of their temper,—or that they knew the world, and cared not for it—or expected a better—yet thousands of good men, with all the helps of philosophy, and against all the assurances of a well-spent life, that the change must be to their account,—upon the approach of death have still lean'd towards this world, and wanted spirits and resolution to bear the shock of a separation from it for ever.

SERMON XVIII. P. 37.

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SORROW.

SWEET is the look of sorrow for an offence, in a heart determined never to commit it

more !——upon that altar only could I offer up my wrongs. SERM. XVIII. P. 64.

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SIMPLICITY.

SIMPLICITY is the great friend to nature ; and if I would be proud of any thing in this silly world, it should be of this honest alliance. SERMON XXIV. P. 187.

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COVETOUSNESS.

TO know truly what it is, we must know what masters it serves ;—they are many, and of various casts and humours,—and each one lends it something of its own complexional tint and character.

This, I suppose, may be the cause that there is a greater and more whimsical mystery in the love of money, than in the darkest and most nonsensical problem that ever was pored on.

Even at the best, and when the passion seems to seek something more than its own amusement, —there is little—very little, I fear, to be said for its humanity.—It may be a sport to the miser,—but consider,—it must be death and destruction to others.—The moment this sordid humour begins to govern—farewell all honest and natural affection ! farewell, all he owes to parents, to

children, to friends !—how fast the obligations vanish ! see—he is now stripped of all feelings whatever : the shrill cry of justice—and the low lamentation of humble distress, are notes equally beyond his compass.——Eternal God ! see !—he passes by one whom thou hast just bruised, without one pensive reflection :—he enters the cabin of the widow whose husband and child thou hast taken to thyself,—exacts his bond, without a sigh !—Heaven ! if I am to be tempted—let it be by glory,—by ambition,—by some generous and manly vice : if I must fall, let it be by some passion which thou hast planted in my nature, which shall not harden my heart, but leave me room at last to retreat and come back to thee !

SERMON XIX. P. 81.

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HUMILITY.

HE that is little in his own eyes, is little too in his desires, and consequently moderate in his pursuit of them : like another man, he may fail in his attempts, and lose the point he aimed at ;—but that is all,—he loses not himself,—he loses not his happiness and peace of mind with it : —even the contentions of the humble man are mild and placid.——Blessed characters ! when such a one is thrust back, who does not pity him ? when he falls, who would not stretch out a hand to raise him up ? SERM. XXV. P. 193.

PATIENCE AND CONTENTMENT.

PATIENCE and Contentment,—which, like the treasure hid in the field, for which a man sold all he had to purchase---is of that price that it cannot be had at too great a purchase, since without it the best condition in life cannot make us happy,—and with it, it is impossible we should be miserable even in the worst.

SERMON XV. P. 16.

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HUMILITY CONTRASTED WITH PRIDE.

WHEN we reflect upon the character of Humility,—we are apt to think it stands the most naked and defenceless of all virtues whatever,—the least able to support its claims against the insolent antagonist who seems ready to bear him down, and all opposition which such a temper can make.

Now, if we consider him as standing alone,—no doubt, in such a case, he will be overpowered and trampled upon by his opposer ;—but if we consider the meek and lowly man, as he is—fenced and guarded by the love, the friendship, and wishes of all mankind,—that the other stands alone, hated, discountenanced, without one true friend or hearty well-wisher on his side :—when this is balanced, we shall have reason to change our opinion, and be convinced that the humble man, strengthened with such an alliance, is far

from being so over-matched as at first sight he may appear :—nay, I believe one might venture to go further, and engage for it, that in all such cases where real fortitude and true personal courage were wanted, he is much more likely to give proof of it, and I would sooner look for it in such a temper than in that of his adversary. Pride may make a man violent,—but Humility will make him firm :—and which of the two, do you think, likely to come off with honour ?—he who acts from the changeable impulse of heated blood, and follows the uncertain motions of his pride and fury ;—or the man who stands cool and collected in himself ;—who governs his resentments, instead of being governed by them, and on every occasion acts upon the steady motives of principle and duty ?

SERMON XXV. P. 193.

With regard to the provocations and offences, which are unavoidably happening to a man in his commerce with the world,——take it as a rule, as a man's pride is,—so is always his displeasure ; as the opinion of himself rises,—so does the injury,—so does his resentment : 'tis this which gives edge and force to the instrument which has struck him,—and excites that heat in the wound which renders it incurable.

See how different the case is with the humble man : one half of these painful conflicts he actually escapes ; the other part falls lightly on him :—he provokes no man by contempt ; thrusts himself forward as the mark of no man's envy ; so that he cuts off the first fretful occasions of the

greatest part of these evils ; and for those in which the passions of others would involve him, like the humble shrub in the valley, gently gives way, and scarce feels the injury of those stormy encounters which rend the proud cedar, and tear it up by its roots. SERMON XXV. P. 190.

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PRIDE.

THE proud man,—see !—he is sore all over : touch him—you put him to pain ; and though, of all others, he acts as if every mortal was void of sense and feeling, yet is possessed with so nice and exquisite a one himself, that the slights, the little neglects, and instances of disesteem, which would be scarce felt by another man, are perpetually wounding him, and ofttimes piercing him to the very heart. SERMON XXIV. P. 174.

PRIDE is a vice which grows up in society so insensibly,—steals in unobserved upon the heart upon so many occasions ;—forms itself upon such strange pretensions, and when it has done, veils itself under such a variety of unsuspected appearances,—sometimes even under that of Humility itself ;—in all which cases, Self-love, like a false friend, instead of checking, most treacherously feeds this humour,—points out some excellence in every soul to make him vain, and think more highly of himself than he ought to think ;—that upon the whole, there is no one weakness into which the

heart of man is more easily betrayed—or which requires greater helps of good sense and good principles to guard against.

SERMON XXIV. P. 177.

O GOD! *what is man!—even a thing of nought* —a poor, infirm, miserable, short-lived creature, that passes away like a shadow, and is hastening off the stage, where the theatrical titles and distinctions, and the whole mask of pride which he has worn for a day, will fall off, and leave him naked as a neglected slave.—Send forth your imagination, I beseech you, to view the last scene of the greatest and proudest who ever awed and governed the world—See the empty vapour disappearing! one of the arrows of mortality this moment sticks fast within him: see—it forces out his life, and freezes his blood and spirits.

Approach his bed of state—lift up the curtain —regard a moment with silence——

Are these cold hands and pale lips, all that are left of him who was canoniz'd by his own pride, or made a god of by his flatterers?

O my soul! with what dreams hast thou been bewitched? how hast thou been deluded by the objects thou hast so eagerly grasped at?

If this reflection from the natural imperfections of man, which he cannot remedy, does nevertheless strike a damp upon human pride, much more must the considerations do so, which arise from the wilful depravations of his nature.

Survey yourselves a few moments in this light —behold a disobedient, ungrateful, untractable,

and disorderly set of creatures, going wrong seven times a day,---acting sometimes every hour of it against your own convictions, your own interests, and the intentions of your God, who wills and purposes nothing but your happiness and prosperity—What reason does this view furnish you for pride? how many does it suggest to mortify and make you ashamed?—Well might the son of *Syrach* say, in that sarcastical remark of his upon it, *That pride was not made for man*——for some purpose, and for some particular beings, the passion might have been shaped—but not for him——fancy it where you will, 'tis no where so improper—'tis in no creature so unbecoming.——

But why so cold an assent to so incontested a truth?——Perhaps thou hast reasons to be proud; ——for Heaven's sake let us hear them—Thou hast the advantages of birth and title to boast of—or thou standest in the sunshine of court-favour—or thou hast a large fortune—or great talents—or much learning—or nature has bestowed her graces upon thy person—speak—on which of these foundations hast thou raised this fanciful structure? Let us examine them.

Thou art well born:—then trust me, 'twill pollute no one drop of thy blood to be humble: humility calls no man down from his rank,—divests not princes of their titles; it is like what the *clear obscure* is in painting; it makes the hero step forth in the canvas, and detaches his figure from the group in which he would otherwise stand confounded for ever.

If thou art rich—then shew the greatness of thy

fortune—or, what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation ; condescend to men of low estate—support the distressed, and patronize the neglected.——Be great ; but let it be in considering riches as they are, as *talents committed to an earthen vessel*—That thou art but the *receiver*,—and that to be obliged and to be vain too,—is but the old solecism of pride and beggary, which, though they often meet,—yet ever make but an absurd society.

If thou art powerful in interest, and standest deified by a servile tribe of dependants,—why shouldst thou be proud,—because they are hungry ? —Scourge me such sycophants ; they have turned the heads of thousands as well as thine——

But 'tis thy own dexterity and strength which have gained thee this eminence :—allow it ; but art thou proud, that thou standest in a place where thou art the mark of one man's envy, another man's malice, or a third man's revenge,—where good men may be ready to suspect thee, and whence bad men will be ready to pull thee down ? I would be proud of nothing that is uncertain : *Haman* was so, because he was admitted alone to queen *Esther's* banquet ; and the distinction raised him,—but it was fifty cubits higher than he ever dreamed or thought of.

Let us pass on to the pretences of learning, &c. &c. If thou hast a little, thou wilt be proud of it in course ; if thou hast much, and good sense along with it, there will be no reason to dispute against the passion : a beggarly parade of remnants is but a sorry object of pride at the best ;—but

more so, when we can cry out upon it, as the poor man did of his hatchet,——*Alas! master, for it was borrowed**.

It is treason to say the same of Beauty,—whatever we do of the arts and ornaments with which Pride is wont to set it off; the weakest minds are most caught with both; being ever glad to win attention and credit from small and slender accidents, through disability of purchasing them by better means. SERMON XXIV. P. 182.

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MR. SHANDY'S BED OF JUSTICE.

THE ancient *Goths* of *Germany*, who (the learned *Cluverius* is positive) were first seated in the country between the *Vistula* and the *Oder*, and who afterwards incorporated the *Hercule*, the *Bugians*, and some other *Vandallic* clans to 'em,—had all of them a wise custom of debating every thing of importance to their state, twice; that is,—once drunk and once sober:———Drunk—that their councils might not want vigour:——and sober—that they might not want discretion.

Now my father being entirely a water-drinker, ——was a long time gravelled almost to death, in turning this as much to his advantage, as he did every other thing, which the ancients did or said; and it was not till the seventh year of his marriage, after a thousand fruitless experiments and devices,

* II Kings, vi. 5.

that he hit upon an expedient which answered the purpose ; and that was, when any difficult and momentous point was to be settled in the family, which required great sobriety, and great spirit too, in its determination,——he fixed and set apart the first *Sunday* night in the month, and the *Saturday* night which immediately preceded it, to argue it over, in bed, with my mother : by which contrivance, if you consider, Sir, with yourself, * *

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These, my father, humorously enough, called his *beds of justice* ;—for from the two different counsels taken in these two different humours, a middle one was generally found out, which touched the point of wisdom as well, as if he had got drunk and sober a hundred times.

It must not be made a secret of to the world, that this answers full as well in literary discussions, as either in military or conjugal : but it is not every author that can try the experiment as the *Goths* and *Vandals* did it—or, if he can, may it be always for his body's health ; and to do it, as my father did it,—I am sure it would be always for his soul's.

My way is this :—

In all nice and ticklish discussions,—(of which, Heaven knows, there are but too many in my book,)——where I find I cannot take a step without the danger of having either their worships or their reverences upon my back—I write one half *full*,——and t'other *fasting* ;——or write it all

full,—and correct it fasting !——or write it fasting,—and correct it full, for they all come to the same thing :——So that with a less variation from my father's plan, than my father's from the *Gothic*—I feel myself upon a par with him in his first bed of justice,—and no way inferior to him in his second.——These different and almost irreconcileable effects, flow uniformly from the wise and wonderful mechanism of nature,—of which,—be her's the honour.—All that we can do, is to turn and work the machine to the improvement and better manufactory of the arts and sciences.——

Now, when I write full,—I write as if I was never to write fasting again as long as I live ;—that is, I write free from the cares as well as the terrors of the world.—I count not the number of my scars,—nor does my fancy go forth into dark entries and bye corners to antedate my stabs.——In a word, my pen takes its course ; and I write on as much from the fulness of my heart, as my stomach——

But when, an' please your honours, I indite fasting, 'tis a different history.—I pay the world all possible attention and respect,——and have as great a share (whilst it lasts) of that understrapping virtue of discretion, as the best of you.—So that betwixt both, I write a careless kind of a civil, nonsensical, good-humoured, *Shandean* book, which will do all your hearts good———

——And all your heads too,—provided you understand it.

We should begin, said my father, turning himself half round in bed, and shifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened to debate.—— We should begin to think, Mrs. *Shandy*, of putting this boy into breeches.——

We should so,—said my mother.——We defer it, my dear, quoth my father, shamefully.———

I think we do, Mr. *Shandy*, said my mother.

——Not but the child looks extremely well, said my father, in his vests and tunics.——

—— He does look very well in them,—replied my mother. ——

——And for that reason it would be almost a sin, added my father, to take him out of 'em.——

——It would so,—said my mother.—But indeed he is growing a very tall lad,—rejoined my father.

——He is very tall for his age, indeed,—said my mother.———

———I can not (making two syllables of it) imagine, quoth my father, who the deuce he takes after.—

I cannot conceive, for my life,—said my mother.—

Humph !—said my father.

(The dialogue ceased for a moment.)

——I am very short myself,—continued my father, gravely.

You are very short, Mr. *Shandy*,—said my mother.

Humph ! quoth my father to himself, a second time ; in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little further from my mother's,—and turning

about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

——When he gets these breeches made, cried my father in a higher tone, he'll look like a beast in 'em.

He will be very aukward in them at first, replied my mother.——

———And t'will be lucky, if that's the worst on't, added my father.

It will be very lucky, answered my mother.

I suppose, replied my father,—making some pause first,—he'll be exactly like other people's children.

Exactly, said my mother.

——Though I should be sorry for that, added my father ; and so the debate stopped again.

———They should be of leather, said my father, turning him about again.——

They will last him, said my mother, the longest.

But he can have no linings to 'em, replied my father.———

He cannot, said my mother.

'Twere better to have them of fustian, quoth my father.———

Nothing can be better, quoth my mother.——

Except dimity, replied my father :—'Tis best of all,—replied my mother.

——One must not give him his death, however, —interrupted my father.

By no means, said my mother :———and so the dialogue stood still again.

I am resolved, however, quoth my father, breaking silence a fourth time, he shall have no pockets in them.———

———There is no occasion for any, said my mother.———

I mean in his coat and waistcoat,—cried my father.

——I mean so too,—replied my mother.

——Though if he gets a gig or top——Poor souls! it is a crown and a sceptre to them,—they should have where to secure it.———

Order it as you please, Mr. *Shandy*, replied my mother.———

———But don't you think it right? added my father, pressing the point home to her.

Perfectly, said my mother, if it pleases you, Mr. *Shandy*.———

———There's for you! cried my father, losing temper.———Pleases me!———You never will distinguish, Mrs. *Shandy;* nor shall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleasure and a point of convenience.———This was on the *Sunday* night;—and further this chapter sayeth not. T. SHANDY, VOL. III. C. 60.

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BEAUTY.

BEAUTY has so many charms, one knows not how to speak against it; and when it happens that a graceful figure is the habitation of a virtuous soul, when the beauty of the face speaks out the modesty and humility of the mind, and the justness of the proportion raises our thoughts up to the heart and wisdom of the great Creator,

something may be allowed it,—and something to the embellishments which set it off;—and yet, when the whole apology is read,—it will be found at last, that Beauty, like Truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.

SERMON XXIV. P. 187.

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WISDOM.

LESSONS of Wisdom have never such power over us, as when they are wrought into the heart through the ground-work of a story which engages the passions: is it that we are like iron, and must first be heated before we can be wrought upon? or, is the heart so in love with deceit, that where a true report will not reach it, we must cheat it with a fable, in order to come at the truth? SERMON XX. P. 93.

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HUNGER.

OF all the terrors of nature, that of one day or other dying by hunger, is the greatest; and it is wisely wove into our frame to awaken man to industry, and call forth his talents; and though we seem to go on carelessly, sporting with it as we do with other terrors,—yet, he that sees this enemy fairly, and in his most frightful shape, will need no long remonstrance to make him turn out of the way to avoid him.

SERMON XX. P. 98.

DISTRESS.

NOTHING so powerfully calls home the mind as distress: the tense fibre then relaxes,—— the soul retires to itself,—sits pensive and susceptible of right impressions: If we have a friend, 'tis then we think of him; if a benefactor, at that moment all his kindnesses press upon our mind.

SERM. XX. P. 97.

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MR. SHANDY'S LETTER TO HIS BROTHER ON LOVE.

MY DEAR BROTHER TOBY,

WHAT I am going to say to thee, is upon the nature of women, and of love-making to them; and perhaps it is as well for thee—though not so well for me—that thou hast occasion for a letter of instructions upon that head, and that I am able to write it to thee.

Had it been the good pleasure of him who disposes of our lots—and thou no sufferer by the knowledge, I had been well content that thou shouldst have dipp'd the pen this moment into the ink, instead of myself; but that not being the case ——Mrs. *Shandy* being now close beside me, preparing for bed—I have thrown together without order, and just as they have come into my mind, such hints and documents as I deem may be of use to thee; intending in this to give thee a token of my love; not doubting, my dear *Toby*, of the manner in which it will be accepted.

In the first place, with regard to all which concerns religion in the affair—though I perceive, from a glow in my cheek, that I blush as I begin to speak to thee upon the subject, as well knowing, notwithstanding thy unaffected secrecy, how few of its offices thou neglectest---yet I would remind thee of one (during the continuance of thy courtship) in a particular manner, which I would not have omitted: and that is, never to go forth upon the enterprize, whether it be in the morning or the afternoon, without first recommending thyself to the protection of Almighty God, that he may defend thee from the evil one.

Shave the whole top of thy crown clean once at least every four or five days, but oftener if convenient; lest in taking off thy wig before her, through absence of mind, she should be able to discover how much has been cut away by Time---how much by *Trim*.

---'Twere better to keep ideas of baldness out of her fancy.

Always carry it in thy mind, and act upon it, as a sure maxim, *Toby*---

"*That women are timid:*" And 'tis well they are---else there would be no dealing with them.

Let not thy breeches be too tight, or hang too loose about thy thighs, like the trunk hose of our ancestors.

---A just medium prevents all conclusions.

Whatever thou hast to say, be it more or less, forget not to utter it in a low, soft tone of voice. Silence, and whatever approaches it, weaves dreams of midnight secrecy into the brain. For this

cause, if thou canst help it, never throw down the tongs and poker.

Avoid all kinds of pleasantry and facetiousness in thy discourse with her, and do whatever lies in thy power at the same time, to keep from her all books and writings which tend thereto: there are some devotional tracts, which if thou canst entice her to read over---it will be well; but suffer her not to look at *Rabelais*, or *Scarron*, or *Don Quixote*. ---They are all books which excite laughter; and thou knowest, dear *Toby*, that there is no passion so serious as lust.

Stick a pin in the bosom of thy shirt before thou enterest her parlour.

And if thou art permitted to sit upon the same sopha with her, and she gives thee occasion to lay thy hand upon her's---beware of taking it---thou canst not lay thy hand on her's, but she will feel the temper of thine. Leave that and as many other things as thou canst, quite undetermined; by so doing, thou wilt have her curiosity on thy side; and if she is not conquered by that, and thy Asse continues still kicking, which there is great reason to suppose---Thou must begin, with first losing a few ounces of blood below the ears, according to the practice of the ancient *Scythians*, who cured the most intemperate fits of the appetite by that means.

Avicenna, after this, is for having the part annointed with the syrup of hellebore, using proper evacuations and purges——and, I believe, rightly. But thou must eat little or no goat's flesh, nor red deer——nor even foal's flesh by any means;

and carefully abstain——that is, as much as thou canst, from peacocks, cranes, coots, didappers, and water-hens.

As for thy drink,—I need not tell thee, it must be the infusion VERVAIN, and the herb HANEA, of which *Ætian* relates such effects—but if thy stomach palls with it—discontinue it from time to time, taking cucumbers, melons, purslane, water-lilies, woodbine, and lettuce, in the stead of them.

There is nothing further for thee, which occurs to me at present.

—Unless the breaking out of a fresh war——

So wishing every thing, dear *Toby*, for the best,

I rest thy affectionate brother,

WALTER SHANDY.

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IMPOSTURE.

WHAT a problematic set of creatures does simulation make us! who would divine that—that anxiety and concern, so visible in the airs of one half of that great assembly, should arise from nothing else, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts, and conduct?—What a noise amongst the claimants about it! Behold *Humility*, out of mere pride;—and *Honesty*, almost out of knavery:—*Chastity* never once in harm's way: and *Courage*, like a *Spanish* soldier upon an *Italian* stage—a bladder full of wind.

Hark ! that, the sound of that trumpet,—let not my soldier run,——it is some good Christian giving alms. O, PITY ! thou gentlest of human passions ! soft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with so loud an instrument.

Thus something jars, and will for ever jar in these cases.

Imposture is all dissonance, let what master soever of it undertake the part : let him harmonise and modulate it as he may, one tone will contradict another ; and whilst we have ears to hear, we shall distinguish it : 'tis truth only which is consistent, and ever in harmony with itself : it sits upon our lips, like the natural notes of some melodies, ready to drop out, whether we will or no ;—it racks no invention to let ourselves alone, and needs fear no critic, to have the same excellency in the heart, which appears in the action.

SERMON XVII. P. 48.

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CONTENTMENT.

THERE is scarce any lot so low, but there is something in it to satisfy the man whom it has befallen ; Providence having so ordered things, that in every man's cup, how bitter soever, there are some cordial drops—some good circumstances, which, if wisely extracted, are sufficient for the purpose he wants them—that is, to make him contented, and if not happy, at least resigned.

SERMON XV. P. 19.

EVILS.

UNWILLINGLY does the mind digest the evils prepared for it by others ;—for those we prepare ourselves,—we eat but the fruit which we have planted and watered :—a shattered fortune, —a shattered frame, so we have but the satisfaction of shattering them ourselves, pass naturally enough into the habit, and by the ease with which they are both done, they save the spectator a world of pity : but for those, like *Jacob*'s, brought upon him by the hands from which he looked for all his comforts,—the avarice of a parent,—the unkindness of a relation,—the ingratitude of a child, they are evils which leave a scar ; besides, as they hang over the heads of all, and therefore may fall upon any !—every looker-on has an interest in the tragedy ;---but then we are apt to interest ourselves no otherwise, than merely as the incidents themselves strike our passions, without carrying the lesson further :—in a word—we realize nothing :—we sigh—we wipe away the tear, —and there ends the story of misery, and the moral with it. SERMON XXII. P. 134.

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THE DANCE.

IT was in the road betwixt *Nismes* and *Lunel*, where there is the best *Muscatto* wine in all *France*, and which, by the bye, belongs to the honest canons of MONTPELLIER,—and foul befal

the man who has drank it at their table, who grudges them a drop of it.

——The sun was set—they had done their work, the nymphs had tied up their hair afresh—and the swains were preparing for a carousal——my mule made a dead point——'Tis the fife and tabourin, said I—I'm frightened to death, quoth he——They are running at the ring of pleasure, said I, giving him a prick——by saint *Boogar*, and all the saints at the backside of the door of purgatory, said he—(making the same resolution with the abbesse of *Andouillets*) I'll not go a step further————'Tis very well, Sir, said I—I never will argue a point with one of your family, as long as I live ; so leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch, and t'other into that—I'll take a dance, said I—so stay you here.

A sun-burnt daughter of labour rose up from the group to meet me, as I advanced towards them ; her hair, which was a dark chestnut, approaching rather to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a single tress.

We want a cavalier, said she, holding out both her hands, as if to offer them—And a cavalier ye shall have, said I, taking hold of both of them.

Hadst thou, *Nannette*, been array'd like a duchesse !—But that cursed slit in thy petticoat !

Nannette cared not for it.

We could not have done without you, said she, letting go one hand, with self-taught politeness, leading me up with the other.

A lame youth, whom *Apollo* had recompensed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tabourin

of his own accord, ran sweetly over the prelude, as he sat upon the bank—Tie me up this tress instantly, said *Nannette*, putting a piece of string into my hand—It taught me to forget I was a stranger—The whole knot fell down—We had been seven years acquainted.

The youth struck the note upon the tabourin—his pipe followed, and off we bounded—"the deuce take that slit !"

The sister of the youth, who had stolen her voice from heaven, sung alternately with her brother——'twas a *Gascoigne* roundelay.

VIVA LA JOIA !

FIDON LA TRISTESSA !

The nymphs joined in unison, and their swains an octave below them—

I would have given a crown to have it sew'd up—*Nannette* would not have given a sous—*Viva la joia !* was in her lips—*Viva la joia !* was in her eyes. A transient spark of amity shot across the space betwixt us—She look'd amiable !—Why could I not live, and end my days thus ! Just Disposer of our joys and sorrows, cried I, why could not a man sit down in the lap of content here—and dance, and sing, and say his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid ? Capriciously did she bend her head on one side, and dance up insidious——Then 'tis time to dance off, quoth I ! so changing only partners and tunes, I danced it away from *Lunel* to *Montpellier*—from thence to *Pescnas*, *Beziers*——I danced it along through *Narbonne*, *Carcasson*, and *Castle Naudairy*, till at last I danced myself into *Perdrillo*'s pavilion.

OPPRESSION.

SOLOMON says, Oppression will make a wise man mad.—What will it do then to a tender and ingenuous heart, which feels itself neglected,—too full of reverence for the author of its wrongs to complain?—See, it sits down in silence, robbed by discouragements, of all its natural powers to please,—born to see others loaded with caresses—in some uncheery corner it nourishes its discontent, and with a weight upon its spirits, which its little stock of fortitude is not able to withstand,—it droops and pines away.——Sad victim of caprice! SERMON XXII. P. 136.

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VIRTUE AND VICE.

WHOEVER considers the state and condition of human nature, and upon this view, how much stronger the natural motives are to virtue than to vice, would expect to find the world much better than it is, or ever has been;—for who would suppose the generality of mankind to betray so much folly, as to act against the common interest of their own kind, as every man does who yields to the temptation of what is wrong?

SERMON XXXIII. P. 61.

WISDOM.

THERE is no project to which the whole race of mankind is so universally a bubble, as to that of being thought wise : and the affectation of it is so visible, in men of all complexions, that you every day see some one or other so very solicitous to establish the character, as not to allow himself leisure to do the things which fairly win it :—expending more art and stratagem to appear so in the eyes of the world, than what would suffice to make him so in truth.

It is owing to the force of this desire, that you see in general there is no injury touches a man so sensibly, as an insult upon his parts and capacity : tell a man of other defects, that he wants learning, industry or application,---he will hear your reproof with patience.——Nay, you may go farther ; take him in a proper season, you may tax his morals, you may tell him he is irregular in his conduct,——passionate or revengeful in his nature, —loose in his principles ;---deliver it with the gentleness of a friend,—possibly he'll not only bear with you,—but, if ingenuous, he will thank you for your lecture, and promise a reformation :—— but hint,—hint but a defect in his intellectuals,— touch but that sore place,—from that moment you are look'd upon as an enemy sent to torment him before his time, and in return may reckon upon his resentment and ill-will for ever : so that in general you will find it safer to tell a man he is a knave than a fool,——and stand a better chance of being forgiven, for proving he has been wanting

in a point of common honesty, than a point of common sense.——Strange souls that we are ! as if to live well was not the greatest argument of wisdom ;——and, as if what reflected upon our morals, did not most of all reflect upon our understandings ! SERM. XXVI. P. 207.

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CORPORAL TRIM'S REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

MY young master in *London* is dead ! said *Obadiah*. A green satin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which *Obadiah*'s exclamation brought into *Susannah*'s head. Then, quoth *Susannah*, we must all go into mourning---Oh ! 'twill be the death of my poor mistress, cried *Susannah*.—— My mother's whole wardrobe followed——What a procession ! her red damask,---her orange tawny, ---her white and yellow lustrings,---her brown taffety,---her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns,---and comfortable under-petticoats.---Not a rag was left behind.---*No,—she will never look up again*, said *Susannah*.

We had a fat foolish scullion—my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity ;—she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy.——He is dead !—said *Obadiah*, he is certainly dead !—So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

—Here is sad news, *Trim !* cried *Susannah*, wiping her eyes, as *Trim* stepp'd into the kitchen.

——Master *Bobby* is dead and *buried*,—the funeral was an interpolation of *Susannah*'s—we shall have all to go into mourning, said *Susannah*.

I hope not, said *Trim !*—You hope not ! cried *Susannah* earnestly.——The mourning ran not into *Trim*'s head, whatever it did in *Susannah*'s.---I hope —said *Trim*, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true. I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered *Obadiah*. Oh ! he's dead, said *Susannah*——As sure, said the scullion, as I am alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said *Trim*, fetching a sigh—Poor creature !—poor boy !---poor gentleman !

—He was alive last *Whitsuntide*, said the coachman.—*Whitsuntide !* alas ! cried *Trim*, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon,---what is *Whitsuntide*, *Jonathan*, (for that was the coachman's name,) or *Shrovetide*, or any tide, or time past, to this ? Are we not here now, continued the Corporal, (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—and are we not——(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone ! in a moment !——'Twas infinitely striking ! *Susannah* burst into a flood of tears.—We are not stocks and stones,—*Jonathan*, *Obadiah*, the cook-maid, all melted.——The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was rouzed with it.—The whole kitchen crowded about the Corporal.

—To us, *Jonathan*, who know not what want or care is,—who live here in the service of two of the best of masters—(bating in my own case his Majesty King *William* the Third, whom I had the honour to serve both in *Ireland* and *Flanders*)—I own it, that from *Whitsuntide* to within three weeks of *Christmas*,—'tis not long—'tis like nothing ;——but to those, *Jonathan*, who know what death is, and what havoc and destruction he can make, before a man can wheel about,—'tis like a whole age.—O *Jonathan !* 'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed, to consider (continued the Corporal, standing perpendicularly,) how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time !—And trust me, *Susy*, added the Corporal, turning to *Susannah*, whose eyes were swimming in water—before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim.—*Susannah* placed it to the right side of the page—she wept---but she curt'sied too.---Are we not, continued *Trim*, looking still at *Susannah*,—are we not like a flower of the field—a tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation—else no tongue could have described *Susannah*'s affliction —is not all flesh grass ? 'Tis clay,---'tis dirt.—They all looked directly at the scullion,—the scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle——It was not fair.—

—What is the finest face that ever man looked at !—I could hear *Trim* talk so for ever, cried *Susannah*—what is it ! (*Susannah* laid her hand upon *Trim*'s shoulder)—but corruption ? *Susannah* took it off.

—Now I love you for this—and 'tis the delicious mixture within you, which makes you, dear creatures, what you are—And he who hates you for it—all I can say of the matter is—that he has either a pumpkin for his head—or a pippin for his heart, and whenever he is dissected, it will be found so.

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all :—not this . . . added the Corporal, snapping his fingers,—but with an air which no one but the Corporal could have given to the sentiment.——In battle, I value death not this . . . and let him not take me cowardly, like poor *Joe Gibbins*, in scouring his gun. ——What is he ? A pull of a trigger——a push of a bayonet an inch this way or that—makes the difference. Look along the line—to the right—see ! *Jack*'s down ! well,—'tis worth a regiment of horse to him.—No—'tis *Dick*. Then *Jack*'s no worse. Never mind which,—we pass on,—in hot pursuit the wound itself which brings him is not felt,—the best way is to stand up to him, the man who flies, is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws.—I've look'd him, added the Corporal, an hundred times in the face,—and know what he is.—He's nothing, *Obadiah*, at all in the field.—But he's very frightful in a house, quoth *Obadiah*.——I never mind it myself, said *Jonathan*, upon a coach-box.

I pity my mistress.—She will never get the better of it, cried *Susannah*.——Now I pity the Captain the most of any one in the family, answered *Trim*.——Madam will get ease of heart in

weeping, and the 'Squire in talking about it,—but my poor master will keep it all in silence to himself.—I shall hear him sigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for Lieutenant *Le Fevre*. An' please your honour, do not sigh so piteously, I would say to him as I laid beside him. I cannot help it, *Trim*, my master would say,—'tis so melancholy an accident—I cannot get it off my heart.---Your honour fears not death yourself.---I hope, *Trim*, I fear nothing, he would say, but the doing a wrong thing.---Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of *Le Fevre*'s boy.---And with that, like a quieting draught, his honour would fall asleep.

I like to hear *Trim*'s stories about the Captain, said *Susannah*.——He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, said *Obadiah*, as ever lived.——Aye,---and as brave a one too, said the Corporal, as ever stept before a platoon. There never was a better officer in the king's army, or a better man in God's world ; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole,---and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people.---He would not hurt a chicken.---I would sooner, quoth *Jonathan*, drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a year---than some for eight.---Thank thee, *Jonathan !* for thy twenty shillings,---as much, *Jonathan*, said the Corporal, shaking him by the hand, as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket. ---I would serve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me,---and could I be sure my poor brother *Tom* was dead,---

continued the Corporal, taking out his handkerchief,---were I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the Captain.---*Trim* could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his master. The whole kitchen was affected.

T. SHANDY, VOL. III. C. 7.

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MR. SHANDY'S RESIGNATION FOR THE LOSS OF HIS SON.

PHILOSOPHY has a fine saying for every thing---For *Death* it has an entire set.

" Tis an inevitable chance---the first statute of *Magna Charta*——it is an everlasting act of parliament---*All must die.*

" Monarchs and princes dance in the same ring with us.

" *To die*, is the great debt and tribute due unto nature : tombs and monuments, which should perpetuate our memories, pay it themselves ; and the proudest pyramid of them all, which wealth and science have erected, has lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon---Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods ? and when those principles and powers, which at first cemented and put them together, have performed their several revolutions, they fall back.

" Where is *Troy*, and *Mycenæ*, and *Thebes*, and *Delos*, and *Persepolis*, and *Agrigentum ?*—What is become of *Nineveh* and *Babylon*, of *Cyzicum*, and

Mitylene ? The fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon are now no more : the names only are left, and those [for many of them are wrong spelt] are falling themselves by piece-meal to decay, and in length of time will be forgotten, and involved with every thing in a perpetual night : the world itself must---must come to an end.

" Returning out of *Asia*, when I sailed from *Ægina* towards *Megara*, I began to view the country round about. *Ægina* was behind me, *Megara* was before, *Pyræus* on the right hand, *Corinth* on the left.---What flourishing towns now prostrate upon the earth ! Alas ! alas ! said I to myself, that man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence.---Remember, said I to myself again---remember thou art a man.---

" My son is dead !---so much the better ;---'tis a shame in such a tempest to have but one anchor.

" But he is gone for ever from us !---be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald---he is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited---from a banquet before he had got drunken.

" The *Thracians* wept when a child was born---and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world ; and with reason. Death opens the gate of fame, and shuts the gate of envy after it---it unlooses the chain of the captive, and puts the bondsman's task into another man's hands.

" Shew me the man who knows what life is, who dreads it, and I'll shew thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty."

CONTENTMENT.

THERE are thousands so extravagant in their ideas of contentment, as to imagine that it must consist in having every thing in this world turn out the way they wish—that they are to sit down in happiness, and feel themselves so at ease at all points, as to desire nothing better and nothing more. I own there are instances of some, who seem to pass through the world as if all their paths had been strewed with rose-buds of delight ;—— but a little experience will convince us, 'tis a fatal expectation to go upon.—We are born to trouble ; and we may depend upon it whilst we live in this world we shall have it, though with intermissions —that is, in whatever state we are, we shall find a mixture of good and evil ; and therefore the true way to contentment is to know how to receive these certain vicissitudes of life,—the returns of good and evil, so as neither to be exalted by the one, or overthrown by the other, but to bear ourselves towards every thing which happens with such ease and indifference of mind, as to hazard as little as may be. This is the true temperate climate fitted for us by nature, and in which every wise man would wish to live. SERM. XV. P. 17.

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THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was nobody in the box I was let into but a kindly old French officer. I love

the character, not only because I honour the man whose manners are softened by a profession which makes bad men worse ; but that I once knew one —for he is no more—and why should I not rescue one page from violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the dearest of my flock and friends, whose philanthropy I never think of at this long distance from his death—but my eyes gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans ; and so I strode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myself beside him.

The officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet, it might be the book of the opera, with a large pair of spectacles. As soon as I sat down, he took his spectacles off, and putting them into a shagreen case, returned them and the book into his pocket together. I half rose up, and made him a bow.

Translate this into any civilized language in the world—the sense is this :

" Here's a poor stranger come into the box—he seems as if he knew nobody ; and is never likely, were he to be seven years in Paris, if every man he comes near keeps his spectacles upon his nose—'tis shutting the door of conversation absolutely in his face—and using him worse than a German."

The French officer might as well have said it all aloud ; and if he had, I should in course have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, " I was sensible of his attention, and return'd him a thousand thanks for it."

There is not a secret so aiding to the progress of sociality, as to get master of this *short hand*, and be quick in rendering the several turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it so mechanically, that when I walk the streets of London, I go translating all the way; and have more than once stood behind in the circle, where not three words have been said, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could fairly have wrote down and sworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was just entering the door of the hall, when the Marquisina di E*** was coming out in a sort of a hurry—she was almost upon me before I saw her; so I gave a spring to one side to let her pass—She had done the same, and on the same side too: so we ran our heads together: she instantly got to the other side to get out; I was just as unfortunate as she had been; for I had sprung to that side and opposed her passage again—We both flew together to the other side, and then back—and so on—it was ridiculous; we both blush'd intolerably; so I did at last the thing I should have done at first——I stood stock still, and the Marquisina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, till I had made her so much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the passage—She look'd back twice, and walk'd along it rather sideways, as if she would make room for any one coming up stairs to pass her—No, said I—that's a vile trans-

lation : the Marquisina has a right to the best apology I can make her ; and that opening is left for me to do it in—so I ran and begg'd pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, saying it was my intention to have made her way ! She answered, she was guided by the same intention towards me—so we reciprocally thank'd each other. She was at the top of the stairs ; and seeing no *chichesbée* near her, I begg'd to hand her to her coach—so we went down the stairs, stopping at every third step to talk of the concert and of the adventure. ——Upon my word, Madame, said I, when I had handed her in, I made six different efforts to let you go out—And I made six efforts, replied she, to let you enter—I wish to heaven you would make a seventh, said I—With all my heart, said she, making room---Life is too short to be long about the forms of it---so I instantly stepp'd in, and she carried me home with her---And what became of the concert, St. Cecilia, who I suppose was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connection which arose out of the translation, gave me more pleasure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 106.

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ENMITY.

THERE is no small degree of malicious craft in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill-will ; a word—a look, which at one

time would make no impression—at another time wounds the heart ; and like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at. SERM. XVI. P. 23.

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SHAME AND DISGRACE.

THEY who have considered our nature, affirm, that shame and disgrace are two of the most insupportable evils of human life : the courage and spirits of many have mastered other misfortunes, and borne themselves up against them ; but the wisest and best of souls have not been a match for these ; and we have many a tragical instance on record, what greater evils have been run into, merely to avoid this one.

Without this tax of infamy, poverty, with all the burdens it lays upon our flesh—so long as it is virtuous, could never break the spirits of a man ; all its hunger, and pain, and nakedness are nothing to it, they have some counterpoise of good ; and besides, they are directed by Providence, and must be submitted to : but those are afflictions not from the hand of God or nature—"*for they do come forth of the* DUST, and most properly may be said *to spring out of the* GROUND, and this is the reason they lay such stress upon our patience,—and in the end creates such a distrust of the world, as makes us look up—and pray, *Let me fall into thy hands, O God ! but let me not fall into the hands of men.*" SERMON XVI. P. 29.

CURIOSITY.

THE love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same, or at least a sister passion to it,—seems wove into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam ; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forwards the mind to fresh inquiry and knowledge : strip us of it, the mind (I fear) would dose for ever over the present page, and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew breath.

It is to this spur, which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of this desire for travelling : the passion is no way bad,—but as others are,——in its mismanagement or excess ;—order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit ; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest of other nations,—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse---to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the track of nursery mistakes ; and by shewing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments,—by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what *is good*---by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what *is sincere*,---and by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners,---to look into ourselves and form our own.

INJURY.

AN injury unanswered, in course grows weary of itself, and dies away in a voluntary remorse.

In bad dispositions, capable of no restraint but fear---it has a different effect—the silent digestion of one wrong provokes a second.

SERM. XIV. P. 24.

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INSOLENCE.

THE insolence of base minds in success is boundless ; and would scarce admit of a comparison, did not they sometimes furnish us with one, in the degrees of their abjection when evil returns upon them—the same poor heart which excites ungenerous tempers to triumph over a fallen adversary, in some instances seems to exalt them above the point of courage, sinks them in others even below cowardice.——Not unlike some little particles of matter struck off from the surface of the dirt by sunshine—dance and sport there whilst it lasts—but the moment 'tis withdrawn—they fall down—for dust they are—and unto dust they will return—whilst firmer and larger bodies preserve the stations which nature has assigned them, subjected to laws which no changes of weather can alter. SERMON XXI. P. 25.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS.

I STOPP'D at the *Quai de Conti* in my return home, to purchase a set of *Shakspeare*.

The bookseller said he had not a set in the world.—*Comment !* said I ; taking one up out of a set which lay upon the counter betwixt us.—He said, they were sent him only to be got bound, and were to be sent back to *Versailles* in the morning to the Count de B****.

—And does the Count de B****, said I, read *Shakspeare ? C'est un Esprit fort*, replied the bookseller. He loves *English* books ; and, what is more to his honour, Monsieur, he loves the English too. You speak this so civilly, said I, that it is enough to oblige an *Englishman* to lay out a louis-d'or or two at your shop—The bookseller made a bow, and was going to say something, when a young decent girl, of about twenty, who by her air and dress seemed to be *Fille de Chambre* to some devout man of fashion, came into the shop, and asked for *Les Egarements du Cœur & de l'Esprit ;* the bookseller gave her the book directly ; she pulled out a little green satin purse run round with a riband of the same colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, she took out the money and paid for it. As I had nothing more to stay me in the shop, we both walked out of the door together.

—And what have you to do, my dear, said I, with *The wanderings of the heart*, who scarce know yet you have one ? nor, till love has first told you it, or some faithless shepherd has made it ach, canst

thou ever be sure it is so.——*Le Dieu m'en garde!* said the girl.——With what reason, said I,—for if it is a good one, 'tis a pity it should be stolen: 'tis a little treasure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dressed out with pearls.

The young girl listened with a submissive attention, holding her satin purse by its riband in her hand all the time.—'Tis a very small one, said I, taking hold of the bottom of it—she held it towards me—and there is very little in it, my dear, said I; but be as good as thou art handsome, and Heaven will fill it; I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for *Shakspeare;* and as she let go the purse entirely, I put a single one into it; and tying up the riband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more an humble courtesy than a low one—it was one of those quiet, thankful sinkings where the spirit bows itself down—the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleasure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, said I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you see the crown, you will remember it———so do not, my dear, lay it out in ribands.

Upon my word, Sir, said the girl earnestly, I am incapable—in saying which, as is usual in little bargains of honour, she gave me her hand—*En vérité, Monsieur, je mettrai cet argent à part*, said she.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it sanctifies their most private

walks ; so notwithstanding it was dusky, yet as both our roads lay the same way, we made no scruple of walking along the *Quai de Conti* together.

She made me a second courtesy in setting off, and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a sort of a little stop to tell me again—she thanked me.

It was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it to for the world—but I see innocence, my dear, in your face—and foul befal the man who ever lays a snare in its way.

The girl seemed affected some way or other with what I said—she gave a low sigh—I found I was not empowered to inquire at all after it—so said nothing more till I got to the corner of the *Rue de Nevers*, where we were to part.

—But is this the way, my dear, said I, to the *Hôtel de Modene ?* she told me it was—or, that I might go by the *Rue de Gueneguault*, which was the next turn.—Then I will go, my dear, by the *Rue de Gueneguault*, said I, for two reasons ; first, I shall please myself, and next, I shall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can. The girl was sensible I was civil—and said she wished the *Hôtel de Modene* was in the *Rue de St. Pierre*.—You live there, said I. She told me she was *fille de chambre* to Madam R**** —Good God ! said I, it is the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from *Amiens*.—The girl told me that Madame R****, she believed, ex-

pected a stranger with a letter, and was impatient to see him—so I desired the girl to present my compliments to Madame R****, and say I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We stood still at the corner of the *Rue de Nevers* whilst this passed——we then stopped a moment whilst she disposed of her *Egarements du Cœur*, more commodiously than carrying them in her hand—they were two volumes ; so I held the second for her whilst she put the first into her pocket ; and then she held her pocket, and I put the other in after it.

It is sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together.

We set off afresh, and as she took her third step, the girl put her hand within my arm—I was just bidding her---but she did it of herself, with that undeliberating simplicity, which shewed it was out of her head that she had never seen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of sanguinity so strongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and see if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeness. Tut ! said I, are we not all relations ?

When we arrived at the turning of the *Rue de Gueneguault*, I stopped to bid her adieu for good and all : the girl would thank me again for my company and kindness——She bid me adieu twice —I repeated it as often ; and so cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened any where else, I'm not sure but I should have signed it with a kiss of charity, as warm and as holy as an Apostle.

But in *Paris*, as none kiss each other but the men—I did what amounted to the same thing—I bid God bless her.

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 121.

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CONTUMELY.

HOW many may we observe every day, even of the gentler sex, as well as our own, who, without conviction of doing much wrong, in the midst of a full career of calumny and defamation, rise up punctual at the stated hour of prayer, leave the cruel story half untold till they return,—go,---and kneel down before the throne of Heaven, thank God that he had not made them like others, and that his Holy Spirit had enabled them to perform the duties of the day, in so Christian and conscientious a manner !

This delusive itch for slander, too common in all ranks of people, whether to gratify a little ungenerous resentment ; whether oftener out of a principle of levelling, from a narrowness and poverty of soul, ever impatient of merit and superiority in others ; whether a mean ambition, or the insatiate lust of being witty, (a talent in which ill-nature and malice are no ingredients ;) or, lastly, whether from a natural cruelty of disposition, abstracted from all views and considerations of self ; to which one, or whether to all jointly ; we are indebted for this contagious malady, this much is certain, from whatever seeds it springs, the growth

and progress of it are as destructive to, as they are unbecoming a civilized people. To pass a hard and ill-natured reflection upon an undesigning action ; to invent, or, which is equally bad, to propagate a vexatious report, without colour and grounds ; to plunder an innocent man of his character and good name, a jewel which perhaps he has starved himself to purchase, and probably would hazard his life to secure ; to rob him at the same time of his happiness and peace of mind ; perhaps his bread,—the bread, may be, of a virtuous family ; and this, as *Solomon* says of the madman, who casteth fire-brands, arrows, and death, and saith, Am I not in sport ? all this out of wantonness, and oftener from worse motives ; the whole appears such a complication of badness, as requires no words or warmth of fancy to aggravate. Pride, treachery, envy, hypocrisy, malice, cruelty, and self-love, may have been said, in one shape or other, to have occasioned all the frauds and mischiefs that ever happened in the world : but the chances against a coincidence of them all in one person are so many, that one would have supposed the character of a common slanderer as rare and difficult a production in nature, as that of a great genius, which seldom happens above once in an age. SERMON XI. P. 226.

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SEDUCTION.

HOW abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cause—the

fatal cause of overwhelming the spotless soul, and plunging the yet untainted mind into a sea of sorrow and repentance!—Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a demon—first alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory?—When villany gets the ascendancy, it seldom leaves the wretch till it has thoroughly polluted him. LETTER CXXIX.

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SLANDER.

HOW frequently is the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a smile or shrug!—how many good and generous actions have been sunk into oblivion, by a distrustful look, or stampt with the imputation of proceeding from bad motives, by a mysterious and seasonable whisper!

Look into companies of those whose gentle natures should disarm them, we shall find no better account.—How large a portion of chastity is sent out of the world by distant hints,—nodded away and cruelly winked into suspicion, by the envy of those who are past all temptation of it themselves! How often does the reputation of a helpless creature bleed by a report—which the party, who is at the pains to propagate it, beholds with much pity and fellow-feeling——that she is heartily sorry for it,——hopes in God it is not true: however, as Archbishop *Tillotson* wittily observes upon it, is resolved, in the mean time, to give the report her pass, that at least it may have fair play to take

its fortune in the world,—to be believed or not, according to the charity of those into whose hands it shall happen to fall!

So fruitful is this vice in variety of expedients, to satiate as well as disguise itself. But if these smoother weapons cut so sore,—what shall we say of open and unblushing scandal—subjected to no caution, tied down to no restraints!—If the one, like an arrow shot in the dark, does nevertheless so much secret mischief,—this, like the pestilence, which rageth at noon-day, sweeps all before it, levelling without distinction the good and the bad; a thousand fall beside it, and ten thousand on its right hand;—they fall—so rent and torn in this tender part of them, so unmercifully butchered, as sometimes never to recover either the wounds——or the anguish of heart which they have occasioned.

But there is nothing so bad which will not admit of something to be said in its defence.

And here it may be ask'd—whether the inconveniences and ill effects which the world feels from the licentiousness of this practice—are not sufficiently counterbalanced by the real influence it has upon men's lives and conduct?—that if there was no evil-speaking in the world, thousands would be encouraged to do ill,——and would rush into many indecorums, like a horse into the battle,—were they sure to escape the tongues of men.

That if we take a general view of the world,—we shall find that a great deal of virtue,—at least of the outward appearance of it,—is not so much from any fixed principle, as the terror of what the

world will say,---and the liberty it will take upon the occasions we shall give.

That if we descend to particulars, numbers are every day taking more pains to be well spoken of, than what would actually enable them to live so as to deserve it.

That there are many of both sexes who can support life well enough without honour or chastity,---who without reputation (which is but the opinion which the world has of the matter,) would hide their heads in shame, and sink down in utter despair of happiness.—No doubt the tongue is a weapon which does chastize many indecorums which the laws of men will not reach,—and keeps many in awe—whom conscience will not ;—and where the case is indisputably flagrant,—the speaking of it in such words as it deserves—scarce comes within the prohibition.———In many cases it is hard to express ourselves so as to fix a distinction betwixt opposite characters ;—and sometimes it may be as much a debt we owe to virtue, and as great a piece of justice to expose a vicious character, and paint it in its proper colours,—as it is to speak well of the deserving, and describe his particular virtues.—And, indeed, when we inflict this punishment upon the bad, merely out of principle and without indulgences to any private passion of our own, it is a case which happens so seldom, that one might venture to except it. SERMON P. 220.

DR. SLOP AND SUSANNAH.

WHEN the cataplasm was ready, a scruple of *decorum* had unseasonably rose up in *Susannah*'s conscience, about holding the candle, while *Slop* tied it on ; *Slop* had not treated *Susannah*'s distemper with anodynes—and so a quarrel had ensued betwixt them.

——Oh ! oh !—said *Slop*, casting a glance of undue freedom in *Susannah*'s face, as she declined the office ;—then, I think I know you, Madam ——You know me, Sir ! cried *Susannah* fastidiously, and with a toss of her head, levelled evidently, not at his profession, but at the doctor himself,——you know me ! cried *Susannah* again. ——Doctor *Slop* clapped his finger and his thumb instantly upon his nostrils ;—*Susannah*'s spleen was ready to burst at it ;—'Tis false, said *Susannah*.—Come, come, Mrs. Modesty, said *Slop*, not a little elated with the success of his last thrust,—if you won't hold the candle, and look—you may hold it and shut your eyes :—That's one of your Popish shifts, cried *Susannah :*—'Tis better, said *Slop*, with a nod, than no shift at all, young woman !——and I defy you, Sir, cried *Susannah*, pulling her shift sleeve below her elbow.

It was almost impossible for two persons to assist each other in a surgical case with a more splenetic cordiality.

Slop snatched up the cataplasm.—*Susannah* snatched up the candle ;——A little this way, said *Slop ; Susannah* looking one way, and rowing another, instantly set fire to *Slop*'s wig, which

being somewhat bushy and unctuous withal, was burnt out before it was well kindled.——You impudent whore ! cried *Slop*,—(for what is passion but a wild beast ?—) you impudent whore, cried *Slop*, getting upright, with the cataplasm in his hand ;——I never was the destruction of any body's nose, said *Susannah*,—which is more than you can say :—Is it ?—cried *Slop*, throwing the cataplasm in her face :—Yes, it is, cried *Susannah*, returning the compliment with what was left in the pan. T. SHANDY, VOL. III. C. 46.

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CHARITY TO ORPHANS.

THEY whom God hath blessed with the means, and for whom he has done more, in blessing them likewise with a disposition, have abundant reason to be thankful to him, as the Author of every good gift, for the measure he hath bestowed to them of both : 'tis the refuge against the stormy wind and tempest, which he has planted in our hearts ; and the constant fluctuation of every thing in this world, forces all the sons and daughters of *Adam* to seek shelter under it by turns. Guard it by entails and settlements as we will, the most affluent plenty may be stripp'd, and find all its worldly comforts, like so many withered leaves dropping from us ;—the crowns of princes may be shaken ; and the greatest that ever awed the world, have looked back and moralized upon the turn of the wheel.

That which has happened to one, may happen to every man : and therefore that excellent rule of our SAVIOUR, in acts of benevolence, as well as every thing else, should govern us ; *that whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them.*

Hast thou ever lain upon the bed of languishing, or laboured under a distemper which threatened thy life ? Call to mind thy sorrowful and pensive spirit at that time, and say, What it was that made the thoughts of death so bitter ?—If thou hast children,—I affirm it, the bitterness of death lay there ! If unbrought up, and unprovided for, What will become of them ? Where will they find a friend when I am gone ? Who will stand up for them, and plead their cause against the wicked ?

Blessed GOD ! to thee, who art a father to the fatherless, and husband to the widow.——I entrust them.

Hast thou ever sustained any considerable shock in thy fortune ? or, has the scantiness of thy condition hurried thee into great straits, and brought thee almost to distraction ? Consider what was it that spread a table in that wilderness of thought, —who made thy cup to overflow ? Was it not a friend of consolation who stepped in, saw thee embarrassed with tender pledges of thy love, and the partner of thy cares,—took them under his protection ?—Heaven ! thou wilt reward him for it !—and freed thee from all the terrifying apprehensions of a parent's love ?

——Hast thou—

—— But how shall I ask a question which must bring tears into so many eyes ?---Hast thou ever been wounded in a more affecting manner still, by the loss of a most obliging friend,—or been torn away from the embraces of a dear and promising child by the stroke of death ? Bitter remembrance! nature droops at it—but nature is the same in all conditions and lots of life.—A child thrust forth in an evil hour, without food, without raiment, bereft of instruction, and the means of its salvation, is a subject of more tender heart-aches, and will awaken every power of nature :—— as we have felt for ourselves,—let us feel for CHRIST's sake—let us feel for theirs.

SERM. XXIII. P. 164.

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CRITICISM.

HOW did *Garrick* speak the soliloquy last night ?—Oh, against all rule—my Lord—most ungrammatically ! betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in *number*, *case*, and *gender*, he made a breach thus, stopping, as if the point wanted settling ;—and betwixt the nominative case, which your Lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three fifths by a stop-watch, my Lord, each time—Admirable grammarian !—but in suspending his voice—was the sense suspended likewise ? did no expression of attitude or countenance fill

up the chasm ?—Was the eye silent ? Did you narrowly look ?—I look'd only at the stop-watch, my Lord.—Excellent observer !

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a noise about ? Oh ! 'tis out of all plumb, my Lord,—quite an irregular thing !—not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.---I had my rule and compasses, &c. my Lord, in my pocket !——Excellent critic !

—And for the epic poem your Lordship bid me look at—upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of *Bossu*'s—'tis out, my Lord, in every one of its dimensions.—Admirable connoisseur !—And did you step in, to take a look at the grand picture in your way back ?—'Tis a melancholy daub ! my Lord ; not one principle of the *pyramid* in any one group !—and what a price !—for there is nothing of the colouring of *Titian*—the expression of *Rubens*—the grace of *Raphael*—the purity of *Dominichino*—the *correggiescity* of *Correggio*—the learning of *Poussin*—the airs of *Guido*---the taste of *Carrachio*—or the grand contour of *Angelo*.---Grant me patience, just Heaven !---Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting !

I would go fifty miles on foot to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reigns of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

EPITAPH ON A LADY.

COLUMNS and lalour'd urns but vainly show
An idle scene of decorated woe.
The sweet companion, and the friend sincere,
Need no mechanic help to force a tear.
In heart-felt numbers, never meant to shine;
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine;
'Twill flow whilst gentle goodness has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

LETTER XLI.

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DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

WHEN the edge of appetite is worn down, and the spirits of youthful days are cooled, which hurried us on in a circle of pleasure and impertinence,—then reason and reflection will have the weight which they deserve;—afflictions, or the bed of sickness, will supply the place of conscience;---and if they should fail,—old age will overtake us at last,—and shew us the past pursuits of life,—and force us to look upon them in their true point of view. If there be any thing more to cast a cloud upon so melancholy a prospect as this shews us,—it is surely the difficulty and hazard of having all the work of the day to perform in the last hour: of making an atonement to God when we have no sacrifice to offer him, but the dregs and infirmities of those days, when we could have no pleasure in them. Whatever stress some may lay upon it---a death-bed repent-

ance is but a weak and slender plank to trust our all upon. SERMON XXXVIII. P. 142.

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THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind when I am going to ask protection of any man ; for which reason I generally endeavour to protect myself ; but this going to Monsieur le Duc de C**** was an act of compulsion——had it been an act of choice, I should have done it, I suppose, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty address, as I went along, did my servile heart form ? I deserved the Bastile for every one of them.

Then nothing would serve me, when I got within sight of Versailles, but putting words and sentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to wreath myself into Monsieur le Duc de C****'s good graces—This will do, said I—Just as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous taylor, without taking the measure—Fool ! continued I—see Monsieur le Duc's face first—observe what character is written in it—take notice in what posture he stands to hear you—mark the turns and expressions of his body and limbs—and for the tone—the first sound which comes from his lips will give it you ; and from all these together you'll compound an address at once upon the spot, which cannot disgust the Duke—the ingredients are his own, and most likely to go down.

Well! said I, I wish it well over—Coward again! as if man to man were not equal throughout the whole surface of the globe: and if in the field—why not face to face in the cabinet too? And trust me, Yorick, whenever it is not so, man is false to himself, and betrays his own succours ten times where nature does it once. Go to the Duc de C**** with the Bastile in thy look—my life for it, thou wilt be sent back to Paris in half an hour with an escort.

I believe so, said I—Then I'll go to the Duke, by Heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairness in the world.—

—And there you are wrong again, replied I ——A heart at ease, Yorick, flies into no extremes—'tis ever on its center——Well! well! cried I, as the coachman turn'd in at the gates, I find I shall do very well: and by the time he had wheel'd round the court, and brought me up to the door, I found myself so much the better for my own lecture, that I neither ascended the steps like a victim to justice, who was to part with life upon the topmost—nor did I mount them with a skip and a couple of strides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.—

SENT. JOURNEY, P. 144.

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INHUMANITY.

THERE is a secret shame which attends every act of inhumanity, not to be conquered in the hardest natures.

Many a man will do a cruel act, who at the same time will blush to look you in the face, and is forced to turn aside before he can have a heart to execute his purpose.

Inconsistent creature that a man is! who, at that instant that he does what is wrong, is not able to withhold his testimony to what is good and praise-worthy. SERM. III. P. 56.

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JUDGMENT OF THE WORLD.

TO judge justly of the world, we must stand at a due distance from it;—which will discover to us the vanity of its riches and honours, in such true dimensions, as will engage us to behave ourselves towards them with moderation.—This is all that is wanting to make us wise and good;—that we may be left to the full influence of religion;—to which Christianity so far conduces, that it is the greatest blessing, the peculiar advantage we enjoy under its institution,—that it affords us not only the most excellent precepts of this kind, but it also shews us those precepts confirmed by the most excellent examples.---A heathen philosopher may talk very elegantly about despising the world, and, like *Seneca*, may prescribe very ingenious rules to teach us an art he never exercised himself:—for all the while he was writing in praise of poverty, he was enjoying a great estate, and endeavouring to make it greater,—but if ever we hope to reduce those rules to practice, it must be by the help of religion.

SERM. XXXVI. P. 118.

SUICIDE.

WHAT scripture and all civilized nations teach concerning the crime of taking away another man's life—is applicable to the wickedness of a man's attempting to bereave himself of his own.—He has no more right over it,—than over that of others ;—and whatever false glosses have been put upon it by men of bad heads or bad hearts,———it is at the bottom a complication of cowardice, and wickedness, and weakness—is one of the fatalest mistakes desperation can hurry a man into ;—inconsistent with all the reasoning and religion of the world, and irreconcileable with that patience under afflictions,—that resignation and submission to the will of God in all straits, which is required of us. But if our calamities be brought upon ourselves by a man's own wickedness,—still has he less to urge,—less reason has he to renounce the protection of GOD—when he most stands in need of it, and of his mercy. SERMON XXXV. P. 104.

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JUSTICE.

EVERY obstruction of the course of justice, is a door opened to betray society, and bereave us of those blessings which it has in view. To stand up for the privilege of such places, is to invite men to sin with a bribe of impunity.—It is a strange way of doing honour to GOD, to screen actions which are a disgrace to humanity.

BAD EFFECTS OF QUACKERY.

SO great are the difficulties of tracing out the hidden causes of the evils to which this frame of ours is subject,—that the most candid of the profession have ever allowed and lamented how unavoidably they are in the dark.—So that the best medicines, administered with the wisest heads, shall often do the mischief they were intended to prevent.—These are misfortunes to which we are subject in this state of darkness ;—but when men without skill,—without education,—without knowledge either of the distemper, or even of what they sell,—make merchandize of the miserable, and, from a dishonest principle,—trifle with the pains of the unfortunate,---too often with their lives,---and from the mere motive of a dishonest gain,—every such instance of a person bereft of life by the hand of ignorance, can be considered in no other light than a branch of the same root.—It is murder in the true sense ;—which, though not cognizable by our laws,—by the laws of right, every man's own mind and conscience must appear equally black and detestable.—

In doing what is wrong,—we stand chargeable with all the bad consequences which arise from the action, whether foreseen or not. And as the principal view of the empiric in those cases is not what he always pretends,—the good of the public,—but the good of himself,—it makes the action what it is.—

Under this head, it may not be improper to comprehend all adulterations of medicines, wilfully

made worse through avarice.—If a life is lost by such wilful adulterations,—and it may be affirmed, that, in many critical turns of an acute distemper, there is but a single cast left for the patient,—the trial and chance of a single drug in his behalf; —and if that has wilfully been adulterated, and wilfully despoiled of its best virtues,—what will the vender answer?—

SERMON XXXV. P. 109.

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REGULATION OF SPIRIT.

THE great business of man is the regulation of his spirit; the possession of such a frame and temper of mind, as will lead us peaceably through this world, and in the many weary stages of it, afford us, what we shall be sure to stand in need,—*Rest unto our souls.*

Rest unto our souls!—'tis all we want—the end of all our wishes and pursuits: give us a prospect of this, we take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth to have it in possession: we seek for it in titles, in riches and pleasures—climb up after it by ambition,—come down again and stoop for it by avarice,—try all extremes; still we are gone out of the way; nor is it, till after many miserable experiments, that we are convinced at last, we have been seeking every where for it, but where there is a prospect of finding it; and that is, within ourselves, in a meek and lowly disposition of heart. This,

and this only will give us rest unto our souls :—rest from those turbulent and haughty passions which disturb our quiet :—rest from the provocations and disappointments of the world, and a train of untold evils too long to be recounted, against all which this frame and preparation of mind is the best protection.

SERMON XXV. P. 189.

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JUSTICE AND HONESTY.

JUSTICE and honesty contribute very much towards all the faculties of the mind : I mean, that it clears up the understanding from that mist, which dark and crooked designs are apt to raise in it,—and that it keeps up a regularity in the affections, by suffering no lusts or *by-ends* to disorder them.—That it likewise preserves the mind from all damps of grief and melancholy, which are the sure consequences of unjust actions ; and that by such an improvement of the faculties, it makes a man so much the abler to discern, and so much the more cheerful, active, and diligent to mind his business—Light is sown for the righteous, says the prophet, and gladness for the upright in heart.

Secondly, let it be observed,—that in the continuance and course of a virtuous man's affairs, there is little probability of his falling into considerable disappointments or calamities ;—not only because guarded by the providence of GOD, but

that honesty is in its own nature the freest from danger.

First, because such a one lays no projects, which it is the interest of the other to blast, and therefore needs no indirect methods or deceitful practices to secure his interest by undermining others. —The paths of virtue are plain and straight, so that the blind, persons of the meanest capacity, shall not err.—Dishonesty requires skill to conduct it, and as great art to conceal—what 'tis every one's interest to detect. And I think I need not remind you how oft it happens in attempts of this kind—where worldly men in haste to be rich, have over-run the only means to it,—and for want of laying their contrivances with proper cunning, or managing them with proper secrecy and advantage, have lost for ever, what they might have certainly secured with honesty and plain-dealing.—The general causes of the disappointments in their business, or of the unhappiness in their lives, lying but too manifestly in their own disorderly passions, which, by attempting to carry them a shorter way to riches and honour, disappoint them of both for ever, and make plain, their ruin is from themselves; and that they eat the fruits which their own hands have watered and ripened. SERM. XXVIII. P. 253.

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THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

WHEN I alighted at the hotel, the porter told me a young woman with a band-box had

been that moment inquiring for me.—I do not know, said the porter, whether she is gone away or no. I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up stairs ; and when I had got within ten steps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming easily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with : Madame de R**** had sent her upon some commission to a *merchante de modes* within a step or two of the Hotel de Modene ; and as I had failed in waiting upon her, had bid her inquire if I had left Paris : and if so, whether I had not left a letter addressed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was so near my door, she returned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two, whilst I wrote a card.

It was a fine still evening in the latter end of the month of May—the crimson window-curtains (which were of the same colour of those of the bed) were drawn close—the sun was setting,—and reflected thro' them so warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre*'s face——I thought she blush'd—the idea of it made me blush myself—we were quite alone ; and that superinduced a second blush before the first could get off.

There is a sort of pleasing half-guilty blush, where the blood is more in fault than the man—'tis sent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it—not to call it back, but to make the sensation of it more delicious to the nerves——'tis associated——

But I'll not describe it——I felt something at first within me which was not in strict unison

with the lesson of virtue I had given her the night before—I sought five minutes for a card—I knew I had not one. I took up a pen—I laid it down again——my hand trembled—the devil was in me.

I know as well as any one he is an adversary, whom if we resist he will fly from us—but I seldom resist him at all; from a terror that, though I may conquer, I may still get a hurt in the combat—so I give up the triumph for security; and instead of thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myself.

The fair *fille de chambre* came close up to the bureau where I was looking for a card—first took up the pen I cast down, then offer'd to hold me the ink; she offered it so sweetly, I was going to accept it---but I durst not---I have nothing, my dear, said I, to write upon.---Write it, said she, simply, upon any thing---

I was just going to cry out, Then I will write, fair girl! upon thy lips.

If I do, said I, I shall perish——so I took her by the hand, and led her to the door, and begg'd she would not forget the lesson I had given her —— She said, indeed she would not---and as she uttered it with some earnestness, she turn'd about, and gave me both her hands, closed together, into mine---it was impossible not to compress them in that situation——I wish'd to let them go; and all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myself against it—and still I held them on.—— In two minutes I found I had the battle to fight over again—and felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a

half of the place where we were standing—I had still hold of her hands—and how it happened I can give no account, but I neither ask'd her—nor drew her—nor did I think of the bed—but so it did happen, we both sat down.

I'll just shew you, said the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purse I have been making to-day to hold your crown. So she put her hand into her right pocket, which was next to me, and felt for it some time—then into the left---" She had lost it."——I never bore expectation more quietly---it was in her right pocket at last---she pull'd it out : it was of green taffety, lined with a little bit of white quilted satin, and just big enough to hold the crown---she put it into my hand ;---it was pretty ; and I held it ten minutes, with the back of my hand resting upon her lap---looking sometimes at the purse, sometimes on one side of it.

A stich or two had broke out in the gathers of my stock---the fair *fille de chambre*, without saying a word, took out her little housewife, threaded a small needle, and sew'd it up---I foresaw it would hazard the glory of the day, and as she pass'd her hand in silence across and across my neck in the manœuvre, I felt the laurels shake which fancy had wreath'd about my head.

A strap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her shoe was just falling off—See, said the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot.—I could not from my soul but fasten the buckle in return, and putting in the strap—and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to see both were right—in doing it too suddenly—it unavoidably

threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her center—and then— SENT. JOURNEY, P. 174.

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THE CONQUEST.

YES——and then——Ye whose clay-cold heads and lukewarm hearts can argue down or mask your passions, tell me, what trespass is it that man should have them ? or how his spirit stands answerable to the Father of spirits, but for his conduct under them ?

If Nature has so wove her web of kindness, that some threads of love and desire are entangled with the piece—must the whole web be rent in drawing them out ? Whip me such stoics, great Governor of nature ! said I to myself—Wherever thy providence shall place me for the trial of my virtue—whatever is my danger—whatever is my situation—let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man—and if I govern them as a good one, I will trust the issues to thy justice : for thou hast made us, and not we ourselves.

As I finish'd my address, I raised the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand, and let her out of the room——she stood by me till I lock'd the door and put the key in my pocket——*and then*—— the victory being quite decisive—— and not till then, I press'd my lips to her cheek, and, taking her by the hand, led her safe to the gate of the hotel. SENT. JOURNEY, P. 179.

APPLICATION OF RICHES.

HOW GOD did intend them,—may as well be known from an appeal to your own hearts, and the inscription you shall read there,—as from any chapter and verse I might cite upon the subject. Let us then for a moment turn our eyes that way, and consider the traces which even the most insensible man may have proof of, from what we may perceive springing up within him from some casual act of generosity; and though this is a pleasure which properly belongs to the good, yet let him try the experiment;—let him comfort the captive, or cover the naked with a garment, and he will feel what is meant by that moral delight arising in the mind from the conscience of a humane action.

But to know it right we must call upon the compassionate; cruelty gives evidence unwillingly, and feels the pleasure but imperfectly; for this, like all other pleasures, is of a relative nature, and consequently the enjoyment of it requires some qualification in the faculty, as much as the enjoyment of any other good does:—there must be something antecedent in the disposition and temper which will render that good,—a good to that individual; otherwise, though 'tis true it may be possessed,—yet it never can be enjoyed.

SERMON XXIII. P. 162.

REASON.

THE judgments of the more disinterested and impartial of us, receive no small tincture from our affections: we generally consult them in all the doubtful points; and it happens well if the matter in question is not almost settled before the arbitrator is called into the debate;—but in the more flagrant instances, where the passions govern the whole man, 'tis melancholy to see the office to which reason, the great prerogative of his nature, is reduced: serving the lower appetites in the dishonest drudgery of finding out arguments to justify the present pursuit.

To judge rightly of our own worth, we should retire a little from the world, to see its pleasures—and pains too, in their proper size and dimensions: this, no doubt, was the reason St. *Paul*, when he intended to convert *Felix*, began his discourse upon the day of judgment, on purpose to take the heart from off this world and its pleasures, which dishonour the understanding, so as to turn the wisest of men into fools and children.

SERMON XIX. P. 87.

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THE CHARITY.

THERE is a long dark passage issuing out from the opera comique into a narrow street; 'tis trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre*, or wish to get off quietly o'foot when the opera is done.

At the end of it towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a small candle, the light of which is almost lost before you get half-way down : but near the door —'tis more for ornament than use, you see it as a fix'd star of the least magnitude ; it burns—but does little good to the world that we know of.

In returning along this passage, I discern'd, as I approach'd within five or six paces of the door, two ladies standing arm in arm, with their backs against the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre*—as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right ; so edged myself up within a yard, or little more, of them, and quietly took my stand——I was in black, and scarce seen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman, of about thirty-six ; the other of the same size and make, of about forty ; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them —they seem'd to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapp'd by caresses, unbroke in upon by tender salutations : I could have wish'd to have made them happy—their happiness was destin'd that night, to come from another quarter.

A loud voice, with a good turn of expression, and sweet cadence at the end of it, begg'd for a twelve-sous piece betwixt them, for the love of Heaven. I thought it singular that a beggar would fix the quota of an alms—and that the sum should be twelve times as much as what is usually given in the dark. They both seemed astonish'd at it as much as myself.——Twelve sous ! said one——A twelve-sous piece ! said the other—and made no reply.

The poor man said he knew not how to ask less of ladies of their rank ; and bow'd down his head to the ground.

Poo ! said they——we have no money.

The beggar remained silent for a moment or two, and renew'd his supplication.

Do not, my fair young ladies, said he, stop your ears against me—Upon my word, honest man ! said the younger, we have no change—Then God bless you, said the poor man, and multiply those joys which you can give to others without change !—I observed the elder sister put her hand into her pocket—I'll see, said she, if I have a sous !—A sous ! give twelve, said the supplicant : Nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.

I would, friend, with all my heart, said the younger, if I had it.

My fair charitable ! said he, addressing himself to the elder—What is it but your goodness and humanity which makes your bright eyes so sweet, that they outshine the morning even in this dark passage ? and what was it which made the Marquis de Santerre and his brother say so much of you both as they pass'd by ?

The two ladies seemed much affected ; and impulsively at the same time they both put their hands into their pocket, and each took out a twelve-sous piece.

The contest betwixt them and the poor supplicant was no more—it was continued betwixt themselves, which of the swo should give the twelve-sous piece in charity——and, to end the dispute,

they both gave it together, and the man went away.—— SENT. JOURNEY, P. 206.

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MISFORTUNE AND CONSOLATION.

THERE is not an object in this world which GOD can be supposed to look down upon with greater pleasure, than that of a good man involved in misfortunes, surrounded on all sides with difficulties—yet cheerfully bearing up his head, and struggling against them with firmness and constancy of mind.—Certainly, to our conceptions, such objects must be truly engaging:—and the reason of so exalted an encomium from this hand, is easily to be guessed: no doubt the wisest of the heathen philosophers had found, from observation upon the life of man, that the many troubles and infirmities of his nature, the sicknesses, disappointments, sorrows for the loss of children or property, with the numberless other calamities and cross accidents to which the life of man is subject, were in themselves so *great*,——and so *little* solid comfort to be administered from the mere refinements of philosophy in such emergencies, that there was no virtue which required greater efforts, or which was found so difficult to be achieved upon moral principles——which had no foundation to sustain this great weight, which the infirmities of our nature laid upon it. And for this reason, 'tis observable, that there is no subject, upon which the moral writers of antiquity

have exhausted so much of their eloquence, or where they have spent so much time and pains, as in this of endeavouring to reconcile men to these evils. Insomuch, that from thence, in most modern languages, the patient enduring of affliction, has by degrees obtained the name of philosophy, and almost monopolized the word to itself, as if it were the chief end or compendium of all the wisdom which philosophy had to offer. And, indeed, considering what lights they had, some of them wrote extremely well ; yet, as what they said proceeded more from the head than the heart, 'twas generally more calculated to silence a man in his troubles, than to convince and teach him how to bear them. And therefore, however subtile and ingenious their arguments might appear in the reading, 'tis to be feared they lost much of their efficacy, when tried in the application. If a man were thrust back in the world by disappointments, or—as was *Job*'s case—had suffered a sudden change in his fortunes, from an affluent condition were brought down by a train of cruel accidents, and pinched with poverty—philosophy would come in, and exhort him to stand his ground ;—it would tell him, that the same greatness and strength of mind which enabled him to behave well in the days of his prosperity, should equally enable him to behave well in the days of his adversity :—that it was the property only of weak and base spirits, who were insolent in the one, to be dejected and overthrown by the other ; whereas great and generous souls were at all times calm and equal.—As they enjoyed the advantages

of life with indifference,—they were able to resign them with the same temper,—and consequently—were out of the reach of fortune. All which, however fine, and likely to satisfy the fancy of a man at ease, could convey but little consolation to a heart already pierced with sorrow ;—nor is it to be conceived how an unfortunate creature should any more receive relief from such a lecture, however just, than a man racked with an acute fit of the gout or stone, could be supposed to be set free from torture, by hearing from his physician a nice dissertation upon his case. The philosophic consolations in sickness, or in afflictions for the death of friends and kindred, were just as efficacious ;—and were rather in general to be considered as good sayings than good remedies.—So that, if a man were bereaved of a promising child, in whom all his hopes and expectations centered,—or a wife were left destitute to mourn the loss and protection of a kind and tender husband, *Seneca* or *Epictetus* would tell the pensive parent and disconsolate widow—that tears and lamentation for the dead were fruitless and absurd ; that to die was the necessary and unavoidable debt of nature ;—and as it could admit of no remedy,—'twas impious and foolish to grieve and fret themselves upon it.

Upon such sage counsel, as well as many other lessons of the same stamp, the same reflection might be applied, which is said to have been made by one of the Roman emperors, to one who administered the same consolations to him, on a like occasion,—to whom, advising him to be comforted, and make himself easy, since the event had

been brought about by a fatality, and could not be helped,—he replied, "That this was so far from lessening his trouble,—that it was the very circumstance which occasioned it."—So that upon the whole—when the true value of these, and many more of their current arguments, have been weighed and brought to the test,—one is led to doubt, whether the greatest part of their heroes, the most renowned for constancy, were not much more indebted to good nerves and spirits, or the natural happy frame of their tempers, for behaving well, than to any extraordinary helps, which they could be supposed to receive from their instructors. And therefore I should make no scruple to assert, that one such instance of patience and resignation as this, which the Scripture gives us in the person of *Job*, not of one most pompously declaiming upon the contempt of pain and poverty, but of a man sunk in the lowest condition of humanity, to behold him when stripped of his estate, his wealth, his friends, his children—cheerfully holding up his head, and entertaining his hard fortune with firmness and serenity;—and this, not from a stoical stupidity, but a just sense of God's providence, and a persuasion of his justice and goodness in all his dealings—such an example, I say, as this, is of more universal use, speaks truer to the heart, than all the heroic precepts which the pedantry of philosophy has to offer.

SERMON XV. P. 7.

SERMON V.—THE CASE OF ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH CONSIDERED.

1 KINGS, XVII. 16.

And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord which he spake by the prophet Elijah.

THE words of the text are the record of a miracle wrought in behalf of the widow of Zarephath, who had charitably taken Elijah under her roof, and administered unto him in a time of great scarcity and distress. There is something very interesting and affectionate in the manner this story is related in holy writ: and as it concludes with a second still more remarkable proof of GOD's favour to the same person, in the restoration of her dead son to life, one cannot but consider both miracles as rewards of that act of piety, wrought by infinite power, and left upon record in Scripture, not merely as testimonies of the prophet's divine mission, but likewise as two encouraging instances of GOD Almighty's blessing upon works of charity and benevolence.

In this view I have made choice of this piece of sacred history, which I shall beg leave to make use of as the ground-work for an exhortation to charity in general: and that it may better answer the particular purpose of this solemnity, I will endeavour to enlarge upon it with such reflections, as, I trust in GOD, will excite some senti-

ments of compassion which may be profitable to so pious a design.

Elijah had fled from two dreadful evils, the approach of a famine, and the persecution of Ahab, an enraged enemy: and, in obedience to the command of God, had hid himself by the brook of Cherith, that is before Jordan. In this safe and peaceful solitude, blessed with daily marks of God's providence, the holy man dwelt free from both the cares and glories of the world: by a miraculous impulse *the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, and he drank of the brook;* till by continuance of drought (the windows of heaven being shut up in those days for three years and six months, which was the natural cause likewise of the famine) it came to pass after a while that the brook, the great fountain of his support, dried up; and he is again directed by the word of the Lord where to betake himself for shelter. He is commanded to arise and go to Zarephath, which belonged to Zidon, with an assurance that he had disposed the heart of a widow woman there to sustain him.

The prophet follows the call of God: the same hand which brought him to the gate of the city, had led also the poor widow out of her doors, oppressed with sorrow. She had come forth upon a melancholy errand, to make preparation to eat her last meal, and share it with her child.

No doubt she had long fenced against this tragical event with all the thrifty management which self-preservation and parental love could inspire;

full, no doubt, of cares and many tender apprehensions lest the slender stock should fail them before the return of plenty.

But as she was a widow, having lost the only faithful friend, who would best have assisted her in her virtuous struggle, the present necessity of the times at length overcame her ; and she was just falling down an easy prey to it, when Elijah came to the place where she was. *And he called unto her, and said, Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink. And as she was going to fetch it, he called unto her, and said, Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand. And she said, as the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse ; and behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it and die. And Elijah said unto her, Fear not, but go, and do as thou hast said ; but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord send rain upon the earth.*

True charity is always unwilling to find excuses—else here was a fair opportunity of pleading many : she might have insisted over again upon her situation, which necessarily tied up her hands —she might have urged the unreasonableness of the request ;—that she was reduced to the lowest extremity already—and that it was contrary to justice and the first law of nature, to rob herself and child of their last morsel, and give it to a stranger.

But in generous spirits, compassion is sometimes more than a balance for self-preservation. For, as God certainly interwove that friendly softness in our nature to be a check upon too great a propensity towards self-love—so it seemed to operate here. For it is observable, that though the prophet backed his request with the promise of an immediate recompense in multiplying her stock ; yet it is not evident, she was influenced at all by that temptation. For if she had, doubtless it must have wrought such a mixture of self-interest into the motive of her compliance, as must greatly have allayed the merit of the action. But this, I say, does not appear, but rather the contrary, from the reflection she makes upon the whole in the last verse of the chapter : *Now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth.*

Besides, as she was an inhabitant of Zarephath (or, as it is called by St. Luke, Sarepta, subject to Zidon, the metropolis of Phœnicia, without the bounds of God's people,) she had been brought up in gross darkness and idolatry, in utter ignorance of the Lord God of Israel : or, if she had heard of his name, which is all that seems probable, she had been taught to disbelieve the mighty wonders of his hand, and was still less likely to believe his prophet.

Moreover, she might argue, If this man by some secret mystery of his own, or through the power of his God, be able to procure so preternatural a supply for me, whence comes it to pass, that he now stands in want himself, oppressed both with hunger and thirst.

It appears, therefore, that she must have been wrought upon by an unmix'd principle of humanity.—She look'd upon him as a fellow-partner almost in the same affliction with herself.——She considered he had come a weary pilgrimage, in a sultry climate, through an exhausted country; where neither bread or water were to be had, but by acts of liberality.—That he had come an unknown traveller, and as a hard heart never wants pretence, that this circumstance, which should rather have befriended, might have helped to oppress him.——She considered, for charity is ever fruitful in kind reasons, that he was now far from his own country, and had strayed out of the reach of the tender offices of some one who affectionately mourned his absence—her heart was touched with pity.—She turned in silence, and *went and did according as he said. And behold, both she, and he, and her house, did eat many days;* or, as in the margin, one whole year. *And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, until the day that God sent rain upon the earth.*

Though it may not seem necessary to raise conjectures here upon this event, yet it is natural to suppose, the danger of the famine being thus unexpectedly got over, that the mother began to look hopefully forwards for the rest of her days. There were many widows in Israel at that time, when the heavens were shut up for three years and six months, yet, as St. Luke observes, *to none of them was the prophet sent, save to this widow of Sarepta:* in all likelihood, she would not be the last in making the same observation, and drawing from it

some flattering conclusion in favour of her son.—Many a parent would build high upon a worse foundation.——" Since the God of Israel has thus sent his own messenger to us in our distress, to pass by so many houses of his own people, and stop at mine, to save it in so miraculous a manner from destruction; doubtless, this is but an earnest of his future kind intentions to us: at least his goodness has decreed to comfort my old age by the long life and health of my son:—but perhaps, he has something greater still in store for him, and I shall live to see the same hand hereafter crown his head with glory and honour." We may naturally suppose her innocently carried away with such thoughts, when she is called back by an unexpected distemper which seizes her son, and in one moment brings down all her hopes—*for his sickness was so sore that there was no breath left in him.*—

The expostulations of immoderate grief are seldom just.——For, though Elijah had already preserved her son, as well as herself, from immediate death, and was the last cause to be suspected of so sad an accident, yet the passionate mother in the first transport challenges him as the author of her misfortune;——and as if he had brought down sorrow upon a house which had so hospitably sheltered him. The prophet was too full of compassion to make reply to so unkind an accusation. He takes the dead child *out of his mother's bosom, and laid him upon his own bed; and he cried unto the Lord, and said, O Lord my God, hast thou brought evil upon the widow with whom I sojourn,*

by slaying her son ? "Is this the reward of all her charity and goodness? Thou hast before this robbed her of the dear partner of all her joys and all her cares; and now that she is a widow, and has most reason to expect thy protection, behold thou hast withdrawn her last prop: thou hast taken away her child, the only stay she had to rest on."——*And Elijah cried unto God, and said, O Lord my God, I pray thee let this child's soul come into him again.*

The prayer was urgent, and bespoke the distress of a humane mind deeply suffering in the misfortunes of another;——moreover his heart was rent with other passions——He was zealous for the name and honour of his God, and thought not only his omnipotence, but his glorious attribute of mercy, concerned in the event: for oh! with what triumph would the prophet retort his own bitter taunt, and say, *his God was either talking, or he was pursuing, or was in a journey; or peradventure he slept and should have been awaked!* ——He was moreover involved in the success of his prayer himself;——honest minds are most hurt by scandal.—And he was afraid, lest so foul a one, so unworthy of his character, might arise among the heathen, who would report with pleasure, "Lo! the widow of Zarephath took the messenger of the God of Israel under her roof, and kindly entertained him, and see how she is rewarded; surely the prophet was ungrateful, he wanted power, or, what is worse, he wanted pity."

Besides all this, he pleaded not the cause of the widow; it was the cause of charity itself, which

had received a deep wound already, and would suffer still more should God deny it this testimony of his favour. *So the Lord hearkened unto the voice of Elijah, and the soul of the child came unto him again, and he revived. And Elijah took the child, and brought him down out of the chamber into the house, and delivered him unto his mother; and Elijah said, See thy son liveth.*

It would be a pleasure to a good mind to stop here a moment, and figure to itself the picture of so joyful an event.——To behold on one hand the raptures of the parent, overcome with surprise and gratitude, and imagine how a sudden stroke of such impetuous joy must operate on a despairing countenance, long accustomed to sadness.—To conceive, on the other side of the *piece*, the holy man approaching with the child in his arms—— full of honest triumph in his looks, but sweetened with all the kind sympathy which a gentle nature could overflow with upon so happy an event. It is a subject one might recommend to the pencil of a great genius, and would even afford matter for description here; but that it would lead us too far from the particular purpose, for which I have enlarged upon thus much of the story already; the chief design of which is, to illustrate by a fact, what is evident both in reason and Scripture, that a charitable and good action is seldom cast away, but that even in this life it is more than probable, that what is so scattered shall be gathered again with increase. *Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days. Be as a father unto the fatherless, and instead of an*

husband unto their mother ; so shalt thou be as a son of the Most High, and he will love thee more than thy mother doth. Be mindful of good turns, for thou knowest not what evil shall come upon the earth ; and when thou fallest thou shalt find a stay. It shall preserve thee from all affliction, and fight for thee against thy enemies, better than a mighty shield and a strong spear.

The great instability of temporal affairs, and constant fluctuation of every thing in this world, afford perpetual occasions of taking refuge in such a security.

What by successive misfortunes ; by failings and cross accidents in trade ; by miscarriage of projects :—what by unsuitable expenses of parents, extravagances of children, and the many other secret ways whereby riches make themselves wings and fly away ; so many surprising revolutions do every day happen in families, that it may not seem strange to say, that the posterity of some of the most liberal contributors here, in the changes which one century may produce, may possibly find shelter under this very plant which now they so kindly water. Nay, so quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round, that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.

But besides this, and exclusive of the right which God's promise gives it to protection hereafter, charity and benevolence, in the ordinary chain of effects, have a natural and more immediate tendency in themselves to rescue a man from the accidents of the world, by softening the hearts,

and winning every man's wishes to its interest. When a compassionate man falls who would not pity him ? who that had power to do it, would not befriend and raise him up ? or could the most barbarous temper offer an insult to his distress without pain and reluctance ? so that it is almost a wonder that covetousness, even in spite of itself, does not sometimes argue a man into charity, by its own principle of looking forwards, and the firm expectation it would delight in of receiving its own again with usury.—So evident is it in the course of God's providence and the natural stream of things, that a good office one time or other generally meets with a reward——Generally, did I say ?—how can it ever fail ?—when besides all this, so large a share of the recompense is so inseparable even from the action itself.—Ask the man who has a tear of tenderness always ready to shed over the unfortunate ; who, withal, is ready to distribute and willing to communicate : ask him, if the best things, which wits have said of pleasure, have expressed what he has felt, when, by a seasonable kindness, he has *made the heart of the widow sing for joy ?* Mark then the expressions of unutterable pleasure and harmony in his looks ; and say, whether Solomon has not fixed the point of true enjoyment in the right place, when he declares, "that he knew no good there was in any of the riches or honours of this world, *but for a man to do good with them in his life.*" Nor was it without reason he made this judgment.——Doubtless he had found and seen the insufficiency of all sensual pleasures ; how unable to furnish either a

rational or a lasting scheme of happiness : how soon the best of them vanished : the less exceptionable in vanity, but the guilty both *in vanity and vexation of spirit.* But that this was of so pure and refined a nature, it burned without consuming ; it was figuratively *the widow's barrel of meal which wasted not, and cruse of oil which never failed.*

It is not an easy matter to add weight to the testimony of *the wisest man,* upon the pleasure of doing good ; or else the evidence of the philosopher Epicurus is very remarkable, whose word in this matter is the more to be trusted, because a professed sensualist ; who, amidst all the delicacies and improvements of pleasure which a luxuriant fancy might strike out, still maintained that the best way of enlarging human happiness was, by a communication of it to others.

And if it were necessary here, or there were time to refine upon this doctrine, one might farther maintain, exclusive of the happiness which the mind itself feels in the exercise of this virtue, that the body of man is never in a better state than when he is most inclined to do good offices : —that as nothing more contributes to health than a benevolence of temper, so nothing generally is a stronger indication of it.

And what seems to confirm this opinion, is an observation, the truth of which must be submitted to every one's reflection—namely—that a disinclination and backwardness to do good, is often attended if not produced, by an indisposition of the animal as well as rational part of us :——So

naturally do the soul and body, as in other cases so in this, mutually befriend, or prey upon each other. And indeed, setting aside all abstruser reasoning upon the point, I cannot conceive but that the very *mechanical motions* which maintain life must be performed with more equal vigour and freedom in that man whom a great and good soul perpetually inclines to shew mercy to the miserable, than they can be in a poor, sordid, selfish wretch, whose little contracted heart melts at no man's afflictions; but sits brooding so intently over its own plots and concerns, as to see and feel nothing; and in truth enjoy nothing beyond himself: and of whom one may say what that great master of nature has, speaking of a natural sense of harmony, which I think with more justice may be said of compassion, that the man who had it not,—

> —Was fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils:
> The MOTIONS of his spirits are dull as night;
> And his affections dark as EREBUS:
> ——Let no such man be trusted.——

What divines say of the mind, naturalists have observed of the body; that there is no passion so natural to it as love, which is the principle of doing good;—and though instances, like this just mentioned, seem far from being proofs of it, yet it is not to be doubted but that every hard-hearted man has felt much inward opposition before he could prevail upon himself to do aught to fix and deserve the character: and what we say of long habits of vice, that they are hard to be subdued, may with equal truth be said concerning the nat-

ural impressions of benevolence, that a man must do much violence to himself, and suffer many a painful struggle, before he can tear away so great and noble a part of his nature.—Of this, antiquity has preserved a beautiful instance in an anecdote of Alexander, the tyrant of Pheres, who, though he had so industriously hardened his heart, as to seem to take delight in cruelty, insomuch as to murder many of his subjects every day, without cause and without pity ; yet, at the bare representation of a tragedy, which related the misfortunes of Hecuba and Andromache, he was so touched with the fictitious distress which the poet had wrought up in it, that he burst out into a flood of tears. The explication of which inconsistency is easy, and casts as great a lustre upon human nature, as the man himself was a disgrace to it. The case seems to have been this : in *real* life he had been blinded with passions, and thoughtlessly hurried on by interest or resentment :—but here, there was no room for motives of that kind ; so that his attention being first caught hold of, and all his vices laid asleep ;—then NATURE awoke in triumph, and shewed how deeply she had sown the seeds of compassion in every man's breast ; when tyrants, with vices the most at enmity with it, were not able entirely to root it out.

But this is painting an amiable virtue, and setting her off with shades which wickedness lends us, when one might safely trust to the force of her own natural charms, and ask, Whether any thing under heaven, in its own nature, is more lovely and engaging ?——To illustrate this the

more, let us turn our thoughts within ourselves, and for a moment let any number of us here imagine ourselves at this instant engaged in drawing the most perfect and amiable character, such as, according to our conceptions of the Deity, we should think most acceptable to him, and most likely to be universally admired by all mankind.—I appeal to your own thoughts, whether the first idea which offered itself to most of our imaginations would not be that of a compassionate benefactor, stretching forth his hands to raise up the helpless orphan? Whatever other virtues we should give our hero, we should all agree in making him a generous friend, who thought the opportunities of doing good to be the only charm of his prosperity: we should paint him like the psalmist's *river of God*, overflowing the thirsty parts of the earth, that he might enrich them, carrying plenty and gladness along with him. If this were not sufficient, and we were still desirous of adding a farther degree of perfection to so great a character; we should endeavour to think of some one, if human nature could furnish such a pattern, who, if occasion required, was willing to undergo all kinds of affliction, to sacrifice himself, to forget his dearest interests, and even lay down his life for the good of mankind.—And here,—O merciful SAVIOUR! how would the bright original of thy unbounded goodness break in upon our hearts! *Thou who becamest poor, that we might be rich*——though Lord of all this world, yet *hadst not where to lay thy head*—and though equal in power and glory to the great GOD of NATURE,

yet madest thyself of no reputation, tookest upon thee the form of a servant—— submitting thyself, without opening thy mouth, to all the indignities which a thankless and undiscerning people could offer : and at length, to accomplish our salvation, *becamest obedient unto death*, suffering thyself, as on this day*, *to be led like a lamb to the slaughter.*

The consideration of this stupendous instance of compassion in the Son of GOD, is the most unanswerable appeal that can be made to the heart of man, for the reasonableness of it in himself.—— It is the great argument which the Apostles use in almost all their exhortations to good works—*Beloved, if Christ so loved us*—the inference is unavoidable ; and gives strength and beauty to every thing else which can be urged upon the subject. And therefore I have reserved it for my last and warmest appeal, with which I would gladly finish this discourse, that at least for their sakes for whom it is preached, we might be left to the full impression of so exalted and so seasonable a motive.—That by reflecting upon the infinite labour of this day's love, in the instance of CHRIST's death, we may consider what an immense debt we owe each other ; and by calling to mind the amiable pattern of his life, in doing good, we might learn in what manner we may best discharge it.

And, indeed, of all the methods in which a good mind would be willing to do it, I believe there can be none more beneficial, or comprehensive in its effects, than that for which we are here met to-

* Preached on *Good-Friday*.

gether—The proper education of poor children being the ground-work of almost every other kind of charity, as that which makes every other subsequent act of it answer the pious expectation of the giver.

Without this foundation first laid, how much kindness in the progress of a benevolent man's life is unavoidably cast away! and sometimes where it is as senseless as the exposing a tender plant to all the inclemencies of a cruel season, and then going with sorrow to take it in, when the root is already dead. I said, therefore, this was the foundation of almost every kind of charity,—and might one not have added, of all the policy too? since the many ill consequences which attend the want of it, though grievously felt by the parties themselves, are no less so by the community of which they are members; and moreover, of all mischiefs seem the hardest to be redressed—Insomuch, that when one considers the disloyal seductions of poverty on one hand, and on the other, that no bad man, whatever he professes, can be a good subject, one may venture to say, it had been cheaper and better for the nation to have borne the expense of instilling sound principles and good morals into the neglected children of the lower sort, especially in some parts of Great-Britain, than to be obliged, so often as we have been within this last century, to rise up and arm ourselves against the rebellious effects which the want of them has brought down even to our doors. And, in fact, if we are to trust antiquity, the truth of which in this case we have no reason to dispute, this matter has been looked up-

on of such vast importance to the civil happiness and peace of a people, that some commonwealths, the most eminent for political wisdom, have chosen to make a public concern of it; thinking it much safer to be intrusted to the prudence of the magistrate, than to the mistaken tenderness, or natural partiality, of the parent.

It was consistent with this, and bespoke a very refined sense of policy in the Lacedæmonians (though by the way, I believe, different from what more modern politics would have directed in like circumstances,) when Antipater demanded of them fifty children, as hostages for the security of a distant engagement, they made this brave and wise answer, "they would not—they could not consent: they would rather give him double the number of their best grown up men."—Intimating, that, however they were distressed, they would choose any inconvenience rather than suffer the loss of their country's education; and the opportunity (which if once lost can never be regained) of giving their youth an early tincture of religion, and bringing them up to a love of industry, and a love of the laws and constitution of their country. If this shews the great importance of a proper education to children of all ranks and conditions, what shall we say then of those whom the providence of GOD has placed in the very lowest lot of life, utterly cast out of the *way* of knowledge, without a parent,—sometimes, may be, without a friend to guide and instruct them, but what common pity and the necessity of their sad situation engage:——where the dangers which sur-

round them on every side are so great and many, that for one fortunate passenger in life, who makes way well in the world with such early disadvantages, and so dismal a setting out, we may reckon thousands, who every day suffer shipwreck, and are lost for ever.

If there is a case under heaven which calls out aloud for the more immediate exercise of compassion, and which may be looked upon as the compendium of all charity, surely it is this: and I am persuaded there would want nothing more to convince the greatest enemy to these kind of charities that it is so, but a bare opportunity of taking a nearer view of some of the more distressful objects of it.

Let him go into the dwellings of the unfortunate, into some mournful cottage, where poverty and affliction reign together. There let him behold the disconsolate widow—sitting—steeped in tears;—thus sorrowing over the infant she knows not how to succour.—"O my child, thou art now left exposed to a wide and vicious world, too full of snares and temptations for thy tender and unpractised age. Perhaps a parent's love may magnify those dangers—But when I consider thou art driven out naked into the midst of them without friends, without fortune, without instruction, my heart bleeds beforehand for the evils which may come upon thee. God, in whom we trusted, is witness, so low had his providence placed us, that we never indulged one wish to have made thee rich;—virtuous we would have made thee; for thy father, *my husband, was a good man, and feared*

the Lord,——and though all the fruits of his care and industry were little enough for our support, yet he honestly had determined to have spared some portion of it, scanty as it was, to have placed thee in safety, in the way of knowledge and instruction—But alas ! hē is gone from us, never to return more, and with him are fled the means of doing it :——For, *behold the creditor is come upon us,* to take all that we have."——Grief is eloquent, and will not easily be imitated.—But let the man, who is the least friend to distresses of this nature, conceive some disconsolate widow uttering her complaint even in this manner, and let him consider, *if there be any sorrow like this sorrow, wherewith the Lord has afflicted* her ! or whether there can be any charity like that, of taking *the child out of the mother's bosom,* and rescuing her from these apprehensions ? Should a heathen, a stranger to our holy religion and the love it taught, should he, *as he journeyed, come to the place where* she lay, *when he saw, would not he have compassion on* her ? God forbid a Christian should *this day* want it ! or at any time *look upon* such a distress, *and pass by on the other side.*

Rather let him do, as his Saviour taught him, *bind up the wounds, and pour* comfort into the heart of one whom the hand of God has so bruised. Let him practise what it is, with Elijah's transport, to say to the afflicted widow, *See, thy son liveth !*—liveth by my charity, and the bounty of this hour, to all the purposes which makes life desirable,—to be made a good man and a profitable subject : on one hand to be trained up to

such a sense of his duty, as may secure him an interest in the world to come : and with regard to this world, to be so brought up in it to a love of honest labour and industry, as all his life long to earn and eat his bread with joy and thankfulness.

" Much peace and happiness rest upon the head and heart of every one who thus brings children to CHRIST !——May the blessing of him that was ready to perish come seasonably upon him !—The Lord comfort him, *when he most wants it*, when he lies upon his bed ! make thou, O GOD ! all his bed in his sickness ; and for what he now scatters, give him, then, that peace of thine which passeth all understanding, and which nothing in this world can either give or take away." Amen.

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SERMON XLIV.—THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE JUSTIFIED TO MAN.

PSALM LXXIII. 12, 13.

Behold these are the ungodly who prosper in the world, they increase in riches.

Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency.

THIS complaint of the Psalmist's concerning the promiscuous distribution of GOD's blessings to the just and unjust,—that the sun should shine without distinction upon the good

and the bad,—and rains descend upon the righteous and unrighteous man,—is a subject that has afforded much matter for inquiry, and at one time or other has raised doubts to dishearten and perplex the minds of men. If the sovereign Lord of all the earth does look on, whence so much disorder in the face of things ?—why is it permitted, that wise and good men should be left often a prey to so many miseries and distresses of life,—whilst the guilty and foolish triumph in their offences, and even the tabernacles of robbers prosper ?

To this it is answered,—that therefore there is a future state of rewards and punishments to take place after this life,—wherein all these inequalities shall be made even, where the circumstances of every man's case shall be considered, and where God shall be justified in all his ways, and every mouth shall be stopt.

If this was not so, if the ungodly were to prosper in the world, and have riches in possession,—and no distinction to be made hereafter,—to what purpose would it have been to have maintained our integrity ?—Lo ! then, indeed, should I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency.

It is farther said, and what is a more direct answer to the point,—that when God created man, that he might make him capable of receiving happiness at his hands hereafter,—he endowed him with liberty and freedom of choice, without which he could not have been a creature accountable for his actions ;——that it is merely from the bad use he makes of these gifts,—that all those instances

of irregularity do result, upon which the complaint is here grounded,—which could no ways be prevented, but by the total subversion of human liberty ;—that should God make bare his arm, and interpose on every injustice that is committed,—mankind might be said to do what was right,—but, at the same time, to lose the merit of it, since they would act under force and necessity, and not from the determinations of their own mind ;—that, upon this supposition,—a man could with no more reason expect to go to heaven for acts of temperance, justice, and humanity, than for the ordinary impulses of hunger and thirst, which nature directed—that God has dealt with man upon better terms ;—he has first endowed him with liberty and free-will ;——he has set life and death, good and evil before him ;—that he has given him faculties to find out what will be the consequences of either way or acting, and then left him to take which course his reason and direction shall point out.

I shall desist from enlarging any further upon either of the foregoing arguments in vindication of God's providence, which are urged so often with so much force and conviction, as to leave no room for a reasonable reply ;—since the miseries which befal the good, and the seeming happiness of the wicked, could not be otherwise in such a free state and condition as this in which we are placed.

In all charges of this kind, we generally take two things for granted ;—1st, That in the instances we give, we know certainly the good from

the bad ;——and, 2dly, The respective state of their enjoyments or sufferings.

I shall therefore, in the remaining part of my discourse, take up your time with a short inquiry into the difficulties of coming not only at the true characters of men,—but likewise of knowing either the degrees of their real happiness, or misery, in this life.

The first of these will teach us candour in our judgments of others,—the second, to which I shall confine myself, will teach us humility in our reasonings upon the ways of God.

For though the miseries of the good, and the prosperity of the wicked, are not in general to be denied :—yet I shall endeavour to shew, that the particular instances we are apt to produce, when we cry out in the words of the Psalmist, Lo ! these are the ungodly,—these prosper, and are happy in the world ;—I say, I shall endeavour to shew, that we are so ignorant of the articles of the charge,—and the evidence we go upon to make them good is so lame and defective,—as to be sufficient by itself to check all propensity to expostulate with God's providence, allowing there was no other way of clearing up the matter reconcileably to his attributes.

And, first,—what certain and infallible marks have we of the goodness or badness of the bulk of mankind ?

If we trust to fame and reports,—if they are good, how do we know but they may proceed from partial friendship or flattery ?—when bad, from envy or malice, from ill-natured surmises and

constructions of things ? and on both sides, from small matters aggrandized through mistake,—and sometimes through the unskilful relation of even truth itself ?—From some, or all of which causes, it happens, that the characters of men, like the histories of the Egyptians, are to be received and read with caution ;—they are generally dressed out and disfigured with so many dreams and fables, that every ordinary reader shall not be able to distinguish truth from falsehood.—But allowing these reflections to be too severe in this matter,—that no such thing as envy ever lessened a man's character, or malice blackened it :—yet the characters of men are not easily penetrated, as they depend often upon the retired, unseen parts of a man's life.—The best and truest piety is most secret, and the worst of actions, for different reasons, will be so too.—Some men are modest, and seem to take pains to hide their virtues ; and, from a natural distance and reserve in their tempers, scarce suffer their good qualities to be known :—others, on the contrary, put in practice a thousand little arts to counterfeit virtues which they have not,—the better to conceal those vices they really have ;—and this under fair shows of sanctity, good-nature, generosity, or some virtue or other,—too specious to be seen through,—too amiable and disinterested to be suspected.—These hints may be sufficient to shew how hard it is to come at the matter of fact :—but one may go a step further,—and say, that even that, in many cases, could we come to the knowledge of it, is not sufficient by itself to pro-

nounce a man either good or bad.—There are numbers of circumstances which attend every action of a man's life, which can never come to the knowledge of the world,—yet ought to be known, and well weighed, before sentence with any justice can be passed upon him.——A man may have different views, and a different sense of things from what his judges have, and what he understands and feels, and what passes with him, may be a secret treasured up deeply there for ever. —A man, through bodily infirmity, or some complexional defect, which perhaps is not in his power to correct,—may be subject to inadvertencies,—to starts,—and unhappy turns of temper; he may lie open to snares he is not always aware of; or, through ignorance and want of information and proper helps, he may labour in the dark:—in all which cases he may do many things which are wrong in themselves, and yet be innocent;—at least an object rather to be pitied than censured with severity and ill-will.——These are difficulties which stand in every one's way in the forming a judgment of the characters of others.——But, for once, let us suppose them all to be got over, so that we could see the bottom of every man's heart;—let us allow that the word rogue, or honest man, was wrote so legibly in every man's face, that no one could possibly mistake it;—yet still the happiness of both the one and the other, which is the only fact that can bring the charge home, is what we have so little certain knowledge of, that, bating some flagrant instances,—— whenever we venture to pronounce upon it, our

decisions are little more than random guesses.——For who can search the heart of man !——it is treacherous even to ourselves, and much more likely to impose upon others.—Even in laughter (if you will believe Solomon) the heart is sorrowful ; ——*the mind sits drooping, whilst the countenance is gay* :—and even he who is the object of envy to those who look no further than the surface of his estate,—may appear at the same time worthy of compassion to those who know his private recesses. —Besides this, a man's unhappiness is not to be ascertained so much from what is known to have befallen him,——as from his particular turn and cast of mind, and capacity of bearing it.——Poverty, exile, loss of fame or friends, the death of children, the dearest of all pledges of a man's happiness, make not equal impressions upon every temper.—You will see one man undergo, with scarce the expense of a sigh,—what another, in the bitterness of his soul, would go mourning for all his life long :—nay, a hasty word, or an unkind look, to a soft and tender nature, will strike deeper than a sword to the hardened and senseless. —If these reflections hold true with regard to misfortunes, they are the same with regard to enjoyments :—we are formed differently,—have different tastes and perceptions of things ;—by the force of habit, education, or a particular cast of mind,—it happens that neither the use or possession of the same enjoyment and advantages, produce the same happiness and contentment ; but that it differs in every man almost according to his temper and complexion :—so that the self-same

happy accidents in life, which shall give raptures to the choleric or sanguine man, shall be received with indifference by the cold and phlegmatic ;—and so oddly perplexed are the accounts of both human happiness and misery in this world,—that trifles, light as air, shall be able to make the hearts of some men sing for joy ;—at the same time that others, with real blessings and advantages, without the power of using them, have their hearts heavy and discontented.

Alas ! if the principles of contentment are not within us, the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.

This will suggest to us how little a way we have gone towards the proof of any man's happiness,——in barely saying,———Lo ! this man prospers in the world, and this man has riches in possession.

When a man has got much above us, we take it for granted,—that he sees some glorious prospects, and feels some mighty pleasures from his height ;—whereas, could we get up to him, it is great odds whether we should find any thing to make us tolerable amends for the pains and trouble of climbing up so high.——Nothing, perhaps, but more dangers and more troubles still ;—and such a giddiness of head besides, as to make a wise man wish he was well down again upon the level.—To calculate, therefore, the happiness of mankind by their stations and honours, is the most deceitful of all rules ;———great, no doubt, is the happiness which a moderate fortune, and moderate desires,

with a consciousness of virtue, will secure a man. —Many are the silent pleasures of the honest peasant, who rises cheerfully to his labour :—look into his dwelling,——where the scene of every man's happiness chiefly lies ;—he has the same domestic endearments,—as much joy and comfort in his children,—and as flattering hopes of their doing well, to enliven his hours and to glad his heart, as you could conceive in the most affluent station.—And I make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and sufferings were to be balanced with those of his betters,—that the upshot would prove to be little more than this,—that the rich man had the more meat,—but the poor man the better stomach ;—the one had more luxury,—more able physicians to attend and set him to rights ;—the other, more health and soundness in his bones, and less occasion for their help ;—that, after these two articles betwixt them were balanced,—in all other things they stood upon a level : —that the sun shines as warm,—the air blows as fresh, and the earth breathes as fragrant, upon the one as the other ;—and that they have an equal share in all the beauties and real benefits of nature. —These hints may be sufficient to shew what I proposed from them,—the difficulties which attend us in judging truly either of the happiness or the misery of the bulk of mankind,—the evidence being still more defective in this case (as the matter of fact is too hard to come at)—than even in that of judging of their true characters ; of both which, in general, we have such imperfect knowledge, as will teach us candour in our determinations upon each other.

But the main purport of this discourse, is, to teach us humility in our reasonings upon the ways of the Almighty.

That things are dealt unequally in this world, is one of the strongest natural arguments for a future state,—and therefore is not to be overthrown; nevertheless,—I am persuaded the charge is far from being as great as at first sight it may appear;—or if it is,—that our views of things are so narrow and confined, that it is not in our power to make it good.

But suppose it otherwise,—that the happiness and prosperity of bad men were as great as our general complaints make them;—and, what is not the case,—that we were able to clear up the matter, or answer it reconcileably with God's justice and providence,—what shall we infer?—Why, the most becoming conclusion is,——that it is one instance more, out of many others, of our ignorance:——why should this, or any other religious difficulty he cannot comprehend,—why should it alarm him more than ten thousand other difficulties which every day elude his most exact and attentive search?—Does not the meanest flower in the field, or the smallest blade of grass, baffle the understanding of the most penetrating mind?—— Can the deepest inquiries after nature tell us, upon what particular size and motion of parts the various colours and tastes of vegetables depend; —why one shrub is laxative,—another restringent; —why arsenic or hellebore should lay waste this noble frame of ours,—or opium lock up all the inroads to our senses,—and plunder us, in so merci-

less a manner, of reason and understanding ?——Nay, have not the most obvious things, that come in our way, dark sides, which the quickest sight cannot penetrate into ; and do not the clearest and most exalted understandings find themselves puzzled, and at a loss, in every particle of matter ?

Go then,—proud man !—and when thy head turns giddy with opinions of thy own wisdom, that thou wouldst correct the measures of the Almighty,—go then,—take a full view of thyself in this glass ;—consider thy own faculties, how narrow and imperfect ;—how much they are chequered with truth and falsehood ;—how little arrives at thy knowledge, and how darkly and confusedly thou discernest even that little as in a glass :——consider the beginnings and endings of things, the greatest and the smallest, how they all conspire to baffle thee ;——and which way ever thou prosecutest thy inquiries,——what fresh subjects of amazement,—and what fresh reasons to believe there are more yet behind which thou canst never comprehend.—Consider,—these are but part of his ways ;—how little a portion is heard of him ? Canst thou, by searching, find out God ? wouldst thou know the Almighty to perfection ?—'Tis as high as heaven, what canst thou do ?—'tis deeper than hell, how canst thou know it ?

Could we but see the mysterious workings of Providence, and were we able to comprehend the whole plan of his infinite wisdom and goodness, which possibly may be the case in the final consummation of all things ; those events, which we are now so perplexed to account for, would prob-

ably exalt and magnify his wisdom, and make us cry out with the Apostle, in that rapturous exclamation,--O ! the depth of the riches both of the goodness and wisdom of GOD !--how unsearchable are his ways, and his paths past finding out !

Now to GOD, &c.

.....

THE HISTORY OF A WATCH-COAT.

——" For some time Mr. *Sterne* lived, in a retired manner, upon a small curacy in Yorkshire, and probably would have remained in the same obscurity, if his lively genius had not displayed itself upon an occasion which secured him a friend, and paved the way for his promotion. A person, who filled a lucrative benefice was not satisfied with enjoying it during his own lifetime, but exerted all his interest to have it entailed on his wife and son after his decease : the gentleman that expected the reversion of this post was Mr. *Sterne*'s friend, who had not, however, sufficient influence to prevent the success of his adversary. At this time *Sterne*'s satirical pen operated so strongly, that the intended monopolizer informed him, if he would suppress the publication of his sarcasm, he would resign his pretensions to the next candidate.

The title of this piece, it appears, was to have been, " The history of a good warm Watch-

Coat, with which the present possessor is not content to cover his own shoulders, unless he can cut out of it a petticoat for his wife, and a pair of breeches for his son."*

A LETTER FROM MR. STERNE TO ****.

IN my last, for want of something better to write about, I told you what a world of 'fending and proving we have had of late, in this little village† of ours, about an old pair of black plush breeches, which *John*,‡ our parish clerk, about ten years ago, it seems, had made a promise of to one *Trim*,§ who is our sexton and dog-whipper.—To this you write me word, that you have had more than either one or two occasions to know a good deal of the shifty behaviour of the said Master *Trim*—and that you are astonished, nor can you for your soul conceive, how so worthless a fellow, and so worthless a thing into the bargain, could become the occasion of so much racket as I have represented.—

Now, though you do not say expressly, you could wish to hear any more about it, yet I see plainly enough I have raised your curiosity; and therefore, from the same motive that I slightly mentioned it at all in my last letter, I will in this give you a full and very circumstantial account of the whole affair.

* It was written in a letter to a friend.
† York.
‡ Dr. Fount—n, Dean of York.
§ Dr. T-ph-m.

But, before I begin, I must first set you right in one very material point, in which I have misled you, as to the true cause of all this uproar amongst us—which does not take its rise, as I then told you, from the affair of the breeches, but, on the contrary, the whole affair of the breeches has taken its rise from it.—To understand which you must know, that the first beginning of the squabble was not between *John* the parish clerk and *Trim* the sexton, but betwixt the parson* of the parish and the said Master *Trim*, about an old *watch-coat* that had hung up many years in the church, which *Trim* had set his heart upon; and nothing would serve *Trim* but he must take it home in order to have it converted into a *warm under-petticoat* for his wife, and a jerkin for himself against winter; which, in a plaintive tone, he most humbly begged his reverence would consent to.

I need not tell you, Sir, who have so often felt it, that a principle of strong compassion transports a generous mind sometimes beyond what is strictly right;—the parson was within an ace of being an honourable example of this very crime——for no sooner did the distinct words—*Petticoat—poor wife—warm—winter*, strike upon the ear—but his heart warmed—and before *Trim* had well got to the end of his petition (being a gentleman of a frank open temper) he told him he was welcome to it with all his heart and soul.——But *Trim*, says he, as you see I am but just got down to my living, and am an utter stranger to all parish mat-

* Abp. H——tt——on.

ters, knowing nothing about this old watch-coat you beg of me, having never seen it in my life, and therefore cannot be a judge whether 'tis fit for such a purpose ; or, if it is, in truth know not whether 'tis mine to bestow upon you or not —you must have a week or ten day's patience, till I can make some inquiries about it—and, if I find it is in my power, I tell you again, man, your wife is heartily welcome to an under-petticoat out of it, and you to a jerkin, were the thing as good again as you represent it.

It is necessary to inform you, Sir, in this place, that the parson was earnestly bent to serve *Trim* in this affair, not only from the motive of generosity, which I have justly ascribed to him, but likewise from another motive, and that was, by making some sort of recompense for a multitude of small services which *Trim* had occasionally done, and indeed was continually doing (as he was much about the house) when his own man was out of the way.—For all these reasons together, I say, the parson of the parish intended to serve *Trim* in this matter to the utmost of his power. All that was wanting, was previously to inquire if any one had a *claim* to it, or whether as it had, time immemorial, hung up in the church, the taking it down might raise a clamour in the parish. These inquiries were the things that *Trim* dreaded in his heart——he knew very well, that, if the parson should but say one word to the churchwardens about it, there would be an end of the whole affair. For this and some other reasons not necessary to be told you at present, *Trim* was for

allowing no time in this matter——but, on the contrary, doubled his diligence and importunity at the vicarage-house—plagued the whole family to death—pressed his suit, morning, noon, and night, and, to shorten my story, teazed the poor gentleman, who was but in an ill state of health, almost out of his life about it.

You will not wonder when I tell you, that all this hurry and precipitation, on the side of Master *Trim*, produced its natural effect on the side of the parson, and that was, a suspicion that all was not right at the bottom.

He was one evening sitting alone in his study, weighing and turning this doubt every way in his mind; and after an hour and a half's serious deliberation upon the affair, and running over *Trim*'s behaviour throughout——he was just saying to himself—*it must be so*——when a sudden rap at the door put an end to his soliloquy, and in a few minutes to his doubts too; for a labourer in the town, who deemed himself past his fifty-second year, had been returned by the constables in the militia list—and he had come with a groat in his hand to search the parish register for his age. The parson bid the poor fellow put the groat into his pocket, and go into the kitchen—then shutting the study door, and taking down the parish register—— *who knows*, says he, *but I may find something here about this self—same watch-coat?* He had scarce unclasped the book, in saying this, when he popped on the very thing he wanted, fairly wrote in the first page, pasted to the inside of one of the covers, whereon was a memorandum

about the very thing in question, in these express words——*Memorandum*——"The great watch-coat was purchased and given about two hundred years ago, by the lord of the manor, to the parish church, to the sole use and behoof of the poor sexton thereof, and their successors for ever, to be worn by them respectively in winterly cold nights, in ringing *complines*, *passing-bells*, *&c.* which the said lord of the manor had done in piety to keep the poor wretches warm, and for the good of his own soul, for which they were directed to pray, &c." *Just Heaven!* said the parson to himself, looking upwards, *what an escape have I had? Give this for an under-petticoat to* Trim's *wife! I would not have consented to such a desecration to the primate of all* England—*nay, I would not have disturbed a single button of it for all my tithes.*

Scarce were the words out of his mouth, when in pops *Trim* with the whole subject of the exclamation under both his arms—I say under both his arms—for he had actually got it ript and cut out ready, his own jerkin under one arm and the petticoat under the other, in order to carry to the tailor to be made up, and had just stepped in, in high spirits, to show the parson how cleverly it had held out.

There are now many good similies subsisting in the world, but which I have neither time to recollect or look for, which would give you a strong conception of the astonishment and honest indignation, which this unexpected stroke of *Trim*'s impudence impressed upon the parson's looks—let it suffice to say, that it exceeded all fair de-

scription—as well as all power of proper resentment——except this, that *Trim* was ordered, in a stern voice, to lay the bundles down upon the table—to go about his business, and wait upon him at his peril, the next morning at eleven precisely.—Against this hour, like a wise man, the parson had sent to desire *John*, the parish clerk, who bore an exceeding good character as a man of truth, and who, having moreover a pretty freehold of about eighteen pounds a year in the township, was a leading man in it; and upon the whole, was such a one, of whom it might be said, that he rather did honour to his office than his office did honour to him—him he sends for, with the church-wardens, and one of the sidesmen, a grave knowing old man, to be present—for, as *Trim* had with-held the whole truth from the parson touching the watch-coat, he thought it probable he would as certainly do the same thing to others. Though this, I said, was wise, the trouble of the precaution might have been spared—because the parson's character was unblemished—and he had ever been held by the world in the estimation of a man of honour and integrity.—*Trim*'s character, on the contrary, was as well known, if not in the world, at least in all the parish, to be that of a little, dirty, pimping, petty-fogging, ambidextrous fellow—who neither cared what he did or said of any, provided he could get a penny by it. This might, I said, have made any precaution needless ——but you must know, as the parson had in a manner but just got down to his living, he dreaded the consequences of the least ill impression on his

first entrance among his parishioners, which would have disabled him from doing the good he wished ——so that out of regard to his flock, more than the necessary care due to himself, he was resolved not to lie at the mercy of what resentment might vent, or malice lend an ear to.

Accordingly the whole matter was rehearsed, from first to last, by the parson, in the manner I've told you, in the hearing of *John*, the parish clerk, and in the presence of *Trim*.

Trim had little to say for himself, except "that the parson had absolutely promised to befriend him and his wife in the affair to the utmost of his power; that the watch-coat was certainly in his power, and that he might still give it him if he pleased."

To this the parson's reply was short but strong, "That nothing was in his *power* to do but what he could do *honestly*—that in giving the coat to him and his wife, he should do a manifest wrong to the *next* sexton, the great watch-coat being the most comfortable part of the place—that he should moreover injure the right of his own successor, who would be just so much a worse patron as the worth of the coat amounted to; and in a word, he declared, that his whole intent in promising that coat was charity to *Trim*, but *wrong* to no man—that was a reserve, he said, made in all cases of this kind: and he declared solemnly, *in verbo sacerdotis*, that this was his meaning, and was so understood by *Trim* himself."

With the weight of this truth, and the great good sense and strong reason which accompanied

all the parson said on the subject—poor *Trim* was driven to the last shift—and begged he might be suffered to plead his right and title to the watch-coat, if not by promise, at least by *servitude*—it was well known how much he was intitled to it upon these scores : that he had black'd the parson's shoes without count, and greased his boots above fifty times—that he had run for eggs in the town upon all occasions———whetted the knives at all hours—catched his horse, and rubbed him down—that, for his wife, she had been ready upon all occasions to char for them ; and neither he nor she, to the best of his remembrance, ever took a farthing, or any thing beyond a mug of ale.—To this account of his services he begged leave still to add those of his wishes, which, he said, had been equally great———he affirmed and was ready, he said, to make it appear, by a number of witnesses, he had drank his reverence's health a thousand times (by the bye he did not add, out of the parson's own ale)—that he had not only drank his health, but wished it, and never came to the house but he asked his man kindly how he did ; that in particular, about half a year ago, when his reverence cut his finger in paring an apple, he went half a mile to ask a cunning woman what was good to staunch blood, and actually returned with a cobweb in his breeches-pocket. Nay, says *Trim*, it was not a fortnight ago, when your reverence took that strong purge, that I went to the far end of the whole town to borrow you a close-stool—and came back, as the neighbours, who flouted me, will bear witness, with the

pan upon my head, and never thought it too much." *Trim* concluded his pathetic remonstrance with saying, "he hoped his reverence's heart would not suffer him to requite so many faithful services by so unkind a return:—that if it was so, he was the first, so he hoped he should be the last example of a man of his condition so treated." This plan of *Trim*'s defence, which *Trim* had put himself upon, could admit of no other reply than a general smile.—Upon the whole let me inform you, that all that could be said *pro* and *con*, on both sides, being fairly heard, it was plain that *Trim* in every part of this affair had behaved very ill—and one thing, which was never expected to be known of him, happened in the course of this debate to come out against him, namely, that he had gone and told the parson, before he had ever set foot in the parish, that *John*, his parish-clerk—his church-wardens, and some of the heads of the parish, were a parcel of scoundrels. Upon the upshot, *Trim* was kick'd out of doors, and told at his peril never to come there again.

At first, *Trim* huff'd and bounced most terribly—swore he would get a warrant—that nothing would serve him but he would call a bye-law, and tell the whole parish how the parson had misused him: but cooling of that, as fearing the parson might possibly bind him over to his good behaviour, and, for aught he knew, might send him to the house of correction, he lets the parson alone, and to revenge himself, falls upon the poor clerk, who had no more to do in the quarrel than you or I—rips up the promise of the old—cast—pair of

black—plush—breeches ; and raises an uproar in the town about it, notwithstanding it had slept ten years—but all this, you must know, is looked upon in no other light but as an artful stroke of generalship in *Trim* to raise a dust, and cover himself under the disgraceful chastisement he has undergone.——

If your curiosity is not yet satisfied—I will now proceed to relate the *battle* of the *breeches* in the same manner I have done that of the watch-coat.—

Be it known then, that about ten years ago, when *John* was appointed parish-clerk of this church, this said *Trim* took no small pains to get into *John*'s good graces, in order, as it afterwards appeared, to coax a promise out of him of a pair of breeches, which *John* had then by him, of black plush, not much the worse for wearing—*Trim* only begged, for God's sake, to have them bestowed upon him when *John* should think fit to cast them——

Trim was one of those kind of men who loved a bit of finery in his heart, and would rather have a tatter'd rag of another body's, than the best plain whole thing his wife could spin him.

John, who was naturally unsuspicious, made no more difficulty in promising the breeches, than the parson had done in promising the great coat ; and indeed with something less reserve—because the breeches were *John*'s own, and he could give them, without wrong, to whom he thought fit.

It happened, I was going to say unluckily, for *Trim*, for he was the only gainer by it, that a quarrel, about some six or eight weeks after this,

broke out betwixt *the late* parson of the parish and *John* the clerk.—Somebody (and it was thought to be nobody but *Trim*) had put it into the parson's head, that *John*'s desk in the church was at least four inches higher than it should be—that the thing gave offence, and was indecorous, inasmuch as it approached too near upon a level with the parson's desk itself.—This hardship the parson complained of loudly, and told *John*, one day after prayers, "he could bear it no longer—and would have it altered, and brought down as it should be." *John* made no other reply, but "that the desk was not of his raising :—that 'twas not one hair breadth higher than he found it—and that as he found it so he would leave it.—In short, he would neither make an encroachment, neither would he suffer one." The **late* parson might have his virtues, but the leading part of his character was not *humility*—so that *John*'s stiffness in this point was not likely to reconcile matters.—This was *Trim*'s harvest.

After a friendly hint to *John* to stand his ground, away hies *Trim* to make his market at the vicarage.—What passed there I will not say, intending not to be uncharitable ; so shall content myself with only guessing at it from the sudden change that appeared in *Trim*'s dress for the better—for he had left his old ragged coat, hat, and wig, in the stable, and was come forth strutting across the church-yard, clad in a good charitable cast coat, large hat and wig, which the parson had just

* Abp. H—rr—g.

given him.—Ho ! ho ! hollo ! *John*, cries *Trim*, in an insolent bravo, as loud as he could bawl—see here, my lad, how fine I am !—the more shame for you, answered *John* seriously—Do you think, *Trim*, says he, such finery, gained by such services, becomes you, or can wear well ?——Fie upon it, *Trim !* I could not have expected this from you, considering what friendship you pretended, and how kind I have ever been to you—how many shillings and sixpences I have generously lent you in your distresses.—Nay, it was but the other day that I promised you those black plush breeches I have on.—Rot your breeches, quoth *Trim*, (for *Trim*'s brain was half turned with his new finery) rot your breeches, says he—I would not take them up were they laid at my door—give them, and be d——d to you, to whom you like—I would have you to know I can have a better pair of the parson's any day in the week.—*John* told him plainly, as his word had once passed him, he had a spirit above taking advantage of his insolence in giving them away to another—but, to tell him his mind freely, he thought he had got so many favours of that kind, and was so likely to get many more for the same services, of the parson, that he had better give up the breeches, with good-nature, to some one who would be more thankful for them.

Here *John* mentioned **Mark Slender* (who it seems, the day before had asked *John* for them) not knowing they were under promise to *Trim*—

* Dr. Braith——t.

"Come, *Trim*," says he, let poor *Mark* have them —you know he has not a pair to his a— : besides, you see he is just of my size, and they will fit to a T ; whereas if I give 'em to you, look ye they are not worth much ; and besides, you could not get your backside into them, if you had them ; without tearing them all to pieces."—Every tittle of this was most undoubtedly true, for *Trim*, you must know, by foul feeding, and playing the good fellow at the parson's, was grown somewhat gross about the lower parts, *if not higher ;* so that, as all *John* said upon the occasion was fact, *Trim* with much ado, and after a hundred hums and hahs, at last, out of mere compassion to *Mark*, *signs*, *seals*, *and delivers up* ALL RIGHT, INTEREST, AND PRETENSIONS WHATSOEVER, IN, AND TO THE SAID BREECHES, THEREBY BINDING HIS HEIRS, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS AND ASSIGNS, NEVER MORE TO CALL THE SAID CLAIM IN QUESTION.—All this renunciation was set forth, in an ample manner to be in pure pity to *Mark*'s nakedness—but the secret was, *Trim* had an eye to, and firmly expected, in his own mind, the great green pulpit cloth, and old velvet cushion, which were that very year to be taken down—which, by the bye, could he have wheedled *John* a second time, as he had hoped, would have made up the loss of the breeches seven-fold.

Now, you must know, this pulpit-cloth and cushion were not in *John*'s gift, but in the church-wardens, &c. However, as I said above, that *John* was a leading man in the parish, *Trim* knew he could help him to 'em if he would—but *John*

had got a surfeit of him—so, when the pulpit-cloth, &c. were taken down, they were immediately given (*John* having a great say in it) to **William Doe*, who understood very well what use to make of them.

As for the old breeches, poor *Mark* lived to wear them but a short time, and they got into the possession of †*Lorry Slim*, an unlucky wight, by whom they are still worn—in truth, as you will guess, they are very thin by this time.

But *Lorry* has a light heart, and what recommends them to him is this, that, as thin as they are, he knows that *Trim*, let him say what he will to the contrary, still envies the *possessor* of them, and with all his pride would be very glad to wear them after *him*.

Upon this footing have these affairs slept quietly for near ten years—and would have slept for ever, but for the unlucky kicking bout, which, as I said, has ripped this squabble up afresh; so that it was no longer ago than last week, that *Trim* met and insulted *John*, in the public town-way before a hundred people—tax'd him with the promise of the old cast pair of black breeches, notwithstanding *Trim*'s solemn renunciation—twitted him with the pulpit-cloth and velvet cushion—as good as told him he was ignorant of the common duties of his clerkship; adding, very insolently, that he knew not so much as to give out a common psalm in tune.

* Mr. Birdm—re.
† Laurence Sterne.

John contented himself by giving a plain answer to every article that *Trim* had laid to his charge, and appealed to his neighbours, who remembered the whole affair—and, as he knew there was never any thing to be got by wrestling with a chimney-sweeper, he was going to take his leave of *Trim* for ever. But hold—the mob by this time had got round them, and their high mightinesses insisted upon having *Trim* tried upon the spot.——

Trim was accordingly tried, and after a full hearing, was convicted a second time, and handled more roughly by one or more of them, than even at the parson's.——

Trim, says one, are you not ashamed of yourself, to make all this rout and disturbance in the town, and set neighbours together by the ears, about an old—worn—out—pair of cast—breeches, not worth half a crown? Is there a cast coat, or a place in the whole town, that will bring you in a shilling, but what you have snapped up, like a greedy hound as you are?

In the first place, are you not sexton and dog-whipper, worth three pounds a year? Then you begged the church-wardens to let your wife have the washing and darning of the church-linen, which brings you in thirteen shillings and four-pence; then you have six shillings and eight-pence for oiling and winding-up the clock, both paid you at Easter—the pounder's place, which is worth forty shillings a year, you have got that too—you are the bailiff, which the late parson got you, which brings you in forty shillings more.

Besides all this, you have six pounds a year, paid you quarterly, for being mole-catcher to the parish.—Aye, says the luckless wight above-mentioned (who was standing close by him with the plush breeches on) "you are not only mole-catcher, *Trim*, but you catch *STRAY CONIES* too in the *dark*, and you pretend a licence for it, which, I trow, will be looked into at the next quarter sessions." I maintain it, I have a licence, says *Trim*, blushing as red as scarlet—I have a licence, and, as I farm a warren in the next parish, I will catch conies every hour of the night. *You catch conies!* says a toothless old woman just passing by.

This set the mob a laughing, and sent every man home in perfect good humour, except *Trim*, who waddled very slowly off with that kind of inflexible gravity only to be equalled by one animal in the creation, and surpassed by none.——I am,

Sir, yours, &c. &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

I have broke open my letter to inform you, that I missed the opportunity of sending it by the messenger, who I expected would have called upon me in his return through this village to York; so it has lain a week or ten days by me—I am not sorry for the disappointment, because something has since happened, in continuation of this affair, which I am thereby enabled to transmit to you all under one trouble.

When I finished the above account, I thought (as did every soul in the parish) *Trim* had met with so thorough a rebuff from *John* the parish

clerk, and the townsfolks, who all took against him, that *Trim* would be glad, to be quiet, and let the matter rest.

But, it seems, it is not half an hour ago since *Trim* sallied forth again, and, having borrowed a sowgelder's horn, with hard blowing he got the whole town round him, and endeavoured to raise a disturbance, and fight the whole battle over again —alledged that he had been used in the last fray worse than a dog, not by *John* the parish clerk, for he should not, quoth *Trim*, have valued him a rush single hands—but all the town sided with him, and twelve men in *buckram* set upon me, all at once, and kept me in play at sword's point for three hours together.

Besides, quoth *Trim*, there were two misbegotten knaves in *Kendal green*, who lay all the while in ambush in *John*'s own house, and they all sixteen came upon my back, and let drive at me all together—a plague, says *Trim*, of all cowards.

Trim repeated this story above a dozen times, which made some of the neighbours pity him, thinking the poor fellow crack-brained, and that he actually believed what he said.

After this, *Trim* dropped the affair of the breeches, and began a fresh dispute about the reading-desk, which I told you had occasioned some small dispute between the *late* parson and *John* some years ago.—This reading-desk, as you will observe, was but an episode woven into the main story by the bye, for the main affair was the *battle of the breeches and the great coat*.

However, *Trim* being at last driven out of these two citadels—he has seized hold, in his retreat, of this reading-desk, with a view, as it seems, to take shelter behind it.

I cannot say but the man has fought it out obstinately enough, and, had his cause been good, I should have really pitied him. For, when he was driven out of the *great watch-coat*, you see he did not run away; no—he retreated behind the breeches; and, when he could make nothing of it behind the breeches, he got behind the reading-desk. To what other hold *Trim* will next retreat, the politicians of this village are not agreed. Some think his next move will be towards the rear of the parson's boot; but, as it is thought he cannot make a long stand there, others are of opinion, that *Trim* will once more in his life get hold of the parson's horse, and charge upon him, or perhaps behind him: but as the horse is not easy to be caught, the more general opinion is, that, when he is driven out of the reading-desk, he will make his last retreat in such a manner, as, if possible, to gain the *close-stool*, and defend himself behind it to the very last drop.

If *Trim* should make this movement, by my advice he should be left beside his citadel, in full possession of the field of battle, where 'tis certain he will keep every body a league off, and may hop by himself till he is weary. Besides, as *Trim* seems bent on *purging* himself, and may have abundance of foul humours to work off, I think it cannot be better placed.

But this is all speculation—Let me carry you back to matter of fact, and tell you what kind of stand *Trim* has actually made behind the said desk: "Neighbours and townsmen all, I will be sworn before my lord mayor, that *John* and his nineteen men in *buckram* have abused me worse than a dog; for they told you I play'd fast and go loose with the *late* parson and him, in that old dispute of theirs about the *reading-desk*, and that I made matters worse between them, and not better."

Of this charge *Trim* declared he was as innocent as the child that was unborn—that he would be book-sworn he had no hand in it.

He produced a strong witness, and moreover insinuated, that *John* himself, instead of being angry for what he had done in it, had actually thanked him—Aye, *Trim*, says the wight in the plush breeches, but that was, *Trim*, the day before *John* found thee out. Besides, *Trim*, there is nothing in that, for the very year that you was made town's pounder, thou knowest well that I both thanked thee myself, and moreover gave thee a good warm supper for turning *John Lund's* cows and horses out of my hard corn close, which if thou hadst not done, (as thou toldst me) I should have lost my whole crop; whereas *John Lund* and *Thomas Patt*, who are both here to testify, and are both willing to take their oaths on't, that thou thyself wert the very man who set the gate open—and after all, it was not thee, *Trim*, 'twas the blacksmith's poor lad who turned them out—so that a man may be thanked and rewarded too, for a good turn which he never did, nor ever did intend.

Trim could not sustain this unexpected stroke—so *Trim* marched off the field without colours flying, or his horn sounding, or any other ensigns of honour whatever—Whether after this *Trim* intends to rally a second time—or whether he may not take it into his head to claim the victory—none but *Trim* himself can inform you.

However, the general opinion upon the whole is this, that, in three several pitch'd battles, *Trim* has been so *trimm'd* as never disastrous hero was *trimm'd* before.

THE END.

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